THE DAYS OF YESTER-YEAR

SQUIRES

Painting by John Gadsby Chapman. Copyright by C. O. Buckingham Co.

THE BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS

At Jamestown, 1613. FROM THE PAINTING IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C. Pocahontas kneels before Rev. Alex Whitaker. John Rolfe stands immediately to the right, Sir Thos. Dale, the Governor, to the left. Pocahontas' brother, Nantaquaus, stands behind Rolfe. A sister of Pocahontas is seated on the floor with her child. Fierce Opecancanough, her uncle, sits with folded hands; another uncle, Opachisco, stands to the right of Opecancanough. Richard Wyffin looks over Opachisco's shoulder. Mr. and Mrs. Forrest are seen just above Rolfe's head. Mr. and Mrs. Laydon are seen just behind the banner. Henry Spilman stands to the right of the right column.

The Days of Yester-Year
in Colony and Commonwealth

A SKETCH BOOK
OF VIRGINIA

By
W. H. T. Squires, M.A., D.D.
Author of
Peregrine Papers, Who Am I, Acadie Days, Etc.

NUMBER

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Printcraft Press, Inc.
Portsmouth, Va.
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TO

MARY GWYN GRAHAM

OF

MONK'S CORNER, MAX MEADOWS, VIRGINIA

TO

JENNIE BANE HULL

OF

MARION, VIRGINIA

TO

LAURA ANNIE SQUIRES

OF

SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

WOMEN WHOSE GRACIOUS CHARACTERS
EXEMPLIFY THOSE VIRTUES
FOREVER ASSOCIATED WITH THE NOBLEST TRADITIONS
OF
VIRGINIA AND THE OLD SOUTH

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

A Tribute of Respect, Admiration and Affection

Gift of Daniel Squires

Within is a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places knowne, for large and pleasant navigable rivers, heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation; were it fully matured and inhabited by industrious people. Here are mountains, hils, plaines, valleyes, rivers and brookes all running most pleasantly into a faire Bay, compassed but for the mouth with fruitfull and delightsome land.

CAPT. JOHN SMITH, 1607.

Take four of the best kingdoms of Christendom, and put them all together, they may in no way compare with this country, either for commodities or goodness of soil.

SIR THOMAS DALE, 1611.

Foreword

Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower —to escape in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and to lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past. WASHINGTON IRVING.

The distinguished author is not the only man who delights to turn from the crowded avenues of travel and the cares of daily toil into coverts of the country where mighty deeds have been done. The events of history are often forgotten on the arenas where they were mightily wrought. But the spirits of the past come forth to meet those who patiently wait upon them. The purple twilight of days long passed gives an irresistible charm to these landscapes. One appreciates the struggles and achievements of generations gone more fully when he walks the ways familiar to them.

The sunshine of early spring dances as gaily now over the waters of the Chesapeake as when Sir Christopher Newport first gazed upon them from the deck of the "Sarah Constant." Tall trees stand guard along the marginal shores, lordly rivers

lead away into the heart of the fair land, and sandy points thrust themselves into the waters now as when Captain John Smith drew his charts of the Virgin Land. The stately mansion at Rosewell, in which the Declaration of Independence was confidentially read, and perhaps discussed and amended, has gone to dust and ashes; but the cabin at Belroi remains and will become a shrine. The modest chamber in which George Henry Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," first saw the light of day, the dilapidated drawing-room before whose blue mantel James Madison claimed the blushing widow for his bride, the sandy shore where the poor witch was ducked, the grave of Pocahontas in the chancel at Gravesend, far from the cool shades of her native Virginia shore, many a field once drenched with precious blood, the lonely islet where Black Beard and his pirate crew parcelled out their unhallowed gains, and buried vast hordes of Spanish gold and flashing gems—these are the magnets that have drawn the wanderer's footsteps across the land he loves.

One would suppose great men conspired to be born in inaccessible nooks. World-moving events, too, like leaders of thought and action consult neither the convenience of travellers nor enthusiastic antiquarians for their setting. This wanderer journeyed by boat and rail, by steam and car, sail and gasoline, by hack and wheel, on horseback and on weary foot. With a broken shingle for an oar he paddled on Lake Drummond in a leaking boat. He often worked a toilsome way through tangled thickets of greenbrier, scuppernong and honey-suckle. The twisted coils

of the Virginia creeper climbing from tree to tree and spreading graceful meshes for his unwary feet have conspired against him, many is the time. Over and over he repeated Father Ryan's beautiful couplet:

> "Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
> And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead."

If these tales lay upon the reader the spell of a noble past, if they make ancient days more real, or half-forgotten heroes of dead centuries live again; he will not regret that he has wandered with the author for a time into the sequestered paths of Virginia, and invoked the charm of the DAYS OF YESTER-YEAR.

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The Days of Yester-Year in Colony and Commonwealth

The Days of Yester-Year in Colony and Commonwealth

Chapter I

THE FIRST DAY

CAPE HENRY

April 26, 1607

On the morning of December 19, 1606, three vessels slipped their anchors at Blackwall, the easternmost suburb of London, and dropped down the Thames toward the sea. The ships were small, far too small for the terrors of the deep and the fierce storms that lay before them; and they were crowded beyond their capacity.[1]

The "Sarah Constant" carried a scant hundred tons.[2] She probably measured little if any more than seventy-five feet from stem to stern.[3] Small as she was, she was the most considerable vessel of the three and carried the ranking officer, Captain

[1] *The True Travels, Adventures and Observations of Capt. John Smith.* Dr. Rice's Edition, Richmond 1819. From the London Edition of 1629, Vol. I, p. 150.

[2] The name of this ship was "Susan Constant" according to JNO. ESTEN COOKE, *History of Va.*, p. 16. He follows SAMUEL PURCHAS, who used RICHARD HAKLUYT's manuscripts. But the weight of authority seems to favor "Sarah."

[3] These estimates were made by several experienced shipbuilders of Norfolk. No historian gives the length of the three vessels.

Christopher Newport.[4] He was a fine navigator, an expert seaman and popular in England. He had a brilliant record for fighting the hated Spaniards in West Indian waters. Unfortunately his usefulness to the colony was marred by a pompous vanity and unbecoming egotism which were to bear bitter fruit for the Virginia plantation.

The "Godspeed"[5] carried only forty tons. She was the size of a modern launch, perhaps fifty feet in length. She was commanded by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold. Of all the men who sailed from Blackwall that historic day Gosnold was the peer. This fine old tar was the enthusiastic friend of Virginia when Virginia's friends were few. He drew his inspiration from Sir Walter Ralegh and passed it undiminished to Captain John Smith. That gallant young commander, destined to make so distinguished a mark upon the history of the Virgin Land, would never have fared forth upon this great adventure had it not been for Gosnold.[6]

In earlier years Gosnold had discovered and named Cape Cod. He had also planted a colony on the stern shores of New England, but New England's hour had not yet come. He had thrown himself with

[4] It was an unspeakable calamity that Newport led the colony. Gosnold was the one man able to cope with the situation.

[5] The name of this little ship appears sometimes as "Godspeed" and sometimes as "Good Speed."

[6] Gosnold met Smith, after the noteworthy adventures of the latter on the Continent, in the coffee houses of London. They became fast friends, and their affection never cooled. It would seem that Gosnold's regard for Smith would be sufficient to account for Newport's dislike for both. CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER in Appleton's Cyc. V, page 570. *History of Virginia*, JOHN BURKE, Vol. I, p. 84.

CAPE HENRY, where the foundations of the Republic were laid, April 26, 1607

Photo by H. C. Mann

great zeal into the colonization of Virginia—he was indeed the father of the movement. King James evidently intended that he should be the first president of the Council, for his name headed the list. And it was a calamity when this signal honor fell to weaker shoulders. Gosnold vigorously and wisely opposed the selection of Jamestown peninsula as the site of the colony. He pleaded for one, or any, of the many wholesome locations with which the Tidewater section of Virginia abounds, but in vain. He fell, one of the first martyrs to the noble cause he had espoused, and a victim to the stupidity of those who over-ruled his better judgment.[7] The generations following have strangely overlooked Bartholomew Gosnold. His fame is dimmed, and his name is comparatively unknown.[8]

The third vessel was the tiny "Discovery." She carried only twenty tons, and was not much larger than a large life-boat. Her officer was John Ratcliffe,[9] and the character of this villain is aptly described by the first syllable of his name, which, by the way, was not his name at all. The "Discovery" remained in the colony for years. She was the first ship of the American navy, and the first of our

[7] "The proper site for the Colony was at the modern Hampton."—PHILIP ALEX BRUCE. *Ec. Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 193.

[8] Smith named the beautiful river on which Langley Field, near Hampton, is now located, for Gosnold. Unfortunately it is now known by the homely name "Back River."

[9] His name was John Sicklemore. He succeeded Wingfield as president, from which office he was deposed for "pride and unreasonable needlesse cruelty." Finally Capt. Newport took him home and Smith wrote the English Council, "Capt. Ratcliffe is a poor, counterfeited Imposture. I have sent him home lest the company should cut his throat."—*Va. Under the Stuarts*, T. J. WERTENBAKER, p. 7.

merchant marine, for the little "Discovery" was a vessel both for peace and war.[10]

Into these little vessels one hundred and four colonists crowded; not to mention the sailors.

Busy London paused a moment to bid the fleet farewell. The good Bishop of London preached a sermon in old St. Paul's. Prayers were offered in many churches for the success of the expedition; for the establishment of the colony, and for the conversion of the painted savages who roamed the trackless forests of the western world.[11]

Michael Drayton (1563-1631), a popular English poet,[12] bade the adventurers farewell in a lyric of real merit:

"Britons! you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you!
And cheerfully at sea
Success you will entice
To get the pearls and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia!
Earth's only paradise!"

---

[10] In the "Discovery" Capt. Smith explored the Chesapeake, visited Powhatan on York River, made war on the Nansemond Indians, etc.

[11] *Virginia*, JNO. ESTEN COOKE, p. 16.

[12] *British Poets*, Vol. I, p. 526. Brief life and estimate of Drayton. HENRY CABOT LODGE refers to the poem as "clumsy verses," which we consider unjust. —*English Colonies*, Chap. I.

Though interest in this expedition was great, the wisest, little reckoned the immense significance of the event. Neither King James upon the throne, nor the good bishop in his cathedral, nor the poet among his books could have guessed that the departure and safe arrival of these tiny vessels marked the beginning of British colonial empire destined to belt the world with light and power.

If there was one seer who took toll of the future, it was Sir Walter Ralegh in the Tower of London, not far from the docks at Blackwall. No doubt he looked from the window of his prison upon the decks of these ships during their long months of preparation. He may have guessed that this voyage was to bring to splendid reality his dream of the long and weary years. At this very time Sir Walter was writing his History of the World.[13]

Never was voyage less auspiciously begun. For six weeks the fledgling fleet tossed upon the turbulent waters of the Channel. It was almost February before the last British headland sank behind the horizon. But, though the tempests raged and the sullen sky was overcast, the waves beneath were not more stormy nor more wild than those who tossed upon them. From the first envy, hatred and factional jealousies did their fatal work.

The padded fool, whom we know as James I, labored under the delusion that he was a statesman. His amateur statecraft nearly proved fatal to Vir-

[13] *Baedeker's London*, p. 138. More than four years before, Sir Walter Ralegh had written Robt. Cecil, "I shall yet live to see it an English nation" (Aug. 21, 1602).

ginia. One of his brilliant ideas was to seal all orders and the names of all officers in a mysterious box which was to be opened within twenty-four hours after the colony reached Roanoke Island. In the meantime, of course, Captain Newport was in command.

For it was the purpose of the London Company to establish Jamestown on Roanoke Island. Virginia was to be built in what is now North Carolina.[14] Just as, by a most curious and interesting double-cross it was Sir Walter Ralegh's express wish, nay, his positive command, that the expedition he sent to America in 1587 was to be seated upon Chesapeake Bay.[15]

Ralegh's captains disobeyed orders, and planted the unfortunate colony upon Roanoke Island. Newport, likewise disobeyed orders,[16] and planted the colony on the Chesapeake.

In the little company, cruelly torn by dissension, aggravated by the folly of the royal fool, and driven by rough tempests, there was at least one benign influence. The first American pastor, Rev. Robt. Hunt, shines forth as a star of the first magnitude against the murky sky in which he moved. He was of Cambridge and of the Puritan wing of the English Church. His life and labors, devotion and death add luster even to his holy profession.

During these six weeks of storm he was ill unto death. There were those who suggested that their ill-luck was occasioned by the presence of the

[14] *Virginia*, JOHN ESTEN COOKE, p. 18.

[15] MRS. CARRINGTON CABELL in Appleton's Cyclop., "Ralegh."

[16] He was of course driven by a storm from his course.

preacher; harking back in this unbecoming manner to the well-known story of Jonah. Edward Maria Wingfield was among them, although in later days he took occasion to commend the noble man and intimated that Hunt would not have come to Virginia save for him. This was untrue. It was Richard Hakluyt who sent Hunt to Virginia. Wingfield was a merchant of a wealthy London family. If only the kindly fates had left Maria behind the counter where he belonged the pages of our earliest history had been less dark.

Captain John Smith was another disturbing factor.[17] He and Maria were constantly at odds. Smith was too much of a talker, and he talked too much about Smith. In the indistinctness of his recollections he was apt to magnify the heroism of Smith. He was truly a wonderful young man, and had more adventures to his record, more hair-breadth, hair-raising encounters with death in many novel forms, than any one of whom we have ever heard. Smith had his faults and they were conspicuous; but his virtues were none the less conspicuous. He was the strongest man in the colony except Gosnold. Smith was a born leader of men to whom the peculiar misfortunes of the colony brought ample opportunity.

When the fleet reached the Canary Islands Maria scored a political victory over Smith. He charged

[17] Capt. John Smith is one of the most picturesque characters in American history. See PHILIP ALEX. BRUCE'S estimate of him, *Economic Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 30. Also the Address of WILLIAM WIRT HENRY, Va. Hist. Soc., 1882.
Also Works of CAPT. JOHN SMITH.
Also discussion by EDWARD ARBER.

(judge the absurdity of it) that the gallant young captain intended to murder all the council, whomsoever they might be when the mysterious box was unsealed, and get himself crowned King of Virginia! Smith must needs make the rest of the voyage in chains.

From the Canaries Capt. Newport steered due west for the Spanish West Indies. He coasted from island to island; and his company feasted upon tropic fruits, and traded with the natives.

Thence Newport crept slowly northward along our South Atlantic seaboard. Spain claimed all these lands under the broad and general name, "Florida."[18] And the French claimed all these parts under the blanket of "New France."[19] Neither acknowledged the English claim. But England based her claim on the discoveries of John and Sabastian Cabot. For them Virginia lay between New France on the frozen St. Lawrence, and the palm embroidered beaches of Florida. The Indians, in actual possession, called the Carolina[20] coasts "Chicora," the land along the Chesapeake was "Wingandocea."[21]

On the twenty-first day of April Captain Newport approached the stormy waters of Cape Hatteras.

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[18] *Pioneers of France in the New World*, Chap. I, FRANCIS PARKMAN.
Also: *Voyages of the Eliz. Seamen to Amer.*, Chap. I.

[19] *The Romance of Spanish and French Explorers*, JOHN FISKE.

[20] *Hist. of U. S*, Part I, Chap. II, GEORGE BANCROFT.

[21] C. WHITTLE SAMS denies that Wingandocea was the Indian name for Virginia.—"*Conquest of Va.*" JOHN ESTEN COOKE affirms it, and translates it "The Good Land."

"Wingandocea is supposed to be the native name for Virginia."—SIR WALTER RALEGH, *Handbook of Amer. Indians*, Vol. II, p. 957.

Had the colony been planted there it must surely have perished as did its predecessors.[22] But God would have it otherwise. A terrific tempest drove them far from their course—whither they would not, and where they knew not.

Ratcliffe[23] was for giving up the expedition altogether. At last the winds abated, and at the early hour of four the eager watchers saw distant hills indistinctly outlined in the gray twilight of early morning. The day was Sunday, April 26, 1607. When the great red sun rose out of the blue bosom of the Atlantic and the fugitive clouds fled away with the last threat of storm, the wearied voyagers gazed in wonder at the immense dunes of yellow sand piled high by the gales of centuries. Beside the bold promontory a magnificent water-gate invited the tempest-driven fleet to enter and find refuge, safety and peace.

Newport knew these inland waters. The Spaniards called them Santa Maria for the "Mother of God"; but the Indian name was Chesapeake, "Mother of Waters." He sounded the restless waves. They were sixty feet deep. He took the elevation of the sun and his location was 37° north latitude. Three thousand miles east that line passed over the rich cities and historic palaces of Andalusia.

Still further east 37° passes over Syracuse, the home of Archimedes. Still further east it rests upon the ruins of Sparta, with its stern memories of war

[22] *Early Voyages, Travels and Discoveries*, RICHARD HAKLUYT.

[23] Works of CAPT. JOHN SMITH, Vol. I, p. 150, also Page 234. This villain was ever an evil genius in Virginia.

and conquest, self-control and frugality. Still further east it lies along the highlands of Armenia under the shadow of Mt. Ararat, upon whose summit the Ark came to rest, and further still it passes the virgin summits of the Himalayas, never yet trod by the foot of man. It is the top of the world.

The fleet was sixty miles north of Roanoke Island, but Newport had no idea of returning thither. He swung the vessels into the shallow water of Lynnhaven Roads and dropped anchor. The bold cape that dominated the magnificent watergate he called Henry for the Prince of Wales. Henry was a lad of thirteen, tall for his age, fair by the blood of the Vikings, for his mother, Queen Anne, was a Dane. He was graceful, athletic and handsome, with the manly beauty of the Stuart blood. Though so young the Prince was the idol of England. The people could not love the weak-kneed, narrow, craven King, and Queen Anne, they could not abide; but the love, admiration and enthusiasm his parents did not command was given in double measure to the son.

Prince Henry[24] had been reared by the aged Earl and Countess of Mar, strict Puritans. He made no secret of his reformed faith. Henry IX, the people said, would bring again to the double throne of England and Scotland the fine traditions of the Henrys and Edwards of old, whose faults were long since forgotten and forgiven, but whose virtues were burnished in the memories of men.

[24] For an intimate sketch of Prince Henry see *Queens of England*, FRANCIS LANCELOTT, Vol. II, page 652.

Photo by H. P. Cook

PRINCE HENRY

"Henry was a lad of thirteen (1607), tall for his age, fair, graceful, athletic and handsome, with the manly beauty of the Stuart blood."

Photo by H. P. Cook

TABLET ON THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE HENRY

The Inscription:

"Near this spot landed April 26, 1607, Capt. Gabriel Archer, Christopher Newport, Hon. George S. Percy, Bartholomew Gosnold, Edward Maria Wingfield with twenty-five others who, calling the place Cape Henry, planted a Cross April 29, 1607.

"*Dei Gratia Virginia Condita.*"

It is altogether significant that the first name conferred by these loyal English adventurers on the new land of promise was for Prince Henry.[25] Cape Henry, save only the name "Virginia"[26] itself, is the oldest place-name in Virginia.[27]

Fourteen miles across the strait from bold Cape Henry another headland lies low along the ever-encroaching waves. Its contrast to Cape Henry is striking, for its shores are marish and fringed with islands.[28] The waters are shallow for the hungry waves have eaten away the land. They called this cape for Charles, Duke of York, a little prince of six. As the capes are, so were the two princes commemorated, bold, romantic, popular Prince Henry and Baby Charles (as King James always called him), the vacillating, shifty, unfortunate and unreliable Charles I.

The morning of that first glad day was now far advanced.

Newport, Gosnold, Wingfield and thirty others climbed the miniature mountains of sand. To the east the broad Atlantic stretched three thousand miles; nor was the expanse of water broken until Gibraltar lifted its head from the classic seas of antiquity. To the north the smiling Chesapeake stretched further than they could guess. The glorious sunshine of a golden Virginia spring lay on the land and danced on the rippling water. The surf

[25] For a clear-cut likeness of Prince Henry see "*Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biog*," Apr., 1922.

[26] *English in America*, J. A. DOYLE, Chap. 4.

[27] Indian names are excluded, of course.

[28] Upon one of which the Cape Charles light-house is erected.

broke unceasingly upon the broad beach. These curling waves are never at rest. The last fury of storms long overpassed, and the first fury of coming tempests race wildly along the strand. To the south an ocean of green stretched to the dim distance. Low lying marshes and thick tangles of sedge were threaded by runnels of yellow water which seemed to have lost their way amongst the hummocks and marginal pocosons. But though they wander thus aimlessly hither and thither each is bound to the parent sea and pulses ever to the rising and ebbing of the tide. One may travel many a long and weary road for many a long and weary day and yet find no spot more bewitchingly beautiful than Cape Henry. And Cape Henry smiles most enchantingly when the tender sun of spring soothes the troubled sea to rest after the fury of a storm.

The strangers gazed upon the blue vault of Heaven, and the white wisps of trailing cloud; upon the blue disc of the sea, and the white wisps of curling surf; upon the green ocean of spring verdure, the yellow sands and yellow water; upon the white sails of their little boats, rocking so peacefully in Lynnhaven Roads, and upon the white wings of the gulls that sailed above them. Faded pages of dusty, old books and parchments, yellow with age, still throb with the passionate delight of these sea-wearied sons of Old England.[29]

"Within is a country that may have the prerogative over the most pleasant places of Europe, Asia, Africa or America for large and pleasant navigable

[29] Works of CAPT. JOHN SMITH, Vol. I, p. 114.

rivers; heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation. Here are mountains, hils, plaines, valleyes, rivers, and brookes all running most pleasantly into a faire Bay, compassed but for the mouth with fruitfull and delightsome land."

"The Country is not mountainous nor yet low but such pleasant plaines, hils and fertle valleyes, one prettily crossing another, and watered so conveniently with their sweete brookes and christill springs as if art itselfe had devised them."

The sun of the first day was fast sinking behind the shining waters and distant pine-fringed shores of Hampton Roads. It was time to seek the decks of the little ships again. As they came down the dunes and along the strand they were followed by five savages who crawled upon all fours like bears and fell upon the "Tassantassees," pale-faced strangers, with the fury of wild beasts. Their arrows were fitted adroitly with sharp stones and were shot with great force from primitive bows. Capt. Gabriel Archer was wounded in both his hands, and Matthew Morton, a sailor, received two wounds in his body. The wounded men were carried aboard.

This assault reminded the new comers that the painted savages of the forest claimed these fair lands. Only by the shedding of blood would Virginia be redeemed.[30]

That night the fateful royal box was opened and

[30] *Virginia*, by STITH, p. 45.
Also quoted by BURKE, Vol. I, p. 95.

the orders read.[31] The council was named in the following order: Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin and George Kendall.

It was the royal will that one of the seven be elected president immediately. But this they decided to postpone. Capt. John Smith was of course still in chains. He did not, therefore, land at Cape Henry. Not until the night of May 13, their last night on board the ships, as they lay at anchor off Jamestown Island did they select their president. Edward Maria Wingfield was chosen and a more unfortunate selection could not have been made.

With the breaking of the royal seal, and the appointment of the Council the charter of Virginia automatically came into force, and Virginia was born.

Not a man in all the world was aware that at Cape Henry, April 26, 1607, one of the greatest events of modern times had taken place. It is the most significant date in American history, except perhaps 1492 and 1776. It marked the birth of Virginia as a political entity, and by the same token the birth of American institutions. It was the germ from which America has logically and consistently grown. The date also marks the beginning of British colonization, the beginning of the world-wide spread of British thought, culture, trade, ideas, religion, justice and finance. Then and there the English

[31] The opening of the box and appointment of the Council automatically, and by Royal instruction, instituted civil government in Virginia. The fact that Gosnold's name led the rest is significant. Undoubtedly he was the choice of the London Company for president.

tongue ceased to be provincial and became the modern international language.

The British navy that must follow British expansion overseas was born as a necessity after Cape Henry. It was the genesis of the greatest nation, and the greatest nations, of modern times and possibly of all time.

On that April day the world lifted its time-worn and battle-scarred face to the light of a new and better day.

NOTE: During the Jamestown Exposition, May 13th was observed as "Jamestown Day." This anniversary has been celebrated ever since by many patriotic Virginians as the "birth of Virginia." The day is not wisely chosen. The facts are plain. The three ships remained at Cape Henry from Sunday until Thursday, April 30, when they shifted to Old Point Comfort.

Captain Newport explored the great river "Powhatan" to the falls (Richmond) and returned to Old Point, recommending the location of the colony on Jamestown Peninsula. Wednesday, May 13th, the colonists on board the three ships reached Jamestown Peninsula. They did not disembark until the morning of the 14th.

The bad luck popularly associated with the number thirteen is doubly exemplified that May day. The selection of Wingfield was a great calamity and the selection of Jamestown a still greater calamity. Capt. Christopher Newport was, we imagine, responsible for both. There is nothing to celebrate May 13th except a double misery. Virginia was born, under the royal charter, April 26th, on the beautiful sand dunes of Cape Henry.

Chapter II

LORD DELAWARE'S THANKSGIVING

June 10, 1610

Two years of desperate tragedy had passed in the Virginia wilderness since good Robert Hunt and the little band of original colonists had knelt on the humid soil of Jamestown to thank God for their safe arrival.[1] The London Company was now reorganized, a new charter cajoled out of the King, and extraordinary popular enthusiasm aroused throughout all England. Large sums were subscribed and hundreds unmindful of the fate of earlier adventurers, were eager to press overseas.

Thomas West, third Lord Delaware, noble by nature as well as by title, was appointed governor; Sir Thomas Gates, his lieutenant; Sir George Somers, admiral; and our long-time friend, Christopher Newport, vice-admiral. Nine vessels with no less than five hundred colonists and ample provisions left England in June. As Lord Delaware could not sail, the three other officers embarked together in the "Sea Venture."[2] They followed the old route by way of the West Indies, but when they turned

[1] Their first exercise upon landing May 14, 1607, was to have morning prayer led by Robt. Hunt according to the rites of the English Church.

[2] JOHN ESTEN COOKE has a very interesting chapter on the "Sea Venture." —*Hist. of Va.*, Chap. X.

north along the Atlantic seaboard their fleet, like the first little fleet of three vessels, encountered a terrific storm. The "Sea Venture" separated from the others, and was finally wrecked upon the Isle of Devils in Bermuda. Shakespeare probably based his "Tempest" upon the wreck of the "Sea Venture."[3] But these stout old tars were equal to the emergency. They built two small ships from the wreck and christened them aptly "Patience" and "Deliverance." After a delay of nine months they set sail again for Virginia. They were certain that, if they could but make the kindly harbors of the Chesapeake, help, comfort and all necessary provision would be theirs.

Gates, Somers and Newport reached the Virgin land May 24, and cast anchors before Jamestown. When they went ashore they could scarcely believe the evidence of their own eyes.[4] In the terrible experiences that had befallen them on the Isle of Devils they had never dreamed of such hideous desolation. The colonists, erstwhile happy and hopeful Englishmen, were huddled together in the spring sunshine more like mute animals than human beings.[5] The poor wretches looked upon the new arrivals with wild-eyed despair. Their bodies, lately so vigorous, were bent and feeble as though racked by the agonies of years; their faces were cadaverous;

[3] *Genesis of United States*, Vol. I, p. 416, ALEX BROWN.

[4] *Va. Under the Stuarts*, T. J. WERTENBAKER, pp. 12-15.

[5] *Narratives of Early Va.*, LYON G. TYLER, p. 117.

The earliest settlers in New England had much the same experience. "This month, March 1621, thirteen of our number died, and in three months past half our company have died . . . sometimes two or three a day. Of a hundred persons scarce fifty remain, the living are scarce able to bury the dead." —Plymouth, Mass., Records.

their limbs emaciated; their countenances were wild, staring and hunger-stricken; their brows were parched with fever; and, when they spoke, their hollow voices told only too eloquently the misery, pestilence and unspeakable horror of their condition. Above these last surviving victims hung the shadows of desperation, behind them the black pall of despair, and under them the hungry grave which had yawned for 440 of the 500 whom Captain John Smith had left well and happy the preceding September.[6]

The palisades, once the strength and pride of Jamestown, were breached and partially burned, the gates of the fort hung creaking on rusty hinges, the houses were mostly tenantless and falling rapidly to decay. Stolid savages roamed at will over fort and village. The tottering, plague-stricken English had no fear of them now. Many of them had piteously besought the Indians for food, but had received only "mortal wounds with clubs and arrows."

Grim old Powhatan had waited long. Now he had his revenge! His mortal enemies were dying like flies on their pestilential peninsula. Mutiny, rebellion, vice, greed, idleness and disease within; and starvation and Indian treachery without had well-nigh wrought their fatal work. In ten days more not a single pale-faced stranger would remain in the Virginia wilderness. The costly, bloody, fatal dream of an English empire in the New World would soon be over!

This distressing situation was pregnant with con-

[6] *Hist. of Va.*, Vol. I, p. 157, BURKE. Also STITH, p. 117. *Hist. of United States*, BANCROFT, Vol. I, p. 107.

Photo by H. C. Mann

"They climbed the miniature mountains of sand."—P. 11

tradictions. The Tidewater section of Virginia is one of the healthiest portions of this country. But with fatuous stubbornness and fatal stupidity Wingfield and Newport passed a hundred wholesome harbors washed twice daily by the brine of the sea, and ignored a thousand bluffs and hills, which everywhere abound along the James, and selected the most unlikely site possible—all despite the earnest protest of Bartholomew Gosnold who alone spoke with the authority of experience.

But even worse than the location was the anarchy and general lawlessness of the colonists. Yet they were drawn of the best blood of old England at England's best. They lacked leadership; but George Percy was president. He was the son of the Earl of Northumberland, and came of the blood of Hotspur. England has never known a finer family of leaders. George Percy was now too ill to raise his head.

But perhaps the most absolute contradiction is that these poor wretches starved in a land of plenty.[7] The rivers teemed with fish, the forests with fowl, the fields with small fruits. A few acres of wheat sown in the fall, a few bushels of potatoes sown in March, a few garden patches in the streets or commons of Jamestown, such as are familiar to all Englishmen, and there would have been a superabundance of food.

The three officers determined to abandon Virginia. The struggle was evidently useless. Jamestown was

[7] "The few who survived the frightful Starving Time relied for subsistence on roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, berries and fish."—*Econ. Hist. Va.*, BRUCE, Vol. I, p. 202.

destined to follow the melancholy precedent of Roanoke. Four little boats rocked on the river. The "Discovery" had come over at the first. There was another pinnance called the "Virginia." Gates had food for a fortnight, and he reckoned that he could reach the fishing stations of Newfoundland by that time.

The closing scenes were set for Thursday, June 7. The wretched survivors of calamity by sea and land labored with feverish haste to be gone. They buried the cannon and small arms at the gate of the fort. At noon the drums rolled. It was the welcome signal to embark. All crowded aboard. One man attempted to fire the village, but "God who had not intended that this excellent country should be abandoned put it into the heart of Sir Thomas Gates to save it."[8] Smith had left between fifty and sixty houses at Jamestown in September. Order was strictly observed. Gates himself was the last man to step aboard. A salute of small arms was fired. It was taps—the dominion of Virginia was dead. The sails were spread, and the little fleet turned their prows toward England.

Three miles due east of Jamestown is a promontory known by the homely name of "Hog Point." It is the extremity of Hog Island, so called because hogs were turned loose to graze on the fat marshes in early colonial days. For years Hog Island supplied an abundance of pork for the hunting. The island has always been locally famous for game. The "Patience," "Deliverance," "Discovery" and "Vir-

[8] *History of Va.*, STITH, p. 117. Also BURKE, Vol. I, p. 160.

ginia" made indifferent progress, for darkness overtook them at Hog Point where they tied up for the night. The ancient historians nowhere intimate that they spent the afternoon procuring supplies, but we deem that likely.

The beauty of the dying day was no doubt lost upon these forlorn travelers, but nowhere are sunsets more rare nor the splendor of color more prodigal than upon the lower reaches of the James. And at no season of the year is the landscape so entrancing as when twilight lingers longest over river and meadow and forested shore. The shadows fall gently like gray wings slowly unfolding. They spread until all the land is bound in their silent embrace. The amethystine colors of the clouds, and the opalescent lights on the waters fade to a dull monotony, like ashes, and sink at last into the blackness of night.

Friday morning, June 8, Newport dropped down the river and across the channel to Mulberry Point. This cape is a nose of Mulberry Island thrust so far into the James that the great river is contracted to half its accustomed width. The scene here is one of great beauty.[9] Gently moving tides wash the pebbly shore. Giant trees climb the steep hillsides and look far over the edge of the bluffs as though to gaze at the reflection of their own stately forms. The morning sunshine touches the broad bosom of the James until it gleams like a sea of silver. Far to the south the shores are less abrupt and wide

[9] A scene of great activity during the World War, 1917-18.—*Hist. of United States*, BANCROFT, Vol. I, p. 107.

pocosons, as green as the luscious meadows of England, open between the woodlands. The silence is ever unbroken, save for the lap of the water, the cry of the wild fowl, or the soughing of the restless winds in the gothic tracery of the forest.

Perhaps the leaders were loath to leave so fair a land, even despite the agonies of the last three years. For the little fleet made reluctant progress. They sailed only six miles Friday morning and again dropped anchor. Perhaps they were hunting, fishing and trading again at Mulberry Point. In twenty-four hours they had covered less than nine miles!

As the afternoon advanced the forecastle guard spied a row-boat toiling up the shore line from Point Hope (Newport News Point). For an hour Christopher Newport watched it eagerly. "Much descant we made thereof." It was Captain Edward Bruster with great news! Lord Delaware had arrived at Point Comfort, Wednesday, June 6. He came with Samuel Argall, three ships, many recruits and ample provisions. He was greatly distressed and displeased at the proposed abandonment of Jamestown, and ordered Gates to return at once to the village and await his arrival. In the nick of time Virginia was saved.[10]

They hoisted the anchors. The very heavens seemed to rejoice for a smacking breeze blew out of the east. The four vessels rounded Hog Point and dropped their anchors on the familiar beach at

[10] The origin of the name "Newport News" has been more discussed than any place-name in Virginia. After all has been said it is not improbable that the name is a memorial to this great deliverance.

Jamestown before the June twilight fell. Again the hand of God had saved Virginia as by a miracle.

The next day Captain Samuel Argall[11] put his three ships up the river, but his lordship did not immediately come ashore.

Sunday afternoon, June 10, Sir Thomas Gates drew his men up in martial array before the gate of the little fort. Lord Delaware landed opposite the waiting company.[12] As soon as he touched the shore he fell upon his knees and made a "long and silent prayer." At last he arose and passed to the church, all the company following.

The church had been built by Captain John Smith before his departure. It was a commodious building, "sixty-four feet long and twenty-four feet wide, which had narrowly escaped burning when the colony was abandoned. Lord Delaware at once repaired it, and would have it decorated with flowers. The pews and chancel were of cedar, the communion table of black walnut. There was a baptismal font and a lofty pulpit; and at the west end were hung two bells.[13] For a roof it was covered with "rafts, sedge and dirt." Poor as this building was it succeeded the "rotten sail" under which good Robert Hunt had preached, prayed and administered the sacraments of the Church. Robert Hunt was no more. His bones lay under the sod. Like Gosnold he was

[11] Samuel Argall was a hard-boiled seaman who, though knighted, was little better than a pirate. He kidnapped Pocahontas; burned the French settlements in Nova Scotia and Maine, and probably robbed the widow of Lord Delaware.

[12] JNO. ESTEN COOKE says he landed in the morning.

[13] *Virginia*, JOHN ESTEN COOKE, p. 86.

a martyr to Virginia. Rev. William Buck was chaplain of the "Sea Venture." The mantel of Hunt fell upon worthy shoulders. He read the service and delivered a sermon. Then William Strachey, another adventurer of the "Sea Venture," read[14] Lord Delaware's commission.[15] The governor then addressed the multitude.[16] He chided them for their idleness and lawlessness which had brought so much misery upon them; but he tactfully qualified his criticisms with words of comfort and encouragement. He asked them to labor with him that together they might build Virginia by thrift, loyalty and industry—all of which they did.[17]

The real history of Virginia begins with the arrival of Lord Delaware. Before his coming the plantation was an experiment, more likely to fail than to succeed. After him the prosperity of the colony was assured. The scene has never been spread upon canvas, though it is worthy the brush of a master. My Lord Delaware kneels upon the strand. Behind him the magnificent James sweeps from horizon to horizon. Seven white-winged ships rock gently on the river. The ardent June sunshine falls, golden and glorious, upon his bared head, like a benediction from Heaven. The colonists wait in respectful silence, standing in seriate ranks, officers, men, women, civilians and sailors, new arrivals, haggard survivors of the frightful "starving-time"

[14] BURKE says Lord Delaware read the Commission.

[15] *Genesis of U. S.*, ALEX. BROWN, Vol. I, pp. 375-84, gives the full text of Lord Delaware's commission.

[16] *Va. Under the Stuarts*, WERTENBAKER, p. 17.

[17] *Genesis of U. S.*, BROWN, p. 407.

and hardy survivors of the Isle of Devils. The colors are held aloft by William Strachey and move gently in the breeze. The thatched cabins,

NOTE: The life of Lord Delaware is as romantic as a tale of fiction. He was born at Wherwell, Hampshire (July 9, 1577), the eldest son of Thomas West the second, or eleventh, Lord De La Warr. His mother, Anne Knollys, was of royal blood, for her mother, Katherine Cary, was a first cousin of Queen Anne Boleyn. Our Lord Delaware and his brother were therefore closely related to Queen Elizabeth, though, of course, no kin to James.

At Oxford the young man took a master's degree and entered Parliament while still a youth of twenty. Thomas West's friendship for the powerful and able Earl of Essex, under whom he had fought both in Holland and Ireland, and by whom he had been knighted in Dublin, got him into political trouble. He was thrown into jail because he was Essex' friend, but soon released.

Upon the death of his father (1602) he became the third baron De La Warr, or the twelfth.[18] The family estates and the title ran back in collateral lines to Plantagenet days.

Meantime Lord De La Warr had married Cecely Sherley, but they had no child.

Lord De La Warr became increasingly interested in the colonization of Ralegh, and he became (1609) a member of the London Company. They soon (Feb. 28, 1610) elected him the first governor and captain-general of Virginia. He bore personally a large part of the expense of the expedition which came over with him, as we have seen, in the very nick of time.

Though Delaware's administration was brief there was never a question of the ultimate success of the plantation after his day; due partly to his wisdom, but largely (as we suppose) to the pioneers having learned by bitter experience how to protect themselves and adapt themselves to frontier life in the new land.[19]

Soon after the visit of Pocahontas Lord Delaware died and was buried at sea as he returned to America. The beautiful bay,[20] the river and state are memorials to this man, noble both by name and nature, the savior and really the founder of Virginia.

His three younger brothers, Francis, John and Nathaniel West, made their homes in the colony and have left a multitude of descendants. Since Delaware's day the name West has never been absent from the annals of colony and state.

[18] A brief discussion of the title in *Encyclop. Brit.*

[19] *Narratives of Early Va.*, LYON G. TYLER, pp. 205-14.

[20] "At nine in the morning, July 27, 1610, Samual Argall cast anchor in a very great bay and gave it the name Delaware."—*History of U. S.*, BANCROFT, Vol. I, p. 108.

the large church, the little fort, stand forth conspicuously against the dark green background of the primeval forest. Furtive Indians peer from the coverts of the forest at the strange and impressive scene. Ah, it was a scene to put courage in the craven, and hope into those without heart! The foundation of the commonwealth was laid, deep and strong, that moment in faith and prayer.

Photo by H. P. Cook

THOMAS WEST, third Lord Delaware, from portrait in the Virginia State Library.

Photo by H. P. Cook

The portrait of Pocahontas in the Virginia State Library, Richmond.

Chapter III

MATOAKA, DAUGHTER OF THE FOREST

She stood in the shadow of the great oaks that fringe the rippling waters of the broad Pamunkey.[1] She awaited the arrival of the braves who were to bring to great Powhatan the Werowance of the Pale-faces, captured in the ooze of the Chickahominy far toward the sunset. Nantaquaus, her beloved brother, brave as he was strong and noble as he was brave, had brought the good news to Werowocomoco. Had this been an ordinary prisoner the braves had soon added his scalp to those hanging at their belts. But so great a leader of the Pale-faces should be brought to the king himself for judgment and perhaps for execution.[2]

In her short life of thirteen summers[3] this little Indian maiden had heard much of the English. She was prepared to hate this Werowance with the silent, intense hatred of the American Indian. But when she saw him her heart went out to him. He was so tall and strong of limb, so noble and uncomplaining in his misfortunes. A young man, still in

[1] The Indian name for York River. Retained by one of its upper tributaries.

[2] For a detailed description of these events, *Life of Capt. John Smith*, WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Chap. VI.

[3] Discussion of her age.—*News from Va.*, SMITH, p. 72. Note by CHAS. DEANE.

the twenties, he was the hero of many adventures. His eyes were as blue as the summer skies.

For six long winter weeks the Indian chiefs deliberated over him. During this time she watched him, furtively at first. By and by they grew to be great friends. She brought him corn cakes hot from the squaws' flat stones, and none dared say her nay. He made baskets of chestnut hulls and monkeys of hickory nuts; curious finger rings and bracelets of oak and cherry with his skilful knife. He explained the compass with its unerring needle. He told her much of the sun, moon and stars. She taught him to speak the long musical words of the Algonquins, and he taught her the short, guttural words of the white men.[4] It was a delight to sit by his side. It was a happy time. Soon she loved this white Werowance, who was so unlike the men of her race.[5] The white chief was so strong, yet so gentle; a captive, yet considerate of women and courteous to her, a little Indian maiden; so wise, yet so respectful.

Cruel old Opecancanough, her uncle, insisted upon his death.[6] "Kill him, now you have him," he argued. "He is worth all the rest of them put together. What the head is to the body, such is he to the Pale-face colony. Get rid of him and we will soon drive the last of them into the sea. Was there not peace in the land before they came sailing into Chesapeake with their long, white-winged canoes?

[4] *Life and Adventures of Capt. John Smith*, W. C. ARMSTRONG, pp. 88-89.

[5] That Pocahontas was passionately in love with Smith admits of no doubt.

[6] The family relation is difficult if not impossible to unravel. So, also, the pronunciation of names follows no rule. Opecancanough is called in Virginia "O-pe-ca-noo."—*Cyc. of Va. Biog.*, TYLER, Vol. I, p. 299.

Was it not bloodshed the first day they set foot on the sand dunes? Has it not been strife and bloodshed, burning, death and mourning ever since? If we do not drive them off now, others will soon be coming, coming by hundreds and thousands. All the hunting-grounds will be filled by them, their wives and children, and lost to us, who have possessed them since the Great Spirit planted us here." Opecancanough prevailed. His words were conclusive. A frosty January morning they led him out to die. He was bound to two large, flat stones[7] on a bluff beside the Pamunkey. The braves painted their faces with the war paint; they adorned themselves with all their scalps and feathers. They danced the death dance in a great circle about him. They sang the death chant as they danced, a long discordant wail that all men of all lands well understand, be they never such strangers; and, understanding, dread. They threatened him with their clubs of knotted oak, stained with the blood of countless victims before him, thus prolonging the agony of death.

This is not the first time the young man had looked death in the face and had prevailed. With the calm philosophy of the veteran, he was ready to die if die he must. His only regret was that he might have been spared to plant the colony firmly and add a continent to the scepter of King James.

The Indian maid's heart sank within her. She

[7] It is probable that Weromocomoco was at Rosewell. Two huge stones unlike any in Gloucester County may still be seen lying on the riverside. Dr. Tyler argues for Purtin Bay in Gloucester County, further inland than Rosewell.—*Cyc. of Va. Biog.*, Vol. I, p. 307.

watched the preparation for the execution with unutterable horror. That the brains of the blue-eyed stranger she had learned to love should be dashed out before her eyes was unendurable! Should she hesitate now, she the daughter of the king of thirty kings, she the sister of noble Nantaquaus?[8] She fell on her knees before the great mat of her father and begged of him the stranger's life. She begged that the prisoner be made her slave, her squawman.[9] It was the custom of every Indian tribe. Every squaw might claim as her own any man or boy taken captive in the tribal wars. If this right was always granted to any common woman, why should she, a princess of royal blood, be refused? Hitherto her father had denied her nothing.[10] She was the child of his old age, the youngest and best beloved of his thirty children, his pride and joy and constant companion. But for the first time in her young life Powhatan was deaf to her prayers. Cruel Opecancanough scowled upon her. The hideous, painted circle grew smaller and smaller about the prisoner, their groans and threats grew louder and louder. In a few moments it would all be over. The Indian maiden rose from her useless petition. Her right had been denied and that without reason.

[8] Capt. Smith said of him "the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage." Nantaquaus and Pocahontas had much the same fine character.

[9] See the adventures of Sallings.—*Virginia*, HENRY HOWE.

[10] Powhatan was undoubtedly the greatest of American Indians. DR. LYON G. TYLER says, "He is said to have been the son of an Indian driven by the Spaniards from the West Indies." See sketch by JOHN WILLIAM WEIDEMEYER in *Appleton's Cyc. of Amer. Biog.*, which is fair to both Powhatan and Pocahontas.

Like the fleet-footed deer of the forest, she threaded the death dance. She knelt by the captive's side and threw her arms about his head. Kill if they must but the great king's daughter must be killed first. The death chant died away in the top of the lofty oaks. The blood-stained clubs fell, the braves stood like painted statues in their amazement. All turned to Powhatan. "Her Squawman," he said, and the chief of the Pale-faces was saved![11]

Nantaquaus helped her load a canoe with corn meal and wild turkeys, and so he returned to his village. It was not far to Jamestown, only twelve miles as the crow flies. Often during the moons that followed did she come with her maidens, each bearing baskets of food. Her blue-eyed Werowance was always glad to see her. These Pale-faces were always hungry! What ravenous appetites they had, like the bears! Her Squawman called her pretty names and made her many presents of beads and worsted and silk and needles and wonderful sweeties!

The Englishmen did not know the name of the little princess that saved them so often from famine. The Indians said she was called Pocahontas, but her real name was Matoaka, "a spring between two hills." The red men do not tell their real names, for they superstitiously believe it gives the enemy power to cast an evil spell.

But trouble was brewing. Matoaka heard the

[11] The story of the rescue was accepted until discredited by DRS. CHAS. DEANE and ED. D. NEILL. On Feb. 24, 1882, WILLIAM WIRT HENRY of Richmond, in an address before the Va. Hist. Soc. marshalled all the facts and presented such a convincing argument that any unprejudiced person would likely be satisfied with the truth of Smith's story.

whispers about the village, and she saw that the braves were again preparing their feathers and war paint. Restless Opecancanough,[12] inveterate enemy of the white men, was busy. This time it was to be surprise and wholesale massacre; not a Pale-face left to tell the bloody tale! Again she determined, at whatsoever risk to herself, to save her white Werowance. When the dark night had settled, still and moonless, she crept stealthily from her wigwam, and eluded the sentinels that ever kept watch over her father at Werowocomoco. She reached the water's edge safely and pushed her canoe far out into the rippling Pamunkey. It was four miles due south over the dark water, guided only by the friendly stars. And then eight miles through the dark and irksome forest—a night of terror and fear for the maiden, who risked all in her love for her Squawman. As the first gray streaks of dawn showed across the sky she gently knocked at the gate of the village. With tears in her eyes she whispered the terrible word into the ear of her Werowance, and faded again into the depths of the dripping forest whence she had come.

Nantaquaus brought her bad news one bright autumn day when the gum trees were ablaze in the forest.[13] The terrible powder that the Pale-faces use in their guns had spoken like thunder. Her Werowance had been frightfully burned and had jumped into the river, whence they had taken him

[12] He later planned and partially executed the frightful massacres of 1622 and 1644.

[13] *Capt. John Smith*, TUDOR JENKS, p. 222.

half-burned and half-drowned, and sent him far over the seas to his home.

Her heart was sorely depressed. Not once again came she or her maids to the village. The light had gone out of her eyes and the joy from her life. Her stern father chided her. He sent her to Japazaws, one of his tribal kings, who lives northward where the mighty Potomac plunges through the great rocks in his path and finds rest at the level of the ocean. The English missed her and her baskets of corn. Captain Argall,[14] harsh and stern, spread his white sails and came up the mighty Potomac. There he learned the secret of her retreat.[15] He anchored his boat just where the great city of Washington now rises so fair athwart the northern horizon. He gave false Japazaws a kettle of copper to bring his ward aboard.[16] And then he sailed back in triumph to the James.[17] They bade her dry her tears and fear naught; for she had always been a friend to the white man, and the white men will love and honor and protect her forever. But her father must offer a large ransom to redeem her. When mighty Powhatan received the message at Werowocomoco he was very wroth.[18] Despite his love for his devoted child, he swore a mighty oath that there should be no presents.

She found courage at last to ask after her blue-

[14] For a charitable sketch of this villain see TYLER'S *Cyc. of Va. Biog.*, Vol. I, p. 41.

[15] *English Colonies in Amer.*, DOYLE, Vol. I, p. 143.

[16] The kettle is still (said to be) preserved in Princess Anne Co., Va.

[17] On April 13, 1613. (Date doubtful.)

[18] But liberated some captives.—*Va. Under the Stuarts*, THOS. J. WERTENBAKER, pp. 25-7.

eyed Werowance, who had been wounded and sent overseas. "He is dead," they brutally told her. Her heart sank within her. She would see him no more. But better far that he be dead than that he should forget her and give his love to another. Thrice she had saved him at terrible cost—from the clubs, and from famine, and from massacre.

The gentle parson spoke oft to her of the Great Spirit, whose Son came down from his home in the arch of the star-spangled heavens to save white men and red. She rejoiced in the sweet message of the Gospel and was baptized[19] in the little church at Jamestown. Gentle Parson Whitaker gave her the name "Rebecca."[20]

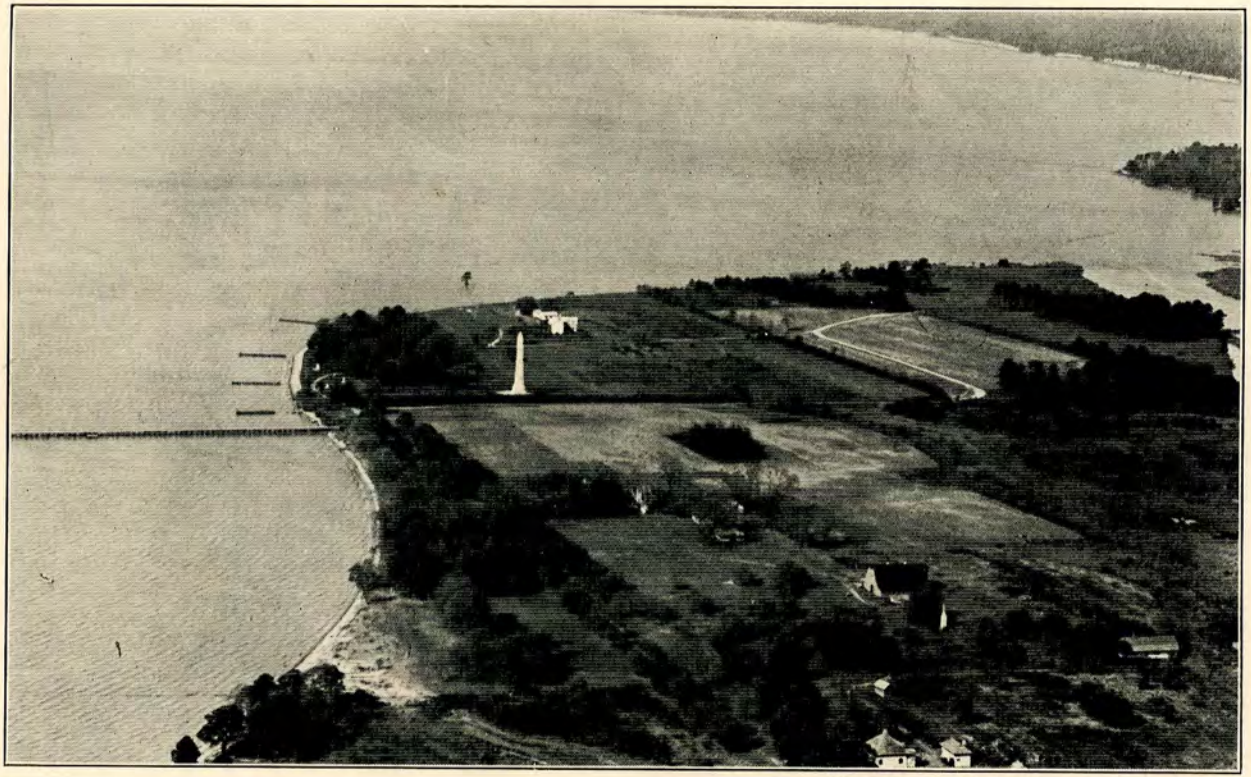
And John rejoiced, too. He had taught her to speak in the English tongue. John, too, had loved and lost. For two long years John spoke thus to her and waited. At length love came again. They stood before the gentle parson to repeat the words that made them man and wife. She wore a dress with many beads such as the Indian maids love, and over her head a white veil such as English maids wear. Opachisco, her uncle, and Nantaquaus, her devoted brother, stood by her side with presents from her father, who was well content. It meant peace forever between white man and red, they said.[21]

John led his young bride up the river to the

[19] Apr. 5, 1613. The Baptism of Pocahontas is the subject of a beautiful memorial window in St. John's Church, Hampton, Va. It took place "in the spring of 1613."—*English Colonies*, DOYLE. (Date doubtful.)

[20] Alexander Whitaker, "the Apostle to Virginia." Author of *Good News from Va.*, *Narrative and Crit. Hist. of Amer.*, Vol. III, p. 139.

[21] DALE in *Purchas*, Vol. IV. Also RALPH HAMOR, p. 24.



Photo—Courtesy Norfolk-Portsmouth News Bureau

Much of original Jamestown is now under water, but much remains. This view of the island and river is as an aviator sees it.

edge of the settlements. He planted his broad acres of tobacco.[22] He was the first to cultivate the green leaves for export. Powhatan had grown old and wearied with unending troubles. He resigned his great mat at Werowocomoco to his crafty brother, Opecancanough,[23] and lived at his lodge at Orapax, by the marshes of the Chickahominy, that he might be near his beloved daughter, her husband and her child.[24]

Captain Argall was sailing for England. John[25] persuaded his young wife to go. It was a long and weary voyage, but at last the green shores arose from the restless waves. They landed at Plymouth and traveled to London.

Who then appeared and spoke gladly to her but her Werowance—her blue-eyed Squawman! She shrunk away from him in terror and hid her face in her hands. For two long hours she sat thus in silence, nor would she raise her eyes nor speak. The man whom she had mourned so long as dead was before her strong and well.[26] She had never forgotten him, but he had cast her off with never so much as a message of farewell! The bitter truth slowly dawned upon her. For all her love and her

[22] At Varina on the James near Dutch Gap. As father of tobacco culture, see *Econ. His. of Va.*, BRUCE, Vol. I, pp. 211-272.

[23] Opitchapan ruled a short while after his brother Powhatan abdicated.

[24] Orapax was probably in New Kent County not more than fifteen miles from Varina. He died there (1618) and is buried, though the site of his grave is unfortunately forgotten. c. WHITTLE SAMS' *Conquest of Va.*, p. 142, places Orapax in Hanover County.

[25] For a full and accurate sketch of John Rolfe, see *Genesis of United States*, ALEX BROWN, Vol. II, p. 987.

[26] *Hist. of Va.*, JOHN ESTEN COOKE, pp. 102-4.

self-abnegation he had not loved her. She saw again the bloody clubs raised over his prostrate form, she heard again the terrible death chant under the oaks at Werowocomoco, she saw again the hunger that threatened him and his as one is threatened by a living monster. She heard again the bloody plot of cruel Opecancanough. She lived again the terrors of that long night over the Pamunkey and through the trackless forest to whisper the warning in his ear. Thrice she had saved him. And yet he was content to leave her and forget!

John, too, whom she had trusted, her husband, the father of her child; he, too, had lied to her and deceived her for years. The Algonquin braves have their faults, and they are many, but they do not lie. Nantaquaus would die rather than lie. For two hours she sat thus communing. Then the pride and the stoical self-control of the Indian came to her aid. The daughter of Powhatan raised her head and looked in the blue eyes of the man she had loved and said, "You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him father, being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason so must I do you."

"Were you not afraid to come into my father's country and cause fear to him and to all his people, but me, and fear you here that I should call you father? I tell you, then, I will and you shall call me child, and so I will be forever and ever your countryman. They did tell us always you were dead and I knew no other until I came to Plymouth; yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakin to seek

you and know the truth because your countrymen will lie much."

They bedecked her with beautiful dresses and jewels that she liked well. The Bishop of London honored her and spoke of her in his sermons. They drove her to the grim, frowning tower of London to see Sir Walter Ralegh who had sent the first Pale-faces overseas in the bygone years. Her blue-eyed Werowance wrote a long letter[27] to Queen Anne and recounted to her Majesty how that she had thrown her arms about him to save him on the shores of the Pamunkey from the bloody oaken clubs, and her other kindnesses never failing. My Lord Delaware drove her to court in his own costly carriage, and my Lady Delaware knelt before the king and queen and presented her and called her the daughter of an emperor. Queen Anne was kind and gentle; but stupid, stuffed King James grumbled because John had married her, the daughter of royalty.[28] And yet for all these honors thrust upon her, her heart was sore and heavy. She was weak, weary and depressed. The dust choked her. The air was always filled with smoke, and the people were curious and crowded upon her, and stared. She longed for the smell of the pines and the fair fields of Varina, so green and so red.

Stern Captain Argall was ready,[29] at last, to spread the white sails for return—but too late! In the River Thames the fever gripped her. The fearful

[27] For the letter see *History of Va.*, SMITH, Vol. II, pp. 29-34.

[28] "The King became jealous and was highly offended at John Rolfe for marrying a princess."—STITH.

[29] *Hist. of Va.*, CAPT. JOHN SMITH, Vol. II, p. 33.

swelling and burning of smallpox broke forth. Those who loved her snatched away her little boy from her side and fled.[30]

In utter loneliness and weariness her strength faded as the colors die from the flushed clouds that veil the setting sun.[31] She heard the Great Spirit calling her from the cool shadows of the forest, from the oaks and pines that fringe the rippling Pamunkey. He beckoned His child to come. Her spirit gladly answered.

[30] Thomas Rolfe. In 1641 he petitioned Governor Berkley for permission to visit his grand-uncle Opecancanough and his aunt Cleopatre; living, presumably, on York River.

[31] March, 1617.

NOTE: John Rolfe was a native of Heacham, Norfolk, England (b. 1585). With his wife he sailed for the colony in the "Sea Venture" and endured the hardships of the wreck in the "still vexed Bermoothes." He reached Jamestown with the company of Sir Thomas Gates and participated in the events described in Chapter II. After surviving these varied perils his wife died.

John wrote a lengthy and excellent letter[1] asking permission to marry Pokahuntas (that was the way he spelt it). His reasons were the benefit of the plantation, the honor of his country, the glory of God, the salvation of his soul and the conversion of the heathen. The wedding proved happy and everyone seemed pleased except stupid King James.

After Pocahontas died he again married in this colony, Jane Pierce.

Rolfe had an eye to business and had he lived he would have become a great proprietor, for the colony granted Mulberry Island to him. Unfortunately he fell a victim in the first massacre (1622).

Thomas Rolfe was educated in England, returned to Virginia, and has in this state and country a large number of decendents, who are proud of the blood of Pocahontas and Powhatan.

[1] Letter is given in *Narratives of Early Va.*, TYLER.

Chapter IV

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE GRAVE OF POCAHONTAS

I searched diligently for the huge and smoky pile of brick known as Fenchurch Street Station, and found it at last with joy, as of a discoverer. It is located in the oldest of old London, beyond the Monument, not far from the Bridge, and it sprawls in the frowning shadow of the Tower.

Of course there are many monuments in London, but *the* Monument marks for posterity the easternmost ravages of the great fire which swept the city almost out of existence in the days of the Merry Monarch.[1] Of course there are many bridges over the Thames, but *the* Bridge was the first of them. Over it and its predecessors countless millions of weary feet have borne their burdens, marched in triumph or walked in deep despair since the days of Julius Caesar—and perhaps before.[2] Of course there are many towers in London, but *the* Tower is that fierce citadel on the banks of Thames which was built by the Romans; and held the stubborn Saxons in awe in Norman times. In the deep, dark dungeons of the Tower, more blood has been shed, more wicked

[1] Sept. 2, 1666. *Hist. of Engl.*, DAVID HUME, Chap. 64.

[2] Until 1769 it was the only bridge over the Thames and it is still the most important.—*London Past and Present*, WHEATLEY.

deeds done, more horrors perpetrated than the pages of history will ever unfold.[3]

The midsummer sun shone brightly without but Fenchurch Street Station is wrapped in perpetual gloom. I plunged boldly into its cavernous and smoky bowels, and groped my way to the train waiting in a vast shed, gloomier even than the station, if that could be.

A typical Englishman was sunk in a corner of the compartment, in which I, too, found a seat. And he was sunk even deeper in the pages of "Punch," a famous paper whose wit, like the reader and the station, is heavy, sober and sad. I wondered how he could read even "Punch" in the subterranean twilight.

He was evidently, I might say ostentatiously, unaware of my presence. I looked him over carefully and decided that he was thirty-five, hen-pecked, disconsolate, in need of cheer and probably the father of clinging progeny. So I opened upon him.

"Is this the train to Gravesend?"

"Yes," he grunted without an upward glance.

"But," I expostulated mildly, "we are on the north side of the Thames and Gravesend is on the southern bank, is it not?"

"Get over on a ferry," still without removing his watery eyes from Mr. Punch. "I'm going. I'll show ye." With that reassuring word he sank again.

"Perhaps you live in Gravesend?" I ventured after a long silence. I was really anxious to get some idea of my destination, for I confess it was shadowy in

[3] *London*, WALTER BESANT.

my mind. My companion did live in Gravesend, but he added nothing further.

The long train pulled out noiselessly, as English trains move ever. I caught brief glimpses of the battlements of the Tower. We stopped at Shadwell for a few moments. It is a squalid quarter of narrow, crowded streets and throngs of the great unwashed. Shadwell is a familiar name in Virginia. The beautiful estate of Peter Jefferson in Albemarle County has ever been "Shadwell," and there the mighty Thomas was born.[4] Had the London Shadwell looked two centuries since as it appears today Peter would have chosen another name for his fair lands lying pleasantly along the uplands with the hazy outlines of Blue Ridge lifting the western horizon.

We stopped again still within the squalid East End of London. A third passenger entered our compartment. I catalogued him in one fleeting glance. His name must have been Pat, for the map of Ireland was spread upon his red, open, unshaven face.

I was wondering whether an Englishman, who devours "Punch," could really see a joke. I determined to make the experiment.

"It's tooting," I remarked quietly to the literary Englishman.[5]

"No, it's Barking," he replied laconically and positively.[6]

"I beg pardon, but it is tooting," I contradicted.

[4] Apr. 13, 1743. The Albemarle estate was a huge plantation of 1,900 acres devoted to the culture of tobacco and wheat.

[5] There is a southwestern suburb of London known as Tooting.

[6] Barking is a large eastern suburb.

"Tooting is on yonder side of Lunnon. It's Barking, I tell ye."

I glanced at the map of Ireland. He was delighted.

"Shure, y'is both right. The hengine, hits tooting and the town hits Barking," with a chuckle, rubbing his big, soiled hands.

"I tell ye I've lived in these parts all me life. This his Barking. Tooting's on the Surrey-side."

Meanwhile the train glided on. The tracks cut through countless rows of tall and dingy tenements alive with ragged men, frowsy women and swarming with children.

"I fancy," casting a fly into the silence, and adopting the favorite English phrase—"I fancy this is Rotten Row."[7]

A grunt of disgust at such unspeakable ignorance. "Rotten Row's in Hyde Park, I tell ye."

"Just look at them," I countered. "It would be great to hide some of them in a park."

Without lifting his eyes from Mr. Punch he replied, "Rotten Row's a road where the King rides in the park. Hit haint got nothing to do with tenements." The map of Ireland was beaming.

"And the Bush—where is that?" I asked.

"What bush?"

"Shepherd's Bush[8]—and if you have lived here all your life, why do they scrub Shepherd's Bush?"

"They don't scrub it as I hever 'eard tell."

"Oh, yes they do," I insisted pleasantly, "for I

[7] The name of a fashionable drive in London's west end.

[8] The name of a fashionable district in West London.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"ST. THOMAS' CHURCH rose before us. It is a large, weather-beaten edifice in the least attractive Georgian style. The Church yard is filled with ancient and decaying tomb-stones."—P. 44.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

TABLET IN ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, GRAVESEND

The Inscription reads:

"This stone commemorates Princess Pocahontas or Matoaka, daughter of the mighty American Indian Chief Powhatan. Gentle and humane, she was the friend of the earliest struggling English colonists, whom she nobly rescued, protected and helped. On her conversion to Christianity in 1613 she received in baptism the name of Rebecca and shortly afterwards became the wife of Thomas Rolfe. She died in Gravesend and was buried near this spot March 21, 1617."

see it on the busses every day, 'Wormwood Scrubs:[9] Shepherd's Bush.' Now who is Wormwood and why does he scrub the bush?"

The map of Ireland laughed aloud. "That's what I say, by Jove, why does they scrub hit? H'ive seen the sign meself."

"Hit's this way," said the devotee of "Punch," laying aside his paper at last to explain on his fingers. "Wormwood Scrubs, what ye see on the busses, his a sooburb, west hend of Lunnon. And Shepherd's Bush hits hanother sooburb nearby. And the same bus hit runs to Wormwood Scrubs, tuppence—hay-penny, and hon to Shepherd's Bush, thruppence."

Both the map and I thanked our friend for the information.

What an immense city the British capital is! But even London has an end. We sped, now over the flat lands that lie along the lower Thames, and stopped again. It was Purfleet with its vast magazines of powder. Pat gathered up his pipe, his wretched tobacco, also himself and left us. As a parting shot he addressed the Englishman.

"Ah, Cockney, don't y' see that 'ere Yank is a-tossin hit to ye?"

The Englishman made no reply, so I volunteered, "What's the use of tossing it, if he doesn't catch it?"

I gazed at the flat and dreary landscape a full half-hour and took courage to address my fellow-traveller once again. His interest in "Punch" was evidently waning.

[9] Wormwood Scrubs is another residential district in the West End of London.

"If you live in Gravesend, perhaps you know an ancient church there, 'St. George's'."

For the first time he looked at me and keenly.

"I attend that very church," he said.

"I am going to Gravesend to visit that church. In it the Indian princess Pocahontas was buried some three hundred years ago. Perhaps you know the location of her grave?"

He did not, but the people of Gravesend thought highly of Pocahontas. His brother belonged to a lodge called by her name.

"I never read the story of her life. She saved some Henglishman, didn't she?"

"Yes," I replied, "she saved the life of an Englishman, and of many more Englishmen. She saved the first colony England established and the infant life of the greatest nation on earth today."

The train stopped. "This is Tilbury," said my friend. "We get off here."

A crowded ferry conveyed us over the river. Once in Gravesend on the southern shore my friend led the way along the narrow main street, known here—and almost invariably in Britain—as "High Street."

We dodged into a dark tunnel between and under some wretched little shops. We picked our way through a rag and bone yard, and emerged into another street. St. Thomas' Church rose before us. It is a large, weather-beaten edifice in the least attractive Georgian style. The church-yard is not large and is filled with ancient and decaying tombstones. A very high and strong iron fence protects the whole.

No verger, as the English call their sextons, was to be found, so we read some of the old stones, whose legends were still legible. But nowhere Pocahontas.

I suggested that we call at the home of the rector. But he insisted that the rector was out of town.

A strong man in short-sleeves digging fishing-worms in a damp corner of the grave-yard near an ivy-covered wall of brick knew where the verger lived. It was in fact just around the corner.

An old woman, bent with the double weight of years and rheumatism answered our knock. I stated my business and added that we had both searched the tomb-stones diligently.

"Aye, aye," she cried, "and ye would look at them a long time 'till ye find it!"

As she spoke she took a huge key from the wall. "I'll show ye." Leaning heavily on her stick she led us back to the church.

St. Thomas' has an ugly exterior but is beautiful within. The aged care-taker led us down the main aisle, and pointed to a modest marble tablet over the chancel. It was evident that my friend had never seen this memorial before. I read the inscription slowly and aloud.

> "This Stone Commemorates Princess Pocahontas or Matoaka, Daughter of the Mighty American Indian Chief Powhatan, Gentle and Humane, she was the Friend of the Earliest struggling English Colonists whom She nobly Rescued, Protected and Helped.
>
> "In her Conversion to Christianity in 1613,

She received in Baptism the Name Rebecca, and shortly afterwards became the Wife of Thomas Rolfe, a settler in Virginia. She visited England with her husband in 1616, was graciously received by Queen Anne, wife of James I.

"In the twenty-second year of her age she died at Gravesend while Preparing to Revisit her Native Country and was Buried near this Spot on March 21st, 1617."

"I wonder who put the tablet in your chancel?" I asked.

"Our hold rector raised the money and put it there in 1899. Me and me man has been tending this church since 1885," she replied.

"Unfortunately, one name on the tablet is not correct." I spoke cautiously.

"Not kerrect, his hit? Hi say, sor, hit is hall korrect!" I knew myself on dangerous ground.

"Pocahontas married John Rolfe. Thomas Rolfe was her son, not her husband, but that is not much of a mistake," I said reassuringly.

"You are ha descendant?"

"No, I have not that honor."

"We was going to get a memorial pulpit from Hamerica. That was twenty year gone, but we haint seen hit yet."

"I notice the tablet reads 'near this spot.' Just where, to be exact, is her grave?"

"Aye, now that is a question ye hasked. But Hi'll tell ye hall about that. Hour hold rector he studied hit hall hout. She was buried in the chancel,

the hold book shows that. She was a king's daughter, ye mind. But more than a hundred year ago the church burned down. A new church (that his this church) was built halmost hon the hold foundation, but a leetle bigger. If there was hany stone hit has gone long ago. The new chancel was built hover the hold chancel—so she lies plain enough somewheres hunder your feet."

I was standing in the midst of the chancel on its floor of white marble tiles. "Yes," I assented, "our Virginian princess surely lies under these stones."

"Do any Americans ever come here?"

"Some few. Mostly a descendant now and then."

It was only a few steps to a modest florist's shop. The lady proprietor had nothing fresh except a vase of pure white lilies. I could not have desired a more appropriate selection. I took the lilies and a bit of wire back to the church. With the sympathetic assistance of my friends I fixed the flowers just over the mural tablet. It was late of a Friday afternoon.

"Will you permit the flowers to remain over Sunday?" She promised readily.

"And who shall I tell hour rector put the lilies there, begging your pardon, sor, hif ye are not a descendant?"

"Just tell him a Virginian, who loves the memory of the Indian maiden, and who is grateful to her, put them there as a mark of respect and affection."

Chapter V

BLACK BEARD, THE PIRATE

"A lonely island, a long strip of coral sand with combing breakers bursting upon it, a shining mass of treasure poured out upon a sail-cloth spread upon a beach, a circle of hungry-eyed, wolfish, unshaven, partly clad figures gathered about in the sunlight, the pirate chief standing over the booty—counting, adding, subtracting, parcelling. Such stories as these are the flotsam and jetsam of fact that have drifted down the current of history from the wreck of the past."

HOWARD PYLE.

Two hundred long years have passed since the tragic death of the notorious pirate chief known best as Black Beard, and yet one may still hear quaint and curious tales about him in the coast towns of Virginia and the Carolinas. His atrocities have left an enduring impression on the imaginations of men.[1] Much is, of course, absurd; but still told, and retold. Here and there parties go out to dig for Black Beard's treasure chests, the pots of Spanish gold, the boxes of silver coin and the flashing gems he is reputed to have sunk in the ooze of tidal rivers or buried on the banks of inlets that make up from the bays and sounds.

[1] Especially among seafaring men. His exploits, his orgies and unspeakable dissipations form an unending topic of discussion.

Though so much is heard about him it is astonishing how little is really known. His very name is obscured. The Virginia historians[2] call him "John," the Carolina records invariably know him as "Edward," which is probably correct. His last name, too, is in doubt. Teach is now almost always used, but it was probably Thatch or Thach.

Even greater mystery shrouds his origin. It is a good guess that he was a Welshman like his great predecessor, the notorious Morgan, whom King Charles II knighted and who is known to history as Sir Henry Morgan, the bloody demon of Porto Bello and Panama. Bristol, England, is Black Beard's reputed birthplace, although there are quiet and law abiding people in Accomac county, Virginia, who are convinced that he was a native of their county and that his early days were spent in coasting along the bayside inlets and seaside islands of the Eastern Shore of Virginia.[3]

It must be admitted that great heroes like Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake were little better than pirates. Queen Elizabeth herself was not averse to taking a share of their ill-gotten gains. These bold West-of-England seamen plundered, murdered, burned and fought until they drove

[2] "The famous pirate, John Theach."—JNO. ESTEN COOKE. "John Theach or Teach, commonly called Blackbeard."—CHAS. CAMPBELL.

[3] "You have heard from infancy of Black Beard the pirate; but you may not have heard that he was a native of Accomac County, and that his name was Edward Teach. The rendezvous of his men were on Parramore's Beach, Revell's Island, Hog Island and Rogue's Island. The latter island derived its name from being the hiding place of his band. His Eastern Shore haunts soon became too hot for his safety and he removed to North Carolina."—*Traditions*, THOS. P. UPHUR in an Address at Accomac C. H., June 19, 1900.

the Spanish flag well nigh from the seas. But when the pirates had learned their trade well, and when there were no more Spanish ships to plunder but only good, stout, English ships piracy became treason. It does make a difference whose ox is gored, as "Poor Richard" said in his famous Almanac.

During the brilliant wars of Queen Anne's reign Black Beard is supposed to have been a good pirate; that is, he attacked only Queen Anne's enemies.[4] When peace was declared (1713) he ran down the British flag and ran up the black flag with a red skull and cross bones upon it. He then began his career of robbery, arson and murder.[5] If ever there lived a human fiend it was he. He captured a large French merchantman, armed her with no less than forty cannon and renamed her "Queen Anne's Revenge." This floating fortress struck terror to the valuable commerce of the colonies. The merchants of Amsterdam were growing rich with the rice and cotton of Charleston in their bursting warehouses. The wealth of Glasgow was made from tobacco grown along the Chesapeake. So strong had Black Beard become that he seized the beautiful town of Nassau in the Bahamas off the coast of Florida, and ruled it until driven off by the British fleet. Meantime he secured three other ships armed and manned by villains as daring as himself. The lesser captains

[4] He lived for a time in Jamaica and served in the French War, but became disgusted with such service.—*Voyages and Adventures of Ed Teach*, S. WILKINSON.

[5] Benj. Harnigold was his first confederate. They captured a sloop from Havana, then one from Bermuda, then one from Madeira, and sailed into the Chesapeake for repairs.—*Ibid.*

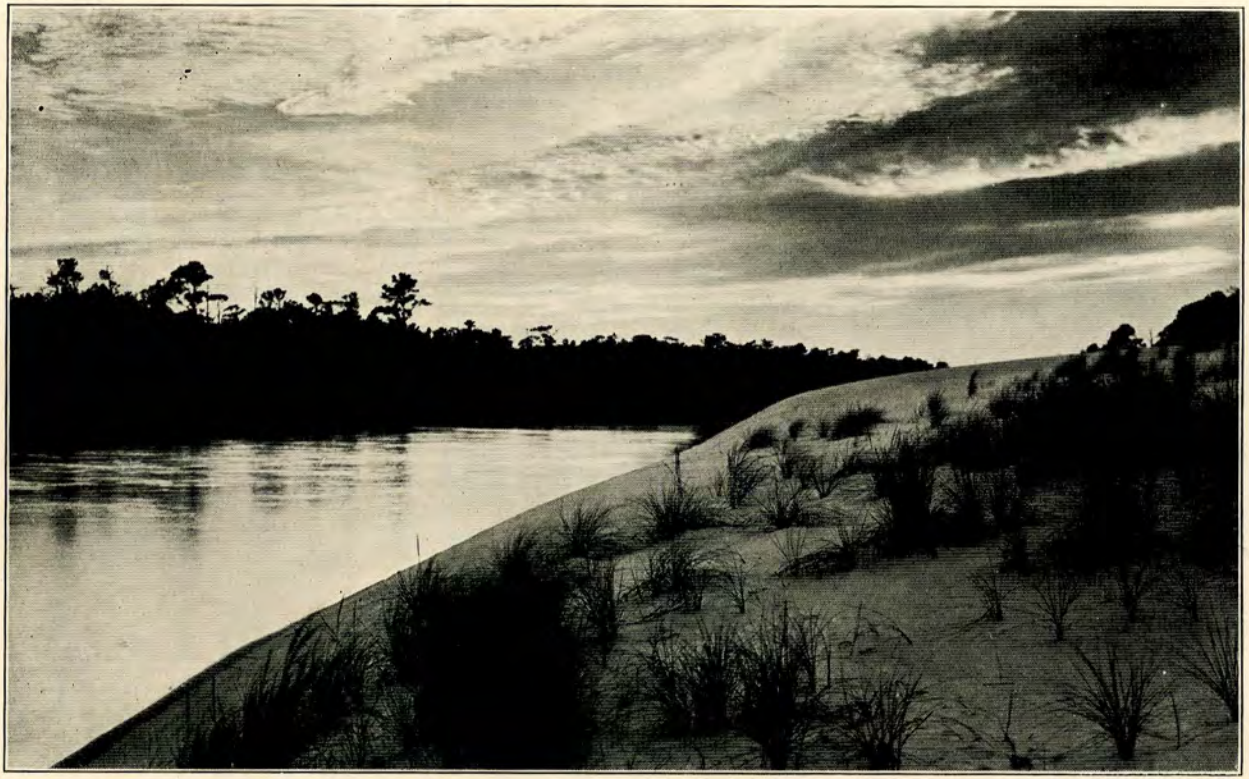


Photo by H. C. Mann

"BLACK BEARD'S HILL, rising some fifty feet above the tides, is a desert of shifting sand. From the bald summit an extensive view into the broad Atlantic may be had any clear day. A sentinel here could signal the pirates at the 'Fort' and Black Beard would be ready, armed and waiting his unsuspecting victim."—P. 54.

were named Vane, Bonnet and Worley. They were sworn to rob, plunder and murder without mercy, but despite all there was perfect discipline. Black Beard was recognized on all hands as their arch-chieftain.

Black Beard and his friends made the shallow sounds of North Carolina their headquarters. No better base could be found. Carolina was almost uninhabited. The rich commerce of Virginia lay within striking distance to the north; that of Charleston to the south. The broad sounds that indent the coast were an admirable refuge. To track a pirate through the wide estuaries of the Neuse, Pamlico, Roanoke, Tar, Chowan, Perquimans, Pasquotank, not to mention half a hundred lesser creeks, bays, inlets and rivers, was next to impossible.

Then, too, while the inland waterways presented a tangle of land and water the whole coast was protected by great sand dunes (by far the largest in the world), which form a sharp angle at stormy Cape Hatteras. Sailors call Cape Hatteras the "Graveyard of the Atlantic."[6] It is an appropriate name, for every severe storm leaves a wreck off Hatteras. Behind such a barrier Black Beard was secure.

On the reef between ocean and sound is the village of Nag's Head. The name survives from a barbarous custom of Black Beard's day. They hobbled one foot of a horse, tied a lighted lantern around his

[6] "Years ago I sailed over the waters of the Atlantic at Cape Hatteras. It was a calm, May day. The ocean was like glass, a deep transparent blue. Far below, lying on the floor of the ocean, hundreds of wrecks in all stages of decay were plainly visible. I then knew why Cape Hatteras is called the 'Graveyard of the Atlantic'."—LOUIS FEUERSTEIN (1927).

neck and led him along the beach. At night this false light resembled the tossing of a boat on the water and lured many a ship to its doom.

A glance at a map shows how admirably Lynnhaven Bay, in Virginia, was adapted to Black Beard's ferocious business.

Near the bay is the site of an old breastwork known locally as Pirate's Fort, where fabulous treasure is said to be hidden. If there is any treasure it is well hidden for it has successfully evaded all searchers, white and colored, these two centuries or more. Standing upon this wooded islet one gains an idea of Black Beard's shrewd and cruel methods.[7]

The firm land originally thrust a point into the calm and clear waters of the bay, in the shape of the letter V. The pirates dug a canal across the little cape which made it an islet, at no mean labor for the canal is approximately twenty-five feet wide and is still six feet deep, after the debris of two centuries has settled there. The soil excavated was thrown up on the island side. After the erosion of two centuries it is still a considerable elevation, rising twenty feet above the canal. This artificial hill is the highest land in these parts, except, of course, the sand dunes at Cape Henry.

The pirate's island is about 500 feet long at its longest and half as wide at its widest. It is a lovely

[7] The story of Black Beard is briefly told in *History of Virginia*, CHAS. C. CAMPBELL, p. 108.

There was a fierce fight, lasting ten hours between a small British man-of-war, the "Sharan," and a bold pirate (Apr. 29, 1700) who had made his rendezvous in Lynnhaven Bay and preyed upon many vessels. No doubt the same fort served this and others of the Black Flag fraternity.—*History of Virginia*, CAMPBELL, p. 103.

and peaceful place. Giant trees throw a deep and sombre shade over the island and "fort." So thick is the foliage that one cannot detect the rise of land even in winter at any considerable distance. The island has never been cultivated and never cleared. It is a paradise of wild growth and of sweetly singing birds.

From the summit of the "fort," as the breast-work is always called, one peers through the thick screen of foliage upon the calm waters of Lake Joyce which wimples in the sunshine immediately below. Lake Joyce was originally a part of Lynnhaven Bay. Two hundred years ago the only entrance to the bay was through these waters. The present inlet to Lynnhaven, some two miles further east, was dug as a ditch to shorten the egress for small boats to the Chesapeake. But the tides rushed through with the velocity of a mill race and the narrow ditch became half-a-mile in width and at present it attains a depth of more than twenty feet. Meantime the egress at the pirate's fort and island was choked and filled with shifting sands. Beyond Lake Joyce a long, straight strip of sand separates the lake from the Chesapeake.

To the east, or right, Cape Henry is plainly visible. Every vessel that enters the Virginia capes would pass in full view of a keen-eyed sentinel at Pirate's Fort. With a glass to his eye he might detect with ease the name of the ship and estimate the value of her cargo and the number of her crew.

It requires but little imagination to hear the warning signal given by the sentinel in a neighboring

tree top and to see the swarthy, bloodthirsty pirates scramble on board their man-of-war, sail out and capture their helpless victim. Escape would be almost impossible.

Four miles to the east of Pirate's Fort, in plain view across Lynnhaven bay, Black Beard's Hill rises fifty feet above sea level. It is the last, and one of the loftiest, of the long line of sand dunes that the northeastern winds have blown from the shores of Cape Henry. Unlike the artificial, lesser hill of Pirate's Fort Black Beard's Hill is bald, a desert of shifting sand—growing higher with every northeastern storm that sweeps inland. From Black Beard's Hill an extensive view beyond the capes into the broad Atlantic may be had any clear day. A sentinel on Black Beard's hill could easily detect a merchantman miles away, signal the crew at Pirate's Fort, and Black Beard would be ready, armed and waiting long before his unsuspecting victim had turned into the channel at Cape Henry. History does not record his plan; but the unique lay of the land, the local and traditional names that cling to these sites, make it almost certain that this was his method.

The situation became intolerable. Lieutenant Rhett sailed out of Charleston harbor and surprised Stede Bonnet near Cape Fear. Stede and thirty of his godless crew were taken to Charleston and hanged. Governor Johnson, of South Carolina, then attacked Worley. It was a fight to a finish. Every pirate was killed except two. They were desperately wounded, but lived to die on the gallows in Charleston.

King George I offered amnesty to all pirates who would surrender (1717). Black Beard and twenty of his men acting on the principle, no doubt, that prudence is the better part of valor decided to turn good. They surrendered to Gov. Chas. Eden, of North Carolina.[8] There is an old brick house on the banks of the Pasquotank near Elizabeth City reputed, on excellent authority, to have been the home of Black Beard for a time. It is built after the most approved fashion of early colonial days; each end of the house is brick with walls almost three feet thick, and with massive chimneys. The rest of the house is frame. The panelled walls hide secret closets and passages.

Black Beard could not be good long. His life was a constant round of unspeakable dissipation, afloat or ashore. They tell how in drunken wrath he did not hesitate to strike a comrade dead at a single blow, how he kept numbers of miserable women,[9] victims to his uncontrolled passions, how on one occasion he acted the part of the Devil in the midst of a hell he improvised in the hold of his ship. After this interesting performance several of his men lay dead about him.

When funds were exhausted he gave it out that he would make an honest trading voyage to St. Thomas and soon gathered a crew about him.[10] In

[8] At one time Black Beard is reported to have sailed into Charleston harbor with a fleet of eight sail. He paraded the town and forced the inhabitants to provide £400 worth of medicine.—*Reign of Pirates*, A. HURD, pp. 59-72.

[9] He is said to have married fourteen wives.

[10] "Capt.Teach alias Black Beard the famous Pyrate came within the Capes of this Colony in a sloop of six guns and twenty men."—*Nar. & Critical Hist. of Amer.*, Vol. V, p. 266.

a few weeks he returned to the little town of Bath, N. C., on the Pamlico River, with a French ship laden to the gunwale with sugar, coffee and cotton. He made oath to Governor Eden that he had found this rich prize abandoned and floating about the sea! The obliging governor allowed Black Beard to unload and dispose of his cargo,[11] but the hard-headed people of the Albemarle settlements did not believe the story. The old pirate then dropped down to Ocracoke inlet "for repairs," to a place called ever since "Teach's Hole." Meantime the honest Carolina farmers appealed to Governor Alexander Spotswood, of Virginia.[12]

Spotswood was as doughty an old soldier as ever buckled on a sword. He was ready to clear the seas for King George; and, besides, Virginia had some old scores to settle with Black Beard as touching the Lynnhaven robberies. The governor and burgesses promptly offered 100 pounds for Black Beard, dead or alive, a snug sum equal to at least $5,000 in present day value.

Lieut. Robert Maynard had two small coasting vessels of the British navy in Hampton Roads.[13] He set sail at once for Ocracoke (November 17, 1718), Black Beard was ready for the young lieutenant. With fearful oaths he swore that he would never be taken alive. As bad luck would have it one of Maynard's vessels got aground in the shoal water of the sound and was useless. Black Beard bore down

[11] Gov. Eden is reported to have received sixty hogsheads of the sugar, and Secretary Knight twenty as their fees.

[12] The appeal was secretly made.

[13] The "Pearl" and the "Lime."

upon the other ship with every sail hoisted and every cannon primed. The English tars heard him shout—

"D— you for villains, where do you come from? Who are you?"

"You see by our colors we are not pirates," the sailors shouted back.

Black Beard took a drink and called out—

"Damnation seize my soul if I give you any quarter, or ask any from you."

With that the pirates poured in a broadside, which raked Maynard's ship fore and aft. It was a terrific volley, for twenty-nine British sailors fell. Maynard ordered his men below. Black Beard supposed they were about to surrender, and shouted—

"Now let's jump on board and cut them to pieces." With fourteen of his men he clambered upon deck.

Maynard charged them. It was a fierce and bloody hand-to-hand struggle. Surrender meant death on either side.

A picturesque touch is given to the battle in the meeting of Black Beard and Maynard. The champions of law and of piracy look each other eye to eye. The thickly matted beard that gave Teach his name covered his face almost to his eyes. His mustaches stood forth like those of a lion. His long black beard was parted at the chin and tied behind his ears with ribbons. He always wore immense golden earrings. His belt was studded with sabres and pistols. In this fight he wore a cocked hat.

Each commander fired at the other. Black Beard missed but Maynard's ball took effect. Though

wounded the giant drew his cutlass. It flashed in the sunshine as keen as a razor. He attempted to fell Maynard with one powerful blow. Had it been delivered the officer would have been cut in twain. On the instant a British sailor landed a terrific blow upon the back of the pirate's neck, and perhaps the blow caused Black Beard's foot to slip on the bloody deck, littered with the dead and dying. In that instant Maynard shot him again, this time through the heart and he fell lifeless on the deck.[14]

A huge negro with a lighted torch made a rush for the magazine to blow up victors and vanquished. It was Black Beard's order, constantly reiterated, in case of capture or defeat. But again Maynard was too quick. He knocked the negro senseless and trampled out the torch. Of the fourteen pirates who swarmed over the sides of the ship eight were dead. The other six jumped overboard. Fifteen were taken, thirteen of whom were hung simultaneously at Williamsburg. The loss of Maynard's men was greater, twelve men dead and twenty-two wounded. Cargo valued at £2000 was brought into port.[15]

Black Beard's bloody head with his matted beard and mustaches was hung upon the bow-sprit. With this grewsome trophy Lieutenant Maynard sailed to Bath, N. C., thence to Hampton, at that time the commercial metropolis of Virginia. The head was placed on a pole at the mouth of Hampton River

[14] A very graphic account of the battle is given in *Voyages and Adventures of Edward Teach.* (Boston, 1808). S. WILKINSON.

[15] *Amer. Colonies*, H. L. OSGOOD, Vol. I, p. 548.
Also: *Carolina Pirates*, HUGHSON, Johns Hopkins Studies.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

Black Beard's traditional residence near Elizabeth City, North Carolina, on the banks of the Pasquotank River. The ends of the house are of brick, laid in Flemish bond, three feet thick at the foundation. The rest of the house is frame.—P. 55.

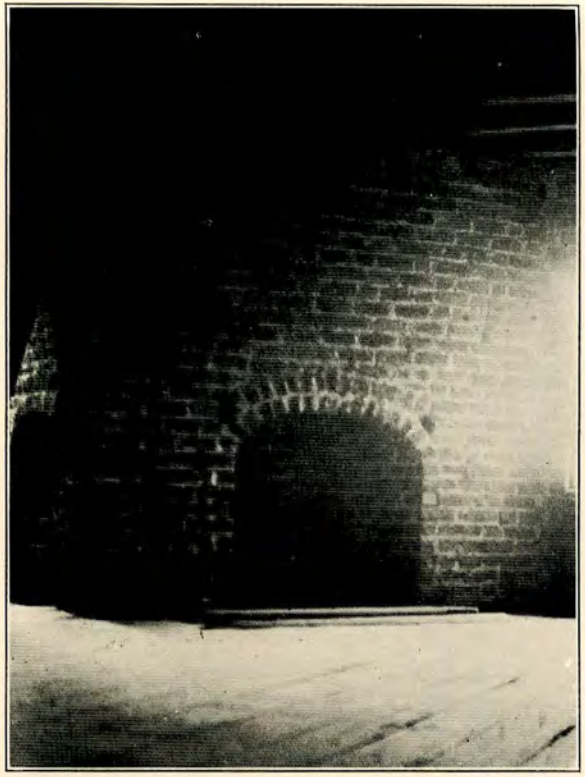


Photo by W. H. T. S.

"Each end of the house is brick with walls almost three feet thick, and with massive chimneys. There are secret closets and passages."

near Old Point Comfort, and served as a warning for years. Finally it was fashioned into a drinking cup and is still, they say, preserved in Virginia.[16]

The death of Black Beard created much joy, and a printer's lad in Boston made a ballad about it which was sung on the streets of the New England town. The printer lad was Benjamin Franklin.

[16] *Hist. of Va.*, COOKE, p. 317. "Thirteen pirates were hung at Williamsburg, and Black Beard's skull, fashioned into a cup, is still preserved in Virginia."

Chapter VI

GRACE SHERWOOD, OUR VIRGINIA WITCH

The beautiful waters of Lynnhaven Bay have filled a conspicuous page in our history. The first colonists, who landed at Cape Henry, Sunday morning, April 26, 1607, made a sortie over the sand dunes on Monday, and surprised a party of redskins who were enjoying an oyster-roast.[1] They appropriated the feast. Then and there the fame of the Lynnhaven oyster was born, and has since filled a hungry world.

Here Adam Thoroughgood built his home, the quaintest of houses in the most picturesque of settings. It is carefully preserved by its present owners and is the oldest residence in America. Our god-father Adam was a mighty man in the colony. He came from King's Lynn, Norfolk, England, and he gave to the bay its beautiful name and to the new county when established the fine English name of Norfolk.[2]

From the shores of Lynnhaven Black Beard darted forth upon his unsuspecting prey.[3]

To Lynnhaven Roads came Admiral Cockburn

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[1] "Percy's Discourse."—*Genesis of U. S.*, ALEX. BROWN, Vol. I, p. 157.

[2] *Cyc. of Virginia Biog.*, TYLER, Vol. I, p. 105. On the Thoroughgood family, see *Virginia Carolorum*, NEILL, pp. 133-4.

[3] See Chap. V.

after the British had burned Washington.[4] He spent the autumn here and sailed away to New Orleans to meet Andrew Jackson.

But the most fascinating story that clings like cerements to these curving shores, mantled in their perennial green, is that of Grace Sherwood, our only official Virginia witch.[5]

John White, a carpenter, lived on a modest little farm in the newly formed county of Princess Anne. His only daughter, Grace, married a neighbor, James Sherwood, who was also a carpenter[6] and small farmer, and who seems to have made Grace an excellent husband.

How the trouble began no one in the wide world knows now; but begin it did, for in 1689 James Sherwood and Grace, his wife, appealed to court for protection.[7] They brought suit against a neighbor, Richard Capps, in the sum of 50 pounds for defamation of character. The case was never tried and the matter dropped. We judge that Richard Capps discreetly made apologies and sufficient amends, and that the trouble was compromised (for a consideration). Fifty pounds was a great sum in the colony in the days of the English Revolution. English money was so scarce that it might be considered non-existant. Fifty pounds sterling would

[4] Sir George Cockburn, later the keeper of Napoleon. See Chap. XV.

[5] There was an old woman on the Eastern Shore accused of witchcraft but nothing ever came of it.

[6] There was a carpenter named Sherwood who was building houses at Jamestown at this very time.—*Ec. Hist. of Va.*, BRUCE, Vol. II, p. 553.

[7] The story told by JOHN ESTEN COOKE, *Harper's Mag.*, June, 1884, is not entirely correct. Evidently the historian was not familiar with Princess Anne County.

purchase far more, then and there, than a round thousand dollars would buy today. James and Grace Sherwood were not playing for negligible stakes! But if they congratulated themselves that the storm was over-past when they silenced Richard Capps, they were mistaken. It was the prelude to a long, hard and bitter experience for all concerned.

Other countries had witches a-plenty. Only six years before in Salem, Massachusetts, nineteen women were hung and one old man pressed to death for witchcraft. Scotland fairly revelled in witches, so did France and all the nations. More than 100,000 persons were executed during this strange, world-wide delusion.[8]

It is not at all unlikely that Grace Sherwood believed herself a witch. It is not at all unlikely that she possessed some unusual, occult power. Her neighbors and their children were satisfied that she was enleagued with the Devil. On the whole it speaks well for the moderation and toleration of the colonial authorities that the persecution went no further than a harmless ducking.

Who may trace the influence of a spoken word? Like the dandelion seed, it flies away, and can never again be gathered or recalled. In six months Grace and James are again at court, this time with two suits for slander, in each case asking 100 pounds. One is forced to conclude that the husband and wife were seeking to capitalize their sorrows and persecutions. If they won these cases they would, at a stroke, be possessed of as much good coin of the

[8] *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, SIR WALTER SCOTT.

realm as any one in the county of Princess Anne. If such, however, was their hope they were destined to speedy disillusion.

The first suit was against John Gisburne and Jane, his wife, because the said Jane had slandered, wronged and abused Grace, declaring her to be a witch and that she had cast a spell which blighted the little crop of Gisburne cotton. The jury promptly dismissed the case, a signal defeat for Grace.

In the second case Grace asked 100 pounds from Anthony Barnes and Elizabeth, his wife, for damages. The said Elizabeth had wronged and abused Grace, declaring that Grace had come to their home one night in the form of a black cat, had jumped upon her in bed, driven her and whipped her, as a man does a horse, and had gone out of the room by the key-hole, or a crack in the door, Elizabeth, under oath, could not say which. The jury dismissed this case also; and the judge assessed James and Grace Sherwood the cost of attendance and entertainment of nine witnesses for four days. Alas, we fear, all Grace had won of Richard Capps had now been lost in this double defeat!

For many years matters rested quietly in this countryside as we judge by the silence of the records. Death claimed James Sherwood[9] and Grace was left a widow with three stalwart sons, John, James and Richard Sherwood.

In the fall of 1705 the widow came again to court asking protection. As she had been married fully twenty-five years before we judge that neither she

[9] He died in 1701.—*Cyc. Va. Biog.*, TYLER, p. 323.

nor her sons were young. This time Elizabeth, the wife of a staunch yeoman, Luke Hill,[10] had assaulted, bruised, maimed and barbarously beaten Grace "to her great damage." Pugnacious Elizabeth defended herself by asserting that Grace had bewitched her, and, being a practical woman of vigorous arm, she would not stand for it. Grace asked fifty pounds damages; the jury awarded her a meagre twenty shillings. But Grace's technical victory and her shillings cost her dear. Better for the widow (or the witch) she had received nothing.

Pugnacious Elizabeth and loyal Luke soon returned to court with the deliberate charge of witchcraft. Heretofore Grace had, in every trial, been the plaintiff. Now the tables were turned. Grace was summoned but did not appear.[11] The matter was "a long time debated" by the learned court.[12] Luke paid the costs and Grace was again summoned to the March term, at which time the Sheriff was to provide a jury of discreet and knowing women to examine Grace. When the momentous day arrived[13] Col. Edmund Moseley and eight august justices took their seats. Grace agreed to be searched by the twelve crones whom the sheriff had on hand for

[10] Verbatim copy of court record.—*Va. Mag. Hist. & Biog.*, July, '26, pp. 278-9.

Collections, Va. Hist. & Phil. Soc., Vol. I, pp. 67-8, JONATHAN P. CUSHING.

Virginia, HENRY HOWE, pp. 436-8.

Wm. & Mary Quarterly, Vol. III, pp. 190, etc., EDWARD W. JAMES.

Witchcraft Cases, G. L. BURR, pp. 435-42.

[11] January 3, 1706.

[12] February 6, 1706.

[13] March 7, 1706.

that purpose.[14] But, alas, for the witch! Who now appeared as forewoman of this jury but her old enemy Elizabeth Barnes—even she who had seen Grace go out of the key-hole like a black cat! The twelve crones did their work thoroughly and reported that they had found "severall spotts" on her body, like warts and undoubtedly very suspicious.[15]

The learned professors and doctors of the great universities, the professed and professional "scientists" of the day, had examined into the whole question profoundly and had decided, with all becoming gravity, that a witch was a woman (though not necessarily) who had sold herself body and soul to the Devil. And the Devil, as one party to the contract, conferred upon her the power to turn herself into a hare or cat (preferably a cat and more preferably a black cat). He also gave her power to ride through the air (preferably astride a broomstick). She was to have a little imp at her call, as assistant.

A witch could torture her enemies by sticking them with sharp, but invisible, needles. She could blight their gardens or crops by casting a spell, and she could make herself on the whole a very disagreeable neighbor. The witch signed her contract with the Devil on parchment, using her own blood

[14] The names of the jury are as follows: Eliza Barnes, forewoman, Sarah Norris, Marg't Watkins, Hannah Dimis, Sarah Goodaerd, Mary Burgess, Sarah Sergeent, Winiford Davis, Ursula Henly, Ann Bridgts, Exable Waplies, Mary Catle.—*History of Virginia*, HENRY HOWE, p. 436.

[15] "At a Court held ye 7th March 1705 (6) Col: Edward Moseley, Lieut: Adam Thorrowgood, Majr. Henry Sprat, Captn: Horatio Woodhouse, Mr. John Cornick, Capt: Henry Chapman, Mr. Wm. Smith, Mr. Jno. Richason, Captn. Geo. Hendcock."—*History of Virginia*, HENRY HOWE, p. 436.

for ink, and sometimes she took the oath by putting one hand on the top of her head and the other on the sole of her foot—a most remarkable gymnastic feat, we think, even for a witch! The Devil gave the witch a coin, and sometimes an idol. In every case the terrible contract was registered on the body of the witch by an abrasion, a wart or mole, probably well hidden. And these were the very marks Elizabeth Barnes and her eleven ancient sisters discovered on Grace Sherwood's body!

Clearly, Grace was guilty. But what were Col. Edward Moseley[16] and his eight learned justices to do about it? They debated the matter a long time and somebody had a good notion. It is a very old and eminently respectable trick, which has not, even yet, been wholly discarded; even in learned professions. It is known on the streets as "Passing the Buck."

The august court informed Luke Hill that the case was without precedent in Princess Anne, or in Virginia. It was, moreover, of such importance that they advised Luke to take his complaint to the Governor's Council at Williamsburg.[17] Now the Council was the most distinguished, aristocratic and influential body of men in America before the Revolution. Only the wealthiest and most cultured

[16] On the Moseley family of "Rolleston" Princess Anne Co., see *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Jan., '27, pp. 49-54.

[17] On the Governor's Council, see *Royal Gov. in Va.*, FLIPPEN, Chap. III. The personnel of the Council, April, 1706, was as follows: Cols. Edmund Jennings, John Lightfoot, Dudley Digges, Benj. Harrison, Robert Carter, John Custis, Commissary James Blair, Philip Ludwell, William Bassett, Henry Duke and William Churchill.—*Leg. Journals of the Council*, MC ILWAINE, Vol. I, p. 447, April 16th.

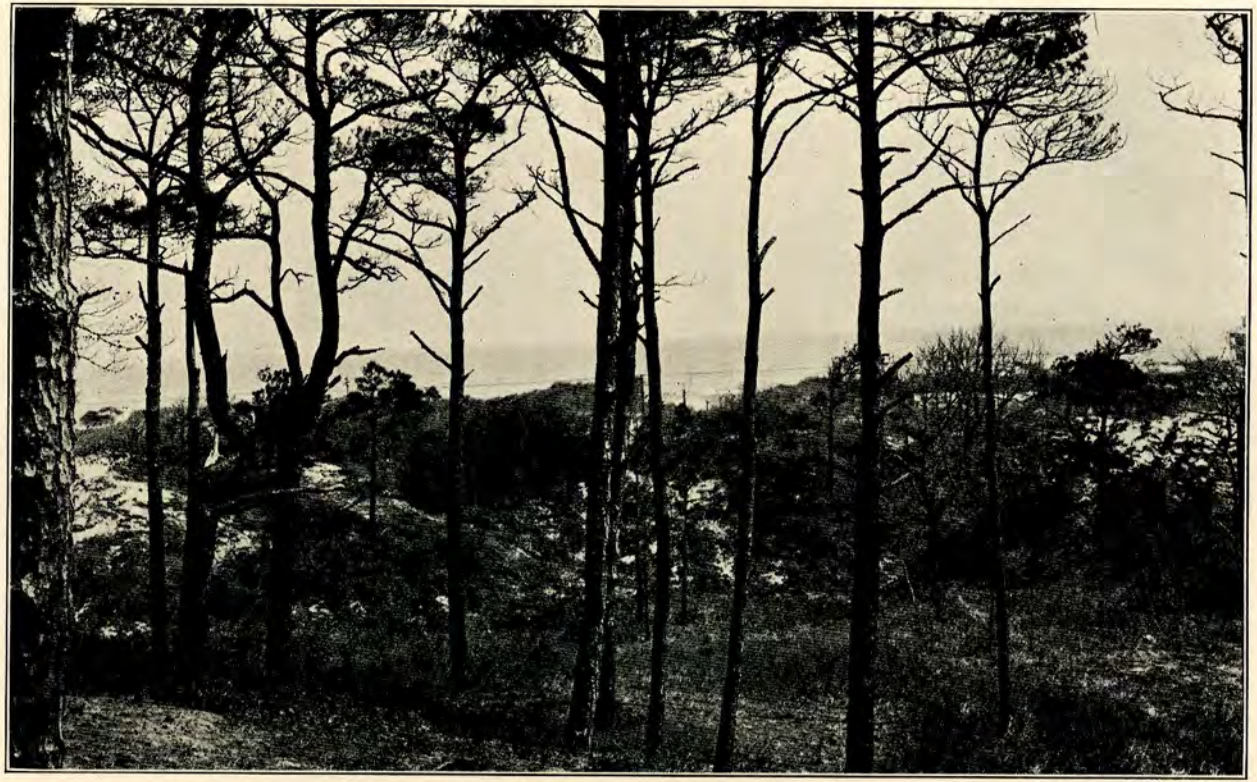


Photo by H. C. Mann

"The beautiful waters of Lynnhaven Bay have filled a conspicuous page in our history."—P. 60.

gentlemen aspired to this tribunal. The members were appointed by the King himself, held office for life, and were called "Colonel"; a title ever dear to the heart of a real Virginian.

In April Luke Hill, the poor farmer from Princess Anne, rode to Williamsburg, presented his papers and asked judgment against Grace the Witch.

The Council heard the outraged and indignant yeoman patiently,[18] took a leaf from the wisdom of Colonel Moseley and referred Luke to the attorney-general for *his* opinion.

The attorney-general heard Luke patiently, took a leaf from the wisdom of the colonels and advised the Council, and incidently poor brother Luke, that in his opinion the charges against the widow or witch were too vague and general. He advised that the case be returned to Col. Edward Moseley and his court in Princess Anne, which were thoroughly competent to handle the matter. So Luke rode back from Williamsburg slightly older, but much wiser than he came.

Manifestly something must be done. As the Colonel and justices could not shift the responsibility they determined to face the situation like men! Custodians of the law! Guardians of the rights and liberties of free-born Englishmen, residing in Her Majesty's ancient and loyal colony of Virginia! The sheriff, Shallows by name, was ordered to secure the attendance of Grace at next court without fail; "& search ye said Graces house & all suspicious places

[18] Edward Nott was Lieut.-Governor from Aug. 15, 1705, to August, 1706. —*The Governors of Va.*, SMITH, p. 137.

carefully for all Images & such like things as may any way strengthen the suspicion"; to have present at court another jury of women and to present any other "evidences as cann give in anything agt. her in evidence in behalf of our Sovereign Lady ye Queen."

When court convened for the May term Grace was present,[19] but Sheriff Shallows reported that he had not been able to get another jury of women. The court thereupon decided to test Grace by ducking, to which she quietly assented. Indeed a more docile victim it would have been difficult to find. The record quaintly states: "It was held against her that she would not make any or at least little excuse to the charges. That she seemed to rely upon the justice and opinion of the court."

The theory upon which a witch or other person charged with crime was tested is a sad commentary upon human intelligence. If the witch were innocent, the water would receive her. When she was drowned she would have the satisfaction, in the next world, of knowing that she had been triumphantly vindicated in this! But if she got out of the water safely by swimming, floating, or otherwise, the water, by refusing to receive her into its spacious bosom, declared her guilty. Had it not repudiated her?

It was now July. This case had been hanging over Colonel Moseley[20] and his court for months, like a horrid nightmare. A day was forthwith set for the ducking, but "the weather being very rainy and

[19] May 2, 1706.

[20] For a thumb-nail sketch of Col. Edward Moseley see *Cyc. Va. Biog.*, TYLER, Vol. I, p. 295.

bad soe yt possibly it might endanger her health[21] it is therefore ordrd, yt ye Sherr request the justices precisely to appear on Wednesday next by tenn of ye clock at ye court house and yt he secure ye body of ye sd Grace till yt time to be forth coming yn to be dealth with aforesd."

The following Wednesday, July 10, 1706, at ten o'clock the court appeared at the point of land on Lynnhaven Bay ever since that memorable mid-summer morning known as Witch Duck. It was then "Jn. Harper's plantacon." Sheriff Shallows was there with "boats and men," as he had "thought ffit." He "took ye sd Grace forth with & but her into above mans debth." (The clerk of the court seems to have suffered of a kind of catarrhal spelling). Grace was bound for the trial according to the approved custom, her right thumb and left great toe and her left thumb and right great toe were securely tied together. Even so she swam out! It was attested by "ye judgt of all ye spectators."

The ordeal over, Grace was again searched[22] by "ffive antient weomen who have all declared on oath yt she is not like ym nor noe other woman yt they know of."

As the placid waters of the Bay had now declared her guilty of witchcraft, not to mention the "ffive antient weomen," poor Grace was committed to jail to await future trial, as we suppose. But the future trial never came. At last her persecutions were

[21] July 5, 1706.

[22] "She was ordered by the court to be secured 'by irons, or otherwise,' in jail for further trial."—*Hist. of Va.*, CHAS. CAMPBELL, p. 382.

over—at least so far as the records of Princess Anne County are concerned. Silence falls for a period of thirty-four years.[23] It is to suppose that Col. Edmund Moseley, his fellow justices, Sheriff Shallows and his deputies, Richard Capps, Luke Hill and the Elizabeths most concerned (most of them if not all of them) had passed from these temporal scenes to their long home.[24]

In 1740 Grace's three sons, John, James and Richard Sherwood, presented her will with proofs of her recent death. To the eldest son she left 145 acres of land, to the other two a small legacy. As Grace was married before 1680 we judge that she achieved the ripe age of approximately eighty years.

Strong men of her name and blood are still to be found among the honest farmers and fishermen of Princess Anne and adjacent counties.

The memory of Grace Sherwood has been well preserved. Each generation has repeated the quaint folk-stories which have gathered around her name. Of the long summer afternoons the grandmothers gather their little ones about their knees and tell again and again the stories of Grace, her magic, her powers and her fate. Around Grace has grown the only real folk-lore in America, for folk-tales grow only where a country is old and the people do not

[23] "In 1708 a warrant was issued in the name of Queen Anne for Maximilian Boush, Q. C. to prosecute the famous Princess Anne witch, Grace Sherwood. He was Queen's Counsel for Princess Anne and Norfolk counties in the reign of Queen Anne."—MRS. PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE, *Ledger-Dispatch*, 1-15-27.

[24] JONATHAN P. CUSHING, the president of Hampden-Sidney College, presented the county court record of the trial of Grace Sherwood to the Va. Hist. and Phil. Society. A copy is preserved by HOWE in *Hist. of Va.*, p. 436.

leave the haunts of their fathers. The folk-tales of Grace Sherwood are based on historic fact and are redolent of local setting and color.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"A sloop with four masts dropped anchor right thar off that pint of land. The master he come ashore to take a nip or two, at the ornery,[25] and he left his boy aboard to keep his wessel."

"Grace she knew it somehow or nother, being a witch, and she went aboard the sloop and she looked at the boy with two red, fiery eyes, she did, and she says to him."

" 'Hyst that thar anchor,' she said."

" 'I kyant hist it by meself,' says the boy, 'It's too heavy.' "

" 'O, yes ye kin,' says Grace. 'You do as I tell ye.' "

"So the boy, being scared of her, laid his hand to it and the anchor come up as light as a feather. At least that's what he told afterwards."

" 'Now spread them sails,' said Grace."

" 'I kyant spread 'em by meself,' says the boy."

" 'O, yes ye kin,' says Grace. So the boy spread 'em and they flew up into place, every sail like it was alive and know whar it ought to go. The boy declared he didn't know hisself how he done it."

"When Grace come aboard the sloop it was dead ca'm, but when them sails was spread they bellied to the stiffest breeze! Grace, she didn't touch a

[25] In Colonial Virginia a country tavern was an "ordinary," familiarly known as an "ornery."

wheel nor nothin,' but the wessel knew whar she was agoin'. She stood out o' Lynnhaven river and across Chesapeake, and through the capes yander and over the ocean. She sailed as straight whar she was a-goin' as if the master hisself had his hand on the rudder. Leastways that's what the boy said. He said he'd be dog-goned if that thar wessel didn't sail clean to England and back in one day—just dansin' over the waves and hittin' the foam on top of the breakers. And what's more, Grace brought that wessel back the same night. When dawn broke over them sand hills by Cape Henry, thar was the sloop a lyin' off that pint of land as pretty as ye please, anchor in the mud, sails all reefed up, jest as they was when Grace come aboard."

"But Grace made the trip to England all right. And what do ye suppose she went fur—leastways what do ye suppose she brung back, but the rosemary? Thar never was any rosemary growin' in Princess Anne till Grace brung it here, and its been growin' right along ever since."

When he had finished this story the prosperous old farmer and fisherman who had dug a neat fortune out of the oyster beds of Lynnhaven Bay chuckled mightily to himself, "Grace was some witch," he said more to himself than to me.

"But what about the egg-shell?" I inquired. "I have heard that Grace made her trans-Atlantic voyage in an egg-shell."[26]

"Oh, yes, the wimmin about here do tell that.

[26] Witches "could sail in an egg-shell, cockle or muscle-shell through and under tempestous seas."—*Discovery of Witchcraft*, SCOT (1584).

Some says she went clean acrost in an egg-shell, and some says she sailed out to the sloop in an egg-shell and that's how she got aboard."

"You see that bald spot in my yard, in front of the smoke-house?"

I saw it plainly.

"No grass has growed on that thar spot for two hundred year. You may plant all the seed you have a mind to. You may dig, plow and harrow it, but nothin' will grow thar, except a little scrub grass and it turns the wrong way. Thar's whar Grace danced. She'd come out and dance by moonlight. The cullud folks seen her often; and the white folks, too. She'd come out and dance, sailing around and round, hardly touchin' the ground and springin' high and higher as she danced round and round. And all the time they thought they had her in jail! After she danced she'd be back in jail jest like she was before. Grace was some witch!"

After a long and thoughtful pause my friend asked,

"Did ye ever hear tell how they ducked her?"

"Yes, I have copies of the county records in my pocket now," I replied.

"Well, I don't know nothin' about them records, but they do tell that thar was the biggest crowd come to see her ducked—the biggest crowd that ever come together in Princess Anne. They come up from Back Bay and Munden Pint, they come from Currituck and Dismal Swamp, they come from Pungo and London Bridge, they come on horseback and on foot, by boat and kerridge. This here whole farm was black with people. When Grace come

out with the sheriff she saw 'em and she said to 'em,

" 'You folks come out to see me ducked. But not one of ye will see me ducked. But I'll see all of ye ducked,' that's what she said to 'em."

"They tied her the way they used to tie witches and flung her into the river. She hit the water, 'ker-plunk, splash,' and quicker than I'm a-tellin' you she disappeared and was back on land standin' on that bluff as dry as the fur on my old black cat!"

"When they throwed her into the water there wasn't a cloud in the sky, but when she come out the clouds had rolled up that quick, the thunder was a-rumblin', the lightenin' was a-splittin' the clouds from Norfolk clean acrost to Cape Henry. I'll be dog-goned if she didn't raise the biggest storm that ever was in these here parts. The water come down in cataracts. The women screamed, and children cried, and men run for shelter. Grace she stood there as ca'm as ye please and watched 'em. They all got woss ducked than she was—jest like she told 'em. She saw 'em ducked, but nary one of 'em saw her ducked! Grace was some witch!"

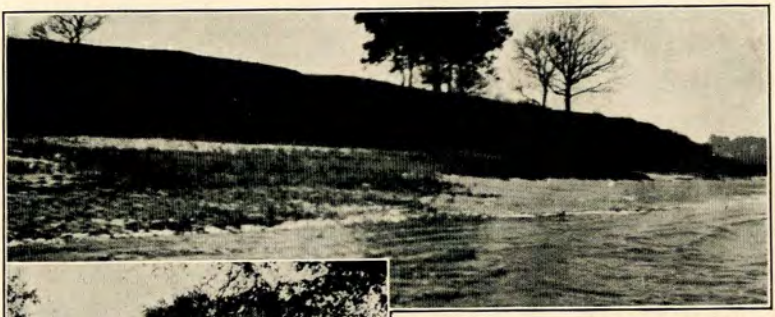
My aged friend chuckled again and again over the story. His clear and kindly blue eyes twinkled as he added: "Of cose you understand I warnt thar. I'm a young fellow, about seventy-five year old now, but I'm a-tellin' you the way it was told me."

"Where did Grace live?" I asked.

"She had a little farm down at Charity Church, halfway to Currituck." My genial host looked at the cheerful log fire for quite a while and then volunteered:

Photo by H. C. Mann

"A sloop with four masts dropped anchor right thar off that pint of land."—P. 71.



(*Above*) *Photo by W. H. T. S.*

"At ten o'clock the court appeared at the point of land on Lynnhaven Bay, ever since known as Witch Duck."—P. 69.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

(*Left*)

Princess Anne Court House in which Grace was tried. For many years it has been used as a residence.—P. 69.

"Speakin' of Currituck, did ye ever hear tell what Grace done down in Ca'lina?"

"I did not know that Grace ever visited Carolina," I said.

"No more do I. But I'm jest a-tellin' what the old uns used to say. A crowd was a-goin' to Currituck Court House, acrost Currituck Sound. It's a good nine mile acrost the water. Grace asked 'em to let her go along of 'em in their boat, but they said they didn't have no room. And no more they didn't; so fur as I know. So Grace says to 'em, she says:

" 'Well, go 'long without me, but I'll be thar when ye git thar.' "

"They left Grace standin' by her lonesome on the shore, and ater a while she disappeared. As the men pulled away at their oars they noticed an egg floatin' along on the water near the boat. It acted kinder curious fur it paid no attention to current, wind nor tide; but skipped along over the waves about as fast as them men rowed. They retched over and tried to crack the egg-shell with their oars. Fust one, than another took a crack at it; but somehow or nuther they didn't none of 'em seem able to hit it."

"After they come ashore they tied their boat. The egg washed ashore along with the boat and I'll be dog-goned if the blamed thing didn't bust open on the beach. Grace she stepped out, she did, as ca'm as ye please and took a thread out of her pocket and tied her egg-shell to a tree. She looked at the men and says to 'em:

" 'I tole ye I'd be acrost when ye got over,' she says."

My host paused again, and looked at the fire.

"I tell you, Mr. I-forget-your-name, Grace was some witch!"

The sun was shining brilliantly without and the sunbeams danced gaily over the waters.

"I reckon you heard tell about them pewter dishes?"

I had not and was anxious.

"Grace tole 'em to bring her some bran-new pewter dishes what had never been washed, and she would show 'em a sight the like of which thar warn't none of 'em ever dreamed about. One of the boys thought he could fool the witch, so he dipped one plate in water and then he dried it and dusted it over so no one could tell it had been wet. They brought the two plates to Grace, and she took 'em in her two hands, and she drapped the plate he had washed and she looked at him with her red eyes and she says to him:

" 'Ye aint never a-goin' to see the wonderful things what I was a-goin' to show ye. Ye cant put nuthin' over on me.' "

"Speaking of them pewter dishes," my host resumed meditatively, "they do tell down in Currituck that they arrested Grace for bein' a witch that time she went over the river in an egg-shell. That appears reasonable."

I thought that appeared very reasonable indeed.

"Well they was a-goin' to hang her. Grace looked on mighty unconsarned, considerin' it was

her they waz a-gettin' ready to hang. So one day she says to 'em:

" 'You folks down here in Ca'lina aint never seen nothin', you aint never been no whar, and ye dont know nothin'. Before ye hang me fur bein' a witch bring me two new pewter plates and I'll show ye something ye'll like to remember,' says she."

"Their curiosity got the best of 'em, and so the sheriff he brought 'em to her."

"Grace clapped one plate under each arm and she says to the sheriff:

" 'Good-bye,' says she."

"And with that she shot straight up into the air and disappeared. She never went back to Ca'lina no more—you don't blame her, do you?"

I assured him I did not blame Grace in the least.

"The next time anybody seen Grace she was a-goin' about her business on her farm as ca'm and quiet as ye please."

"Speakin' of flyin' up right into the air, they do tell that Grace had a curious growth under her arms and that they looked like a bat. Maybe she flew with 'em."

I thought that likely.

"Ye heard tell how she died?"

No, I had not.

"When she lay a-dyin' she had 'em lay her down on the floor with her feet in the ashes—and that's how she died. And they buried her near Garrison's, and when the snow kivers all this here county, it always melts on her grave, and her grave is always green. Grace was some witch!"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "Grace was some witch."

Chapter VII

WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER

For more than two centuries this name has been a synonym of wealth and of social and political influence. It has been borne by men of commanding ability for eight successive generations.[1] William the First, son of a London jeweler, inherited large estates from his uncle, which he diligently multiplied. William the Second, often called the "Great," whose interesting story we are to tell, and William the Third, under whom the family went into decay, the fortune disappeared, and the prestige of a century flickered and failed like the dying ray of a burnt-out candle. But the Byrd family has never lacked a man. With the opportunities of a new age, the name has become more widely known than it was in the most brilliant colonial era.

The first William was an astute business man. Whatever he touched turned to gold; nor was he at all modest in touching things. He inherited a plantation that bestrided the James at the Falls, including the present site of Richmond and Manchester.[2] Manchester was the farm, but his home

[1] The story of this remarkable family begins with the first Thomas Stegg, who was a merchant on James River as early as 1637. He was elected Speaker of the Burgesses in 1643 and represented Parliament during the Cromwellian period.

[2] John Byrd of London married Grace Stegg, daughter of Capt. Thomas Stegg. The will of Thos. Stegg makes Wm. Byrd his heir (1670.)—SALE.

was on the Richmond side, and he called it "Belvidere." The house hugged the river's bank just west of Gamble's Hill. It has gone long, long ago, but the road that led down to it retains the beautiful Italian name and is Belvidere Street to this good day.

William Byrd was not only a successful planter and miller, merchant and politician, but an Indian trader besides. At his plantation the long and famous Indian trace[3] began which led the way four hundred miles and more through the depths of the silent forest over the broad, deep rivers and across the fertile plains to the villages of the Cherokees and Chickasaws. It crossed the Appomattox at Petersburg, the Roanoke near Clarksville, the Tar, the Haw, the Yadkin, the Catawba near their headwaters, until at last it came to the Indian towns of North Georgia. This trade filled the coffers of William Byrd with more gold than his father ever handled in London. In his later days he purchased of Theodoric Bland the magnificent estate on the James called "Westover," which has since become one of the historic sites in this country.[4] There his children were born, there he died, there he rests in the garden.

William Byrd the "Great" opened his eyes (1674) not in the stately mansion of brick that now graces the river bank and calls forth the admiration of even the most prosaic traveler, but in a modest frame

[3] *First Explorations*, ALVORD AND BIDGOOD, p. 124.

[4] "Twice was Westover ravaged by Benedict Arnold, once by Cornwallis and here McClellan pitched his tents in a later war."—*Manors of Va.*, EDITH T. SALE, p. 146.

dwelling. The present mansion is the work of the great William's own artistic hands.[5]

As a lad of ten he was sent "home." Those loyal, ancient Virginians had the habit of calling England "home"—nor were they cured of it until the Revolution. His grandfather Horsemanden was one of King Charles' Royal cavaliers. William spent a year in Holland and learned of the fat and prudent Dutch, something of their thrifty ways; but all the cheeses of Edam could not make a Dutchman of William Byrd. He was never a man of business like his prosperous father. Who would demand that one and the same man should be a good maker and a good spender? Who would be unreasonable enough to demand that one and the same man should be the very flower of old Virginia chivalry and a shrewd manipulator of stocks?

William did make a shift at the law, as many another gay fellow has done. He had the correct books in his library and plenty of them; whether he ever got the law into his head, which we mistrust. Thence to Virginia came this finished gentleman of two-and-twenty. His wealthy father got him elected a Burgess for the county of Henrico almost as soon as he landed. But for all that he was in England soon again, where he proved very useful to his father, financially, and to the colony both politically and socially. On three several occasions he pleaded Virginia's cause before royalty.

[5] For an excellent likeness of William Byrd II, see *Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biog.*, Jan., '24, also six views of Westover.

When his father died William came home as fast as the kindly winds would waft him.[6] Almost the sole heir to a magnificent fortune; and upwards of thirty, it was time he was finding a wife, and he found her in Lucy Parke.

Colonel Daniel Parke was a gallant, high-strung young man, whose handsome face got him somehow into the good graces of the Duke of Marlborough. When the battle of Blenheim was mightily won, it was this same Colonel Parke who rode fast and furiously to London to carry the news to Queen Anne. That excellent lady was so well pleased (as well she might be) that she made the dashing Virginian governor of the Leeward Island in the West Indies, where he was murdered. Daniel Parke had two beautiful daughters. One of them married John Custis, of the Eastern Shore, of whose blood in later days came George Washington's step-children and Mrs. Robert. E. Lee. The other daughter captured our hero of Westover.

When William Byrd was married and settled, Queen Anne appointed him a member of the Governor's Council, the highest honor open to a Virginian. The Council was a very exclusive senate. They were supposed to advise and assist the Executive in his arduous duties. As a matter of fact, they usually opposed the royal governors and made their lives altogether wretched. The first Byrd received this honored appointment in 1682, and the second held it until his death (in 1744). For sixty-two years

[6] For an accurate and graceful sketch of William Byrd II, see *George Washington* by WOODROW WILSON, pp. 32-35.

every governor of Virginia had a William Byrd on his hands. The third Byrd also held the office for a time.

Shortly after Byrd's appointment Queen Anne sent over, as governor, another protege of hers, Alexander Spotswood. He also was a friend of the all-powerful Marlborough. He also was a veteran of Blenheim. From the day of his arrival there was trouble for Alexander Spotswood and trouble for William Byrd. In truth, the colony of Virginia, though it covered half the continent, was too small for these two men. Clash they must; and clash they did. Spotswood tried his best to force Byrd out; but Byrd was on his native heath and would not budge!

William Byrd must needs go again abroad. It was a fateful visit. Mrs. Byrd followed him only to take small-pox and die. Evelyn, a sweet girl of ten, came over, too. She inherited the ready wit that made her father famous and the cavalier dash of her grandfather, Daniel Parke. When she was presented to King George he was much pleased and made a famous pun on her name. He extended his royal hand to Evelyn, raised her and kissed her, exclaiming, "Arise, fair bird of Virginia."

The Earl of Peterborough fell in love with Evelyn, as well he might, and pressed an ardent suit. She, too, loved the earl, but her father, they say, would not consent to the match because the earl was a Roman Catholic. Confidentially, we have never believed this version of the famous love affair. It was not like Wm. Byrd, of Westover, to put any obstacle

Photo by H. P. Cook

"WESTOVER, the stately mansion of brick that now graces the river bank and calls forth the admiration of even the most prosaic traveler."—P. 79.

in the way of his daughter receiving a proud title, nor was it like him to hold any man's religion against him. At any rate, the fair Evelyn, disappointed in love, returned to Westover, where she pined away and died in her thirtieth year—a melancholy end to a brilliant career.

If the Colonel objected to Evelyn's marriage, he did not hesitate to take unto himself another bride, Maria Taylor, whom he brought back to Virginia.

For years there had been friction between Virginia and North Carolina anent their border lands. Commissioners were appointed (1728) by each colony to establish the correct line. They began on the sand dunes at the north end of Currituck Sound, ran the line through the depths of Dismal Swamp, and straight away westward over marsh and river, hill and dale, until they reached the little River Hico, a branch of the Dan, that drains Halifax county, Va., and Person, N. C. Here the Carolinians decided abruptly to quit, and quit they did, despite the urgent protest of Colonel Byrd and the Virginians. Nothing daunted, the Virginians pushed the line to the foothills of the Blue Wall, two hundred and forty-one miles from the Atlantic Ocean. It was difficult work, but William Byrd did it so well that the line has never been disputed. The *History of the Dividing Line* is one of the most entertaining books that came from a colonial pen. Benjamin Franklin alone excepted, William Byrd was the most gifted of our colonial authors. Unfortunately for his fame and for the public, his books were not published, but the precious manuscripts were treasured

at Westover and Brandon.[7] Only of late years have they been given the world. He intended publishing his books, but pleads the pressure of other duties. "I am always engaged on some project for the improvement of our Infant Colony. The present scheme is to found a city at the falls of the James River and plant a colony of Switzers on my Land upon Roanoke." His other two books are a *Journey to the Land of Eden*, which he located in North Carolina along the waters of the Dan, and a *Progress to the Mines*, near Fredericksburg, in the days when he and Spotswood had buried the hatchet and become good friends. His style is as limpid as a "purling stream" (which is one of his pet phrases). Every page abounds with delightful wit and sprightly humor, often unexpected and sometimes suggestive. But it is to remember the age in which he lived. Colonel Byrd had very advanced views on many subjects. He congratulated General Oglethorpe upon the prohibition of rum and slavery in Georgia. Not an abstainer himself, he fully recognized the evils of alcohol. He complains with cutting sarcasm of the "Saints of New England," exclaiming, "They import so many negroes hither that I fear the colony will some time or other be confirmed by the name of New Guinea."

His library of 4,000 volumes was the largest private collection of books in this country. His gallery of portraits, by masters, was extremely valuable. It is a great misfortune that both books and paintings

[7] There is an interesting sketch of the Byrd manuscripts in *Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biog.*, July, '27.

have been scattered and many of them hopelessly lost.[8] Always land hungry, when he died he left 180,000 acres of rich land, a principality 300 square miles in extent.

But William Byrd will be remembered by posterity not as an author, not as the lordly master of Westover, and not as the influential statesman, but as the founder of Richmond, and indirectly of Petersburg. Peter Jones, whose plantation lay near the falls of Appomattox, was a life-long friend and accompanied him in running the interstate line, and also to the "Land of Eden." Encamped one rainy night near the confluence of the Dan and Staunton Rivers, which form the Roanoke, they sat about the fire that cheered and warmed them in the midst of the impenetrable forest, and discussed city building. Byrd declared that he intended to establish a city at the falls of the James to be called Richmond, from the historic castle and beautiful park of that name built by Henry VII, above London on the Thames.[9] Peter Jones declared his intention of laying off a similar city on the Appomattox to be called for himself, "Petersburg." Peter Jones' mother[10] was the daughter and heir of Colonel Abraham Wood,[11] a

[8] A delightful sketch of William Byrd II by JOHN ESTEN COOKE, *History of Virginia*, pp. 362-3.

[9] The first newspaper called *The Virginia Gazette* which appeared in Williamsburg, August, 1736, invited all the people to come to Richmond.—*History of Va.*, COOKE, p. 330.

[10] *First Explorations of the Trans-Alleghany Region*, ALVORD and BIDGOOD, p. 45.

[11] The romantic story of Abraham Wood is almost unknown. He is one of the most picturesque characters in XVII Century Virginia. Brief sketches of Abraham Wood are found in *First Explorations*, ALVORD & BIDGOOD, and *Peter Jones*, AUGUSTA B. FOTHERGILL.

pioneer, who had taken up all the land in that part of the world. The first village there was called Wood's Town. Major Mayo, a third traveler, not to be outdone, offered to lay out both these cities without fee or reward. Then Byrd quaintly adds, "The Truth of it is these two places being the Uppermost Landings of James and Appomattox Rivers, are naturally intended for Marts, where the Traffic of the Outer Inhabitants must Center. Thus we did build not Castles only, but also Citys in the Air." This conversation took place September, 1733. In 1737 Richmond was laid out and became a town in 1742;[12] Petersburg in 1748, six years later.[13] Richmond became the capital of the state

[12] Richmond is fortunate in its historians.—*Richmond, the Capital of Va.*, J. P. LITTLE; *Richmond in By-gone Days*, SAMUEL MORDECAI; *Richmond, Her Past and Present*, WILLIAM ASBURY CHRISTIAN; and *Richmond*, MRS. MARY NEWTON STANARD.

[13] On Petersburg, see *Three Centuries of an Old Va. Town*, ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS; *Bristol Par. Records*, C. G. CHAMBERLAYNE.

NOTE: The Byrd family was established in the colony in early days. Thomas Stegg, the first of the name, came to Virginia in 1637. He was a successful merchant and trader, holding also a number of influential offices.

His son, a second Thomas Stegg, enlarged the fortune left by his father. As he had no children he made William Byrd, the son of his sister, Mrs. Grace Stegg Byrd, his heir.

William Byrd (1652-1704), the first of the name in Virginia, the son of a jeweler in London, came to Virginia in 1674 to receive the fortune his worthy uncle had left him. His story has been briefly told above.

William Byrd (1674-1744), second of the name, the subject of this sketch, was born, it will be noticed, the year his father arrived in Virginia.

William Byrd (1728-77), the third of the name, married first Elizabeth Carter, the daughter of his neighbor at Shirley. His second wife was Miss Willing of Philadelphia.

His son, Thomas Taylor Byrd, was a captain in the British army. He married Mary Armistead of "Hesse," a fine old estate in Gloucester County.

Richard Evelyn Byrd, their son, was a member of the Constitutional Con-

in 1779, a chartered city in 1782, the capital of the Confederate States in 1861, was burned in 1865, and is today one of the most progressive and substantial cities in the entire country. William Byrd built wiser than he knew.

vention of 1850, a staff officer of General Gorse in the Confederate army. His wife was Anne Harrison of "Brandon," on the James.

Their son, another William Byrd, fourth of the name, a colonel in the Confederate army, became adjutant-general of Texas. He married Jennie Rivers of Austin, Texas.

Their son, Richard Evelyn Byrd, second of the name, an editor in Winchester, an influential politician, was speaker of the House of Delegates. He was rated a brilliant author, orator and parliamentarian. He married Elinor Bolling Flood, sister of Hal Flood, also one of the leading politicians of the Virginia of yesterday. Three sons were born, destined to bring the Byrd name into greater prominence than it achieved even in Colonial days—their names are Tom, Dick and Harry.

Harry Flood Byrd is the governor of Virginia.

Richard Evelyn Byrd, third of the name, is the world renowned aviator, the inventor of the bubble sextant, the sun compass, and drift indicator.

Thomas Bolling Byrd is an influential orchardist and capitalist in the Valley of Virginia.[1]

[1] For further data on the family, *The Byrd Family in Va.*, JOHN SPENCER BASSETT; *Compendium of American Genealogy*, p. 525, FRED A. VERKUS; *Virginia Mag. of Hist. & Biog.*, many issues.

Chapter VIII

HISTORIC GLOUCESTER

I. WEROWOCOMOCO, THE ROYAL RESIDENCE OF POWHATAN

The quaint county of Gloucester lays her charm upon the most casual visitor. Her good people dwell apart. Railways do not pollute the air nor electric trams bring crowds of strange and curious folk. It is a land of peace and plenty, a land of earnest, substantial men and women. Heaven and earth conspire to make her people happy. To know Gloucester is to love her—to yield to the spell she casts. We thought of Thomas Gray's familiar lines—

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Tidewater Virginia is an intricate tangle of land and water. It is difficult for an uplander to get accustomed to it. The geography of Gloucester and the neighboring counties is a hopeless puzzle, unless one is to the manner born. Long rivers encroach upon the land. Ordinarily one thinks of a river flowing to the sea. The rivers of Gloucester are the

reverse—the sea flowing over and into the land! And by the same token long, tapering necks of land thrust their noses into the deep—or should one say into the shoals? For the deep is not deep in Gloucester's waters. The necks are called often by the name of some fine, old family which has possessed the land for generations. There is a Robins' Neck, a Sadler's Neck, a Ware's Neck, and so on. One must make great circuits around the heads of the rivers to travel only a short distance over the water. And so it comes to pass that in Gloucester one's neighbors are very near, and very far.

Four rivers of Gloucester unite and spread their shining surface into Mobjack Bay—a most beautiful body of water. The name is unique. It is found nowhere else in the world. It appears in the old records of Virginia as Mock-Jack's Bay. Do not ask what Jack was mocked, or what John was mobbed, for there is not a man in all the prosperous county that can tell you. It is probably the anglicized form of some forgotten Indian name.

Every one carries in his left hand a fairly good map of the rivers of Gloucester. Spread forth, the palm is Mobjack Bay, the fingers are the rivers, and the space between the necks of land. The little finger is East River, chief highway for the amphibious county of Mathews; once a part of Gloucester, and now her eastern neighbor. The ring finger is North River, whose beautiful green shores are dotted with elegant mansions, seats of wealth, refinement, and seclusion. The longest finger is Ware River, representing accurately the longest and broad-

est inlet. Ware River is continued through the county by a fresh water lake at the outlet of which is an ancient and picturesque mill. As we passed, the ponderous, creaking mill-wheel was going round grinding grain. Who could help humming Ben Bolt? Appleton's mill was never more beautiful to Ben Bolt or to his beloved Alice, whose hair was so brown. The index finger is the Severn, called for its godmother in England; for in the old country the county of Gloucester is drained by the River Severn. A prosperous and happy fisherfolk make their homes on Severn. Once poor, they are growing rich, for people love oysters and are willing to buy them; and the oyster fattens to perfection in the calm, blue, shoal, salt waters of Severn and Mobjack. The thumb is the mighty York, whose classic shores have played so large a part in the history of our country; in the days of Powhatan; John Smith; Nathaniel Bacon; Cornwallis; Washington, or in the dark days of the sixties. A history is York river, a history of this great country of ours.

The name Gloucester suggests the loyalty of our people to the unworthy Stuart kings. It first appears (1652) as Gloster, when two burgesses for the new county took their seats. When Charles I lost his head (1649) the execution filled the Virginians with undisguised indignation. They invited his son, Charles II, to come over and be king in Virginia. The late king's second son was James II, then Duke of York,[1] and his youngest son was Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

[1] It is logical that York and Gloucester should lie side by side in Virginia—the two sons of the discredited King.

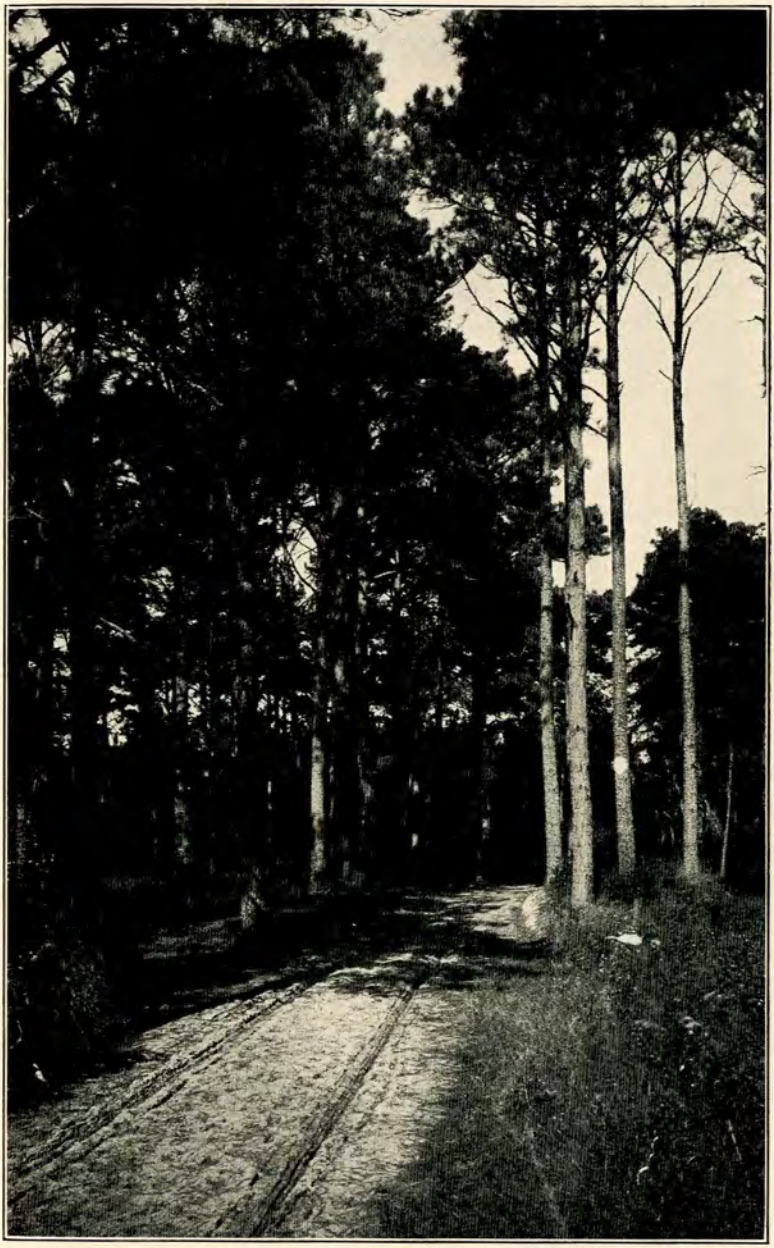


Photo by H. C. Mann

"She heard the Great Spirit calling her from the cool shadows of the forest, from the oaks and pines that fringe the rippling Pamunkey."—P. 38.

This little duke was a mere lad of thirteen (born 1639) and was with his mother in France when this county was given his name.[2] He died upon reaching his majority (1660). The loyal Virginians did not forget their late king and his family, in defeat and disgrace. I wish that the royal family had been more worthy such devotion. Had those old Burgesses known them better, they had loved them less. They had their fill of the Stuarts and of all other kings, too, in days to come—did these Virginians and their children.

When the first three ships (1607) dropped anchor at Old Point Comfort, mighty Powhatan was emperor of all these shores and forests. He learned with dread of the coming of the Pale-faces with their terrible guns in hand and their long knives at their belts. Powhatan was the ablest of all American Indians. From his Great Wigwam his word was law to thirty petty nations.[3] He ruled the shores of the Chesapeake. His favorite residence was Werowocomoco (pronounced with the accent on the fourth syllable). Here, by the finest spring in Tidewater Virginia, he made his home; although he had other lodges, one near West Point called Machot; another on the Chickahominy, called Orapax, where he died and is buried; and still another just below Richmond, called Powhatan. Unfortunately the Indian name Werowocomoco has disappeared and "Rosewell"

[2] For an interesting account of Henry, Duke of Gloucester, of his mother's ineffectual efforts to convert him to the Catholic faith, of his staunch loyalty to the Church of England, which would render him exceedingly popular in Virginia, see *Queens of England*, LANCELOTT, Vol. II, pp. 701-2-3.

[3] DR. LYON G. TYLER counts 33 subject Werowances.

has taken its place. The early settlers loved English names and they hated the painted savages. So the beautiful spring of clear, cold water boiling under a gentle hill just over the bluff from York River, the birthplace of Pocahontas, and one of the most romantic spots in Virginia, is "Rosewell."[4]

Wily old Powhatan was attracted here not only by the spring. This location was the logical seat for the Indian. It is easy of access; difficult for any enemy to approach; open to retreat westward. As though nature had fitted it to Powhatan's purpose, Werowocomoco is flanked on either side by promontories that thrust themselves into the waters of York river. These sentinel posts were guarded by Powhatan. The watch fires never died, as is attested by heaps of charcoal, not to mention vast deposits of oyster shells which evidence the hunger of many an Indian. Bits of Indian crockery, arrowheads, beads and flints abound along these shores.

The royal landing place was marked by two great rocks, placed high upon the bluff. With the storms of many years the bluffs have corroded, and now the royal landing lies prone in the marsh below, covered with the slime of the marsh—a type of the decay that follows glory. None are now poor enough to do them reverence. These great rocks were imported, for none like them is found in many miles.

Powhatan here learned of the arrival of his dreaded foe. Here Captain John Smith was brought to die

[4] *Life in Old Virginia*, JAS. J. MC DONALD, Chap. VII. Many of the ablest antiquarians put Werowocomoco at Purtin Bay. The location has long been disputed.

when he had been captured by one of the Indian king's scouting parties in the marshes of Chickahominy.[5] Here the little Indian girl rescued Smith by throwing her arms around him, a story the critics discredit, but one which the world loves to believe, and will believe to the end of time. Here came Captain Smith again with the message to Powhatan that Capt. Christopher Newport had arrived, bringing presents from the great Father-King, over the ocean, and inviting Powhatan to come to Jamestown and receive them. The wise, old savage replied, "I also am a king, and this is my land. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort, neither will I bite at such a bait."

We applaud that dignified speech. Powhatan's point was well taken. Compare them, man for man and king for king, we much prefer the savage old Indian at Werowocomoco to the stuffed and stupid Scot at Whitehall. Powhatan was James' superior at every count.

As Powhatan would not go to the presents, the presents must come to Powhatan. He received them with the delight of a child. Captain Newport brought him a basin and pitcher, a bed and other furniture, a scarlet cloak and other apparel. But when the time came for him to receive his crown there was trouble. Kneel he would not! Who can blame him? At length, by dint of much persuasion of his sons and much protestation on the part of the Tassantassees[6] that they were always henceforth to

[5] See Chap. III.

[6] The Indian name for the English, said to mean "Long-Knives."

be friends, and largely by main force, they did succeed in bending the old savage's head a bit. Captain Newport made the most of this chance, and the crown was placed upon his head. It was a foolish ceremony, empty and vain. Powhatan showed his appreciation by presenting Captain Newport with his old shoes and cast-off cloak. Again we confess to rare delight. Powhatan alone had not made a fool of himself!

When Gloucester was first settled the deserted site of Werowocomoco was acquired by a man named Barbour, and a very good name that is, as all men know.[7] But this gentleman and his friends of that age were great gamblers. He played at pushpin with a neighbor named Mann and lost all to Mann. At length he put up his fair estate, Werowocomoco, now called "Rosewell," and lost to Mann. Mann had a single daughter, Mary, who bestowed all her vast possessions in Gloucester, and, best of all, herself as bride, upon a wealthy young man of Williamsburg, whose name was Matthew Page.[8] And from that day to this Rosewell and Page have been united. The son of this bride and groom, Mann Page, was the richest man in America,[9] save only Baron Thomas Fairfax. His estate comprised

[7] Capt. Thomas Barbour of the Revolution.

His son James, governor, U. S. Senator, Secretary of War, Minister to the Court of St. James.

His brother, Philip Pendleton, associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

His cousin, John S., Congressman, orator and debater.

[8] *The Page Family in Virginia*, DR. RICHARD C. MOORE.

[9] For an excellent likeness of Mann Page, views of Rosewell, a copy of his epitaph and much data on the Page family, see *Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biog*,. Jan., 1924.

some 70,000 acres of the richest land in the world. Here on the lawn at Rosewell,[10] on the spot already so hallowed by thrilling historical associations, a spot as beautiful as any site upon the Rhine, Mann Page built the most elegant mansion in North America. Governor Spotswood had recently persuaded the reluctant Burgesses to build him a "Palace" at Williamsburg. The Page mansion on the York was far and away more elaborate than the "Palace" at the little capital. Mann Page imported both labor and material, bricks from England, mahogany from San Domingo. The steps were of solid walnut two inches thick. The reception hall was as large as an ordinary house; the hearthstone and fire-place capacious enough to roast an ox. Six soldiers might march abreast up the stairs. The balustrade and footings under the steps were of hand-carved mahogany. Such was the magnificence of Rosewell. But it proved too much even for the wealth of Mann Page. Within five years he was laid under a stone in the garden. His carved marble tomb is a work of art.

Fourteen years after his death a grandson was born at Rosewell.[11] His name is one of the noblest and loftiest that adorns our history. John Page was wealthy, learned and pious. He was educated at the venerable college of William and Mary, an intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson. He marched with Washington on one of his Indian expeditions. He

[10] For a delightful sketch of Rosewell, see *Manors of Va.*, EDITH TUNIS SALE, pp. 192-206.

Also *Stories of Old Dom.*, JOHN ESTEN COOKE, pp. 278-9.

[11] *Old Churches and Families in Va.*, BISHOP MEADE.

next took his seat in the House of Burgesses and Governor's Council. When the storm of the Revolution broke John Page stood staunch and stern for the patriot cause, and counted no sacrifice too great for his country. In May, 1776, his firm friend, Thomas Jefferson, stopped at Rosewell's hospitable door en route from Williamsburg to Philadelphia. He requested of his host an interview in absolute privacy. Page led him to the top of the house, where a little cupola was built later. There Jefferson read him the Declaration of Independence and asked his criticism. Jefferson was then shown to a bedroom on the second floor, where he amended and interlined the famous document. These revisions may be seen on the parchment of the Declaration.[12]

During the Revolution John Page became Lieutenant-Governor. He organized a company in his county to repel the threatened British invasion; but Cornwallis and Benedict Arnold never crossed the York. Page stripped the lead from the windows and roof of his home to make revolutionary bullets. He was one of Virginia's first representatives in Congress, and succeeded James Monroe as governor of Virginia.

John Page was so distinguished for his piety and theological learning that his friends urged him to take orders as an Episcopal clergyman. They desired to elect him the first bishop of Virginia; but he declined. He is buried in the yard of old St. John's, Richmond; the church rendered famous by the eloquent appeals of Patrick Henry.

[12] *Old Va. Homes and Churches*, R. A. LANCASTER.

A generation after his death a beautiful county in the Valley of Virginia received his name. Page county is noted for the caverns of Luray.

Thomas Nelson Page,[13] the well-known author and ambassador was the great-grandson of Governor Page.

Amelie Rives, Princess Troubetzkoy, the Virginia girl who became famous years ago (1888), when she wrote the *Quick or the Dead* is a great-granddaughter of Governor Page.

In the spring of 1916 Rosewell burned. The charred and gaunt walls of the historic, old mansion are a melancholy ruin, on the banks of York.

2. BELROI, THE BIRTHPLACE OF DR. WALTER REED

How great the contrast between the magnificent mansion at Rosewell and the humble cabin at Belroi! Rosewell, the home of Powhatan, the birthplace of Pocahontas, the abode of wealth and culture, for 300 years. The greatest son of Gloucester was, however, born not within those princely halls, but in a cabin at the cross-roads; for greatness is measured by service to our fellow-men. It is three miles from Rosewell to Belroi. And Belroi is a postoffice in the corner of a country store. Just over the way from the store is the cabin, in which Dr. Reed's father lived when Walter was born.[1] The father

[13] A delightful sketch of the Pages and other families is given by A. C. GORDON, "*Thomas Nelson Page*," *Scribner's* Mag., Jan., '22.

[1] REV. D. G. C. BUTTS, a veteran minister of the Methodist Church in Va., is authority for the following statement, "Dr. Walter Reed has a brother living

was an itinerant Methodist preacher, and the church he served had no parsonage. It is only fair to add that the humble home was probably more attractive in appearance then than now.

As we entered the door, which hung on one hinge, and looked through the unglazed windows, and trod the plaster which had fallen about the floor, the familiar line of Tennyson came to mind:

> "Life and Thought have gone away
> Side by side,
> Leaving door and windows wide;
> Careless tenants they!"

Walter Reed was born here September 13, 1851. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and then went into Bellevue Hospital, New York. He became an assistant surgeon in the United States army (1875) and made a special study of bacteriology at Johns Hopkins University (1890). He was transferred (1893) to Washington and placed in charge of a laboratory for the instruction of young army officers. Dr. Reed gave profound study to sanitation and the prevention of contagious diseases. When the Spanish-American war (1898) began he investigated the epidemics of typhoid fever that had

in Blackstone, Va., Rev. Dr. James C. Reed, an honored member of the Va. Conference. He served the church faithfully for fifty-three years. He is a veteran of the Civil War and lost an arm at Sharpsburg.

"The father of Dr. J. C. Reed and Dr. Walter Reed was Rev. Lemuel S. Reed, who died in Dec., 1897."—*Norfolk Va.-Pilot*, July 26, '27.

His father was Lemuel Sutton Reed, and his mother Pharaba White (Reed).—WALTER D. MC CAW.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"Just over the way from the general store at Belroi is the cabin in which Dr. Reed's father lived when Walter was born."—P. 97.

Photo by H. P. Cook

DR. WALTER REED
Portrait in Virginia State Library.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"On this spot, already hallowed by thrilling historic associations, Mann Page built 'Rosewell,' the most elegant mansion in North America."—P. 95.

proved fatal to so many brave young soldiers.[2] He discovered that contaminated water was not a factor of importance in the typhoid situation, but that the germs were distributed by flies. It is notorious that there is not and never can be a clean fly; that the ordinary house fly is the filthiest monster under the sun; that the fly comes of filth, lives on filth, propagates its kind in filth, and is altogether the most successful agent in the transmission of disease that the world knows. This great discovery sounded the death-knell of the house fly—although it must be admitted that several of the species are still alive in the world!

Two years later (1900) Dr. Reed was sent to Havana to investigate the yellow fever situation.[3] From fly to mosquito was a short step. He proved that yellow fever is contracted by the sting of a vicious mosquito, with the frightful name, "Stegomyia Fasciata." This discovery, completely upsetting the old notion of yellow fever, was as novel as it was revolutionary. It was without doubt the most important discovery ever made in the science of bacteriology and one of the greatest scientific discoveries of the age. It was now possible to exterminate yellow fever in Cuba.[4] Recommending

[2] Especially at Chickamauga.

[3] *Walter Reed and Yellow Fever*, HOWARD A. KELLEY.
Also *Walter Reed, a Memoir*, W. D. MC CAW.
"Dr. Charles Finley of Havana had advanced the mosquito theory, but had not been able to prove it."

[4] On New Year's Day, 1901, Dr. Reed wrote his wife, "The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way to alleviate human suffering has been granted."—*Microbe Hunters*, PAUL DE KRUIF, Chap. XI.

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Dr. Reed for promotion the Secretary of War used these words: "The brilliant character of this scientific achievement and its inestimable value to mankind demand special recognition of the United States Government."

Dr. Reed died, November 22, 1902, and was laid in Arlington.

The full significance of his work is not even yet realized. He made possible the cleansing and the colonization of the tropics and the semi-tropics, which had been practically closed to Europeans. He made it possible to build the Panama Canal with speed and without a frightful loss of life. His discovery has saved thousands and will save millions in years to come.[5] Malaria, like yellow fever, is contracted through the bite of the mosquito. The man of average intelligence has learned that it may be fatal to open his home to flies and mosquitoes.

We shook hands with the genial postmaster and merchant-prince of Belroi, Mr. George Stubbs. He is the owner of the dilapidated little house. While it was perhaps unnecessary, we could not forbear pleading with Mr. Stubbs to care for the cottage and not let it be destroyed. We reminded him of Rosewell and of Williamsubrg, where the most historic building in America, the Old Capitol, was lost to the world by fire and the carelessness of the citizens of by-gone days. Also of the Apollo Tavern, lost to Williamsburg by carelessness and by fire; also of the Spotswood Palace, lost to Williamsburg by the care-

[5] One-tenth of the population of Philadelphia died of Yellow Fever in 1793. See page 174.

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lessness of the French soldiers after Yorktown and by fire. The day will surely come when learned scientists and other distinguished men will make pilgrimages to Gloucester and seek out the cabin at Belroi because Walter Reed was born there. In the hands of worthy Mr. Stubbs it will be well protected.[6]

[6] The prophecy is already in a fair way to be fulfilled. The Reed house has been purchased (1926) by the physicians of America and will be made a national shrine.

CHAPTER IX

WAKEFIELD

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

"One mile straight ahead on the Fredericksburg road, then turn sharp to the right through the woods." The merchant led us to the front door of his wayside shop to point the way. In the hollow below a creaking mill-wheel uttered its protest as it turned laboriously under the waters of historic Pope's creek. Beyond the mill the placid mill-pond slept in a green nook of the lowlands. On higher ground the fields, well tilled, lay fertile in the bright, golden sunshine of the long midsummer afternoon. Beyond the fields green fringes of forest faded into a misty horizon and the deep azure of the sky.

There is plenty of land in the Northern Neck; for people are not many, their homes are remote, time passes leisurely, and life is evidently as unhurried today as when Washington, Monroe, the Lees and many lesser men, here matured their sturdy characters. The highway, which we had traveled for many miles, is well built. It follows the height of land between the Potomac and Rappahannock. The earliest pioneers in Virginia followed paths the Indians blazed through the forests, which they called a "trace." When population thickened, the Indian

trace became a bridle path. Roads were not so indispensable in Tidewater Virginia as in other sections, for broad rivers furnished an avenue of approach to every farm. The humble wharf that hugged the river bank was a window that looked out upon the world.

After the Revolution the bridle path became a road. Sometimes the road was covered with heavy planks along which tobacco casks might be rolled to market. The planks of all the plank roads have rotted away long, long since; but the name survives in many parts to the confusion of those who seek in vain for the planks of a "plank road." How much more enduring is a fleeting word than material things! After the Civil War the unspeakable roads retarded the country for many years. Not until the worthy farmer bought a cheap automobile did the roads begin to improve. One automobile is more convincing than a thousand arguments. This historic highway up the Northern Neck leaps sluggish, little marsh streams on concrete bridges. It wends its way by swamp and woodland on high, dry ground. It negotiates the summits of gentle hills at grades almost imperceptible and leads the way bravely to centers of financial and political power.

From the highway we turned into a private road through thick woods. The westerning sun cast long, cool shadows aslant our sylvan way. The green coverts of the forest were vocal with the shrill call of birds that flitted from bush to bough and disappeared mysteriously into the thickets. In open glades the sun lay warm upon the naked earth, the

father of many brilliant, summer flowers, which offered us their perfume as we passed.

Wakefield is approached by a broad avenue well turfed between rows of young trees which lead the way to the spot where the "Father of His Country" was born. At the end of the avenue a white granite shaft rises fifty feet above the ground. The shaft is a monolith. Its purity, solidity, simplicity and dignity are appropriate to the character of Washington. The base carries this brief inscription, "Washington's Birthplace." In an inconspicuous corner it is stated that Congress erected this memorial in 1886.

The house in which Washington was born has so completely disappeared that a lawn of thick grass covers even the foundation. For a century and more a lone chimney bore pathetic evidence to the destruction of Wakefield. George Washington Parke Custis, a grandson of Mrs. Washington, erected a modest stone[1] beside the chimney where the monolith stands. The chimney fell years ago. A thicket of stunted fig bushes flourishes on its site to the right of the monument. A beautiful grove of cedars has sprung up in the park nearby. Their dark green foliage contrasts strikingly with the pure white shaft. The trees cluster thickest upon the bluff and overhang the waters of Pope's Creek. Nature here unites with man to pay her tribute to the memory of Washington.

[1] "In June 1815 George Washington Parke Custis carried to Wakefield a slate of firestone bearing this inscription 'Here on the 11th of February (O. S.) George Washington was born'."—*Fam. Life of Wash.*, CHAS. MOORE, pp. 24-25.

The view from the bluff is superb. The colonial pioneers of Virginia displayed fine taste in selecting their home sites, as Mt. Vernon, Westover, Shirley, and many other historic seats abundantly attest. It was an English trait.

John and Lawrence Washington[2] came together to Virginia in 1657—if not before. They chose the extreme northwestern limit of civilization for their future home, in the new county of Westmoreland. Pope's Creek was as remotely northwest in the middle of the seventeenth century as Puget Sound is today. The brothers patented considerable land. John, the elder, married Anne Pope, and built his home on her domain upon the waters that recall the name of Washington's grandfather's grandfather. Four generations were born in this house. For eighty years they and their children looked forth —over the waters of Pope's Creek—the marginal marshes that separated creek and river with a broad band of green—the lordly Potomac, and the dim outline of the Maryland shore. The eastern shore of the creek was low and marish, but Wakefield to the west rises more than twenty feet almost sheer from a narrow strip of sandy beach beside calm, tidal water. Three children blessed the home of John and Anne—Lawrence, John and Anne.[3] The Washingtons cling to the same family names. They reappear in each generation.

Lawrence Washington married Mildred War-

[2] *George Washington*, WOODROW WILSON, p. 16.

[3] "Ann Pope was the mother of four children; Lawrence, John, Elizabeth and Ann."—CHAS. MOORE.

ner,[4] a fair maid of Gloucester. They, too, reared a family of three at Wakefield; John, Augustine and a daughter, Mildred. It was "Aunt Mildred," Mrs. Gregory, who held little George in her arms when he was baptized in Pope's Creek church and she renounced for him "the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, the sinful desires of the flesh," and promised that he would keep "God's holy will and commandments and walk in the same all the days of his life."[5]

Augustine Washington, the father of George, married Jane Butler. Two sons, Lawrence and Augustine, grew to sturdy manhood. Lawrence, like many another young Virginian, followed Governor Gooch to the Caribbean Sea in the ill-starred expedition against Cartagena. He served under Admiral Vernon, and when his father gave him a handsome estate of 2,500 acres up the Potomac, Lawrence called his new plantation "Mount Vernon."[6]

Jane Butler died at Wakefield in 1728. The widowed Augustine was now a wealthy planter in his thirty-fifth year. Two years later he rode down the historic highway to Lancaster county seeking a bride. He found her in Mary Ball.

Mary was all of twenty-two, which was approach-

[4] "The eldest son, Lawrence, married Mildred Warner of Gloucester Co. and had three Children, John, Augustine and Mildred."—*Life of Washington*, SPARKS, p. 2.

[5] *The Mother of Washington*, MRS. PRYOR, p. 81.

For a sketch map of Virginia when Washington was born see *George Washington*, WOODROW WILSON, p. 22.

[6] "In honor of the Admiral."—*Life of Washington*, IRVING, p. 12.

See Chap. XII.

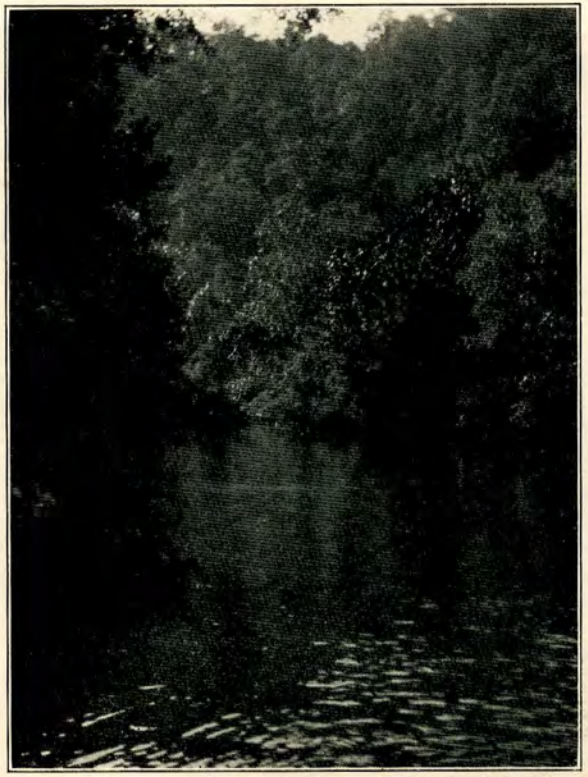

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"In the hollow below a creaking mill-wheel uttered its protest as it turned laboriously under the waters of historic Pope's Creek. Beyond the mill the placid mill-pond slept in a green nook of the low-lands."—P. 102.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"At the end of the avenue a white marble monolith rises some fifty feet above the spot where the father of his country was born."—P. 104.

ing perilously near to spinsterhood, for colonial dames married almost always in their teens. She was the orphaned child of Col. Joseph Ball, of "Epping Forest," and of the colonel's second wife, the "Widow Johnson." George Washington was very much the child of second marriages. Mary Ball had for years made her home with her guardian, George Eskridge, of "Sandy Point," on the Rappahannock. No guardian was ever more conscientious in the care of his ward, and none ever received a more monumental reward. Mary was not rich, neither was she poor, for both her father and mother had left considerable legacies. Had Augustine searched the wide world over he could not have found a worthier woman than the maid he led to the altar, March 6, 1730.

George Washington was born at his father's ancestral home, February 22, 1732. His mother chose for her eldest son the name of her faithful guardian and protector, George Eskridge.[7] Three brothers and two sisters followed George into the world.[8] It was a large and happy family that found shelter under the generous roof at Wakefield.

The most superficial reader will observe that George Washington was sprung of undiluted English blood.[9] He and his forefathers without exception were of England. George III, though king of Eng-

[7] *The Mother of Washington*, MRS. PRYOR, pp. 74-75.

[8] "By Jane Butler he had three sons and a daughter; Butler, who died in infancy, Lawrence, Augustine and Jane, who also died as a child.

"By Mary Ball he had six children; George, Betty, Samuel, John Augustine, Charles and Mildred."—JARED SPARKS. See page 173.

[9] "Washington owed his personal appearance to the Balls."—*The True Washington*, PAUL L. FORD.

land, was almost as thoroughly German as Washington was English. The struggle between them was a chapter in the long and heart-breaking conflict between autocracy and democracy.

The famous cherry tree grew in the garden at Wakefield if it grew anywhere. The story is told exclusively by Parson Weems who wrote the first life of Washington.[10] Washington read the book and "mildly commended it." He did not contradict the cherry tree story. The parson declared it was told him by a dear old lady, a "distant relative" of the President. It must be confessed that Parson Weems had a vivid imagination, and took considerable liberties with veracity at times, but the cherry tree story has become a classic. Whether true or false, it declines to die. It is worth repeating in the parson's own words.

"When George was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet; of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful, young, English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman finding out what had befallen this tree, which, by the way, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth asked

[10] "The incident of the cherry tree is a brazen piece of fiction made up by Rev. Mason L. Weems."—*George Washington*, W. E. WOODWARD.

for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for the tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful, little cherry tree yonder in the garden?' This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment, but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father with the sweet face of youth, brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa, you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my little hatchet.' 'Run to my arms,' cried his father in transports: 'Run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits of purest gold.' In this way by interesting at once both his head and heart, Mr. Washington conducted George with great ease and pleasure along the happy paths of life."

George was yet a little lad when the ancestral home was destroyed. His mother had spent a busy day cleaning the garden and burning brush and debris. The house caught and was totally consumed. Augustine Washington was not at home at the time. All was lost but a bit of furniture and a few books. No picture of Wakefield is extant. We have not even a description of the house. Pictures have, to be sure, been published; they are ingenious guesses, not historic

and here with asterisks and fuller ref. MSS attached.

fact.[11] But the typical, Virginia mansion of the days of Charles II is familiar. There are in Virginia to-day houses as old and older than Wakefield. Colonial houses of that period for the most part conform to the same general plan and appearance.[12]

The foundation of the typical house was of brick. The first story was weather-boarded. This was customary, even if the frame was of logs. The generous roof sloped within ten or twelve feet of the ground. Its monotonous line was broken by the inevitable dormer windows which brought light and air to the second floor. Substantial chimneys flanked the house on either side. Sometimes they were built within the frame, but more often without. The fireplaces on the first floor were immense. Should occasion require they could accommodate half a cord of wood. A whole beef was roasted on occasions in the cavernous fireplace of "Rosewell," Gloucester county. As the chimneys rose they tapered, which saved labor and material, and also gave a more graceful effect to the elevation. The porch extended across the entire front of the house, but as years passed it was gradually contracted until in pre-Revolutionary days it became the familiar colonial stoop with an attractive little roof over the door.

The floor plan of the typical Virginia home of the seventeenth century was simplicity itself. A passage led through the house directly from front to

[11] "Of the better class of plain Virginia farm houses. It had four rooms, with an enormous chimney at each end on the outside."—LOSSING.

[12] For several pictures of typical colonial homes of this period and section see *Chesapeake Bay Country*, SWEPSON EARLE.

rear, opening into four large rooms; one in each corner. As the planters became wealthier, this passage became more and more ornate; until in such mansions as "Stratford," "Mt. Airy" and "Westover" it became the feature of the house, a great hall, the meeting place for family and guests, the coolest and most delightful retreat in summer, but unheated and in winter used only as a passage. In the earlier and poorer houses the steps which led up from this hall were narrow and steep. But they were much ornamented in later years.

The second floor was at first an attic. Beds were placed around about and the men and boys ordinarily lodged there. In this way a great many guests were accommodated in a comparatively small house. As the planter grew richer the attic became a second floor.[13]

The kitchen was at first a shed room attached to the house. Later it was entirely detached and the cooking was done in the yard. This was a great comfort and convenience to the housewife where there were many servants; even to a people proverbially fond of hot foods.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The tapering monolith threw its long shadow athwart the green lawn and clustering grove. The declining sun hung over the densely wooded shores of the Potomac. The blue waters turned black in the deepening shadows. Night was fast approaching

[13] For a copiously illustrated sketch of the Northern Neck see *Footsteps of Washington*, A. H. HEUSSER, Chap. I.

and mine host[14] and I were fifty miles from home, rest and refreshment. We turned from Wakefield with reluctant steps and slow. What a delight it is to linger upon soil once trod by the choice men and great characters of bygone ages! It is thus one realizes long-gone days and long-gone men. One understands their characters, their struggles and their achievements better, when he looks upon the scenes they knew so intimately. They are gone, but the places which once knew them still suggest their presence.

We drove hurriedly through the darkening forests. The birds had hushed their songs now and the sunbeams no longer illuminated the recesses of the woods. We did not pause at the kindly merchant's store near the mill. He stood in the door and looked after us shading his eyes from the level rays of the setting sun. We waved recognition and our appreciation of his courtesy.

The road climbs out of the valley of Pope's Creek for a long mile. It attains an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet above Wakefield. This is the edge of the Nomini highlands. Here we paused for a backward glance. The mists had begun to gather over forest and river and field. From this elevation, perhaps from this very spot on the primitive Indian trace, John Washington had gazed westward over the mysterious wilderness when he came first to make his home here. Here he sought a wife, reared a family, and lived to the end of his sequestered days. Little did he reckon that the greatest of

[14] Rev. Thos. D. Wesley, then of Sharps, Va.

Americans would spring of his blood, and be born in the home which he built.[15] Little could he have imagined that the Washington name would be cherished in all the world for all ages by those who love liberty and righteousness better even than life itself.

[15] The Virginia legislature of 1928 provided a fund of $5,000 to re-erect "Wakefield."

Chapter X

STRATFORD

Most Historic of American Homesteads

The lordly Potomac gathers its waters from a hundred lofty mountains, and drains a thousand upland valleys. The resultant flood leaps the last rocky barrier under the shadow of the National capital; and, though far inland still, settles down calmly at ocean's level. Its tortuous channel winds hither and thither through the lowlands for a hundred miles, and its estuary broadens more and more until it debouches into the mild Chesapeake.

The Rappahannock is a lesser river which roughly parallels the Potomac from the Blue Ridge to the mighty bay. The long and narrow peninsula between these streams was called the Northern Neck by the earliest pioneers. Countless inlets, creeks, and marshes, salt and fresh, tidal and flowing, cut the Northern Neck into a maze of lesser peninsulas of all conceivable shapes and sizes. The Potomac and Rappahannock would have united, and there would have been no Northern Neck, had not the Creator's Hand flung between them a low range of hills, gentle of slope and softly rounded of form, but sufficient to hold them apart, the Nomini highlands.

Fertile farms fill the undulating country-side.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

(*Left*)

"The mansion shows the cruel marks of time. The unkept yard, the dilapidated woodwork, the untrimmed hedges, and the general impression of neglect depress the hearts of those who revere the name of Lee."—P. 122.

(*Below*)

"STRATFORD has been described as beautiful. To us it suggests strength, but not beauty. The walls are as massive as an English castle. The clusters of chimneys and the elevation of the first floor suggest defence against the savages of the forest."—P. 118.

(*Oval*)

"THOMAS LEE towered above his kindred and became a mighty man of a marked race."—P. 117.

Portrait in Virginia State Library

Photo By H. P. Cook

Photo by W. H. T. S.

Thick forests cover the lowlands between the hills. Landscapes of peace and plenty smile upon every hand. Over this favored land the blue arch of Heaven bends in constant benediction. Five counties, Northumberland, Lancaster, Westmoreland, Richmond and King George, were laid out in early colonial days. These names are not more English than the good folk who inhabit here. Indeed the Northern Neck is more thoroughly Saxon than London or Liverpool.

After the unhallowed reign of Charles I, thousands of royalists fled the wrath of Cromwell and hundreds of them found a home in these sequestered parts. They cleared the land, built their homes, reared their families, lived their uneventful lives and laid them down at last to die, and here their children still abide. From a people sprung of such blood one would naturally expect a rich harvest of worthy manhood. In a little corner of the small county of Westmoreland, George Washington, James Monroe and the Lees were born. James Madison was a native of King George, just over the county line. This incomparably brilliant roster might be continued at length with names only a trifle less distinguished.

Among the first, some say the very first, to settle on the Northern Neck was Richard Lee (1646). He came a few years after the first settlers of Maryland across the Potomac and a few years before John and Lawrence Washington.[1] Richard Lee was a worthy progenitor of a notable race; handsome, shrewd,

[1] St. Mary's, Maryland—1643. The Washingtons—1657.

influential, wealthy, energetic.[2] He was a member of the Governor's Council, the highest honor open to a colonial Virginian.

When the long, strong arm of Oliver Cromwell reached Virginia and Governor Berkeley was deposed, Colonel Richard Lee hired a Dutch vessel, sailed away to Breda in Holland and surrendered Governor Berkeley's commission to Charles, the unacknowledged Prince of Wales. Colonel Lee earnestly entreated Prince Charles to return to Virginia with him, and promised that, on his arrival here, he would be hailed enthusiastically as king. The pliable prince had all but yielded to the colonel's importunity when tidings reached him from England that were favorable to his restoration. So Colonel Lee returned to Virginia alone.[3]

On the death of mighty Oliver, Berkeley with Colonel Lee at his elbow promptly declared Charles king of England and Virginia![4] This effusive loyalty, worthy a better man, a better cause, and a better dynasty of kings, moved Charles II to refer to this colony as his "Old Dominion." This story has been told and retold for two centuries and a half. It has been vigorously assailed as false; and as stoutly defended as true. It is probably authentic, for it marches well with the spirit of the times and matches the characters of the gentlemen concerned to a nicety.

[2] *Manors of Virginia*, EDITH TUNIS SALE, pp. 79-91, with excellent illustrations.

[3] "Charles II was invited to come himself to Virginia as its ruler."—JOHN FISKE.

[4] "According to the younger Richard Henry Lee the title 'Old Dominion' is often given to Virginia."—JOHN FISKE.

When Colonel Richard died,[5] his son, another Richard, added many thousand acres to the parental estate on the Nomini highlands. The second Richard was the father of many children. Whatever faults the Virginians, ancient and modern, may have, race suicide has never been one of them. Richard II attained the ripe age of sixty-eight and "resigned his soul to God" (1714) as his tombstone at Mt. Pleasant still quaintly testifies.

Richard's fourth son, Thomas, towered above his kindred and became the mighty man of a marked race. He gathered to himself the genius, energy and success of his fathers and transmitted them to his sons. Thomas was a likely lad of fourteen when his father "resigned his soul to God." He had an indifferent education, but he applied himself to the classics and soon became a tolerable scholar in Latin and Greek. He received only a scant legacy from his wealthy father, for was he not a younger son? Thomas applied the persistent energy that had conquered the classics, to Virginia wheat and tobacco, and soon his fortune was larger than his father or grandfather had ever claimed.

Thomas was not in haste to marry.[6] He selected in Hannah Ludwell a queen among women. They began life with a tragedy; their home burned over their heads. Thomas Lee lost 10,000 pounds in cash. With papers, property and effects it is estimated that the fire cost him 50,000 pounds, a

[5] He was a "man of good statue, comely visage, enterprising genius, sound head, vigorous spirit and generous nature."—WILLIAM LEE.

[6] May 17, 1722. For likenesses of Col. Thomas Lee, Hannah Ludwell Lee and several views of Stratford, see *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, April, 1926.

great sum now, but vastly more then. Sympathy for the popular young Virginians was wide-spread. Queen Caroline herself sent him a generous present out of her own private purse.[7] The amount of this gift is not known but, when one considers the proverbial parsimony of sovereigns, the gift is as noteworthy as it is unique in our history. It was with this "generous present" that Stratford was built. The name had been brought to Virginia from England, as Stratford was the ancestral home of Richard Lee in the mother land.

Stratford has been described by some enthusiastic writers as beautiful. To us it suggests strength, but not beauty. The walls are as massive as an English castle. The clusters of chimneys on either wing and the elevation of the first floor to the height of a second floor suggest defence against the savages of the forest and the ravages of time. The feature of Stratford is a great hall in the center between the wings. It reminds one of a banqueting hall in a medieval castle; almost square, measuring twenty-five feet by thirty, it is handsomely wainscoted from floor to ceiling. In the days of its glory the hall must have been superb. A lateral passage, rather long, dark and narrow, leads to right and left through the wings from the central hall and terminates in little balconies on either side of the mansion. Two large bed rooms open into this passage on either side of each wing, making eight bed chambers in all. This plan gives the house the form of a capital H.

[7] "The late Queen Caroline sent him over a bountiful present out of her own Privy Purse."—LEE'S LETTERS.

Summer houses once adorned the open space between the clusters of chimneys. The first floor, though entirely above ground, is damp and chill and has the general effect of a cellar.

The other houses in the yard were arranged in the form of a quincunx with the mansion, of course, holding the place of honor. To the right front was an immense kitchen; to the left front, the stables. It seems rather odd that the kitchen and stables should thus have been thrown into the most prominent position out-flanking the entrance.

When Governor Gooch was recalled, Thomas Lee was elected "President and Commander-in-chief" of the colony. This office was altogether new in Virginia. King George sent him a commission as Governor, but unfortunately Thomas Lee passed away before it arrived.

The family of Thomas and Hannah Lee is the most illustrious in American annals. In 1771 George Washington said, "I know of no county that can produce a family all distinguished as clever men as our Lees." But when great Washington said that the Lees had by no means come into their own. The remark was a prophecy destined to splendid fulfilment.

The eldest son, Philip Ludwell Lee, took the parental seat in the Governor's Council. He inherited Stratford and left it to his daughter, Matilda.

Chancellor George Wythe described the second son, Thomas Ludwell Lee, as the most popular man in Virginia. He was a great lawyer and a judge of the general court. He was a Burgess as was his

elder brother, and he sat in the famous convention of 1776. His hand helped draft the Bill of Rights and the constitution of the state. He served on the Committee of Safety charged with the defence of Virginia against invasion.

The third son, Richard Henry Lee, was the flower of the family. He it was who arose in the Continental Congress and moved that these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states. Had he not been called from Philadelphia by the illness of his wife, it is probable that his hand, and not Jefferson's, would have written the Declaration, which he signed, as did also Francis Lightfoot Lee, his next younger brother.

The fifth son, William, made his home in London and was an influential Whig, being elected Sheriff of London before the Revolution. He later represented the colonies at the courts of Berlin, Vienna and The Hague.

The youngest son, Arthur, was a noted statesman and physician. With Franklin at the French court, he finally succeeded in securing French recognition and assistance of an army and fleet for Washington.

Thomas Lee's younger brother, Henry, settled on a plantation further up the Potomac, which he called "Leesylvania." His son, Henry II, married Lucy Grimes, an early sweetheart of George Washington. The son of Henry II and Lucy, a third Henry, better known to history as "Light Horse Harry," was educated at Princeton under the eye of that famous Presbyterian divine, John Witherspoon.

When hostilities began, "Light Horse Harry" Lee

offered his sword to Governor Patrick Henry. He was reputed the most efficient commander of cavalry in the army. He won distinction at the Brandywine and Germantown; but his most brilliant exploit was a dash into Paulus Hook (Jersey City), which he captured under the nose of the British fleet, with an inferior force, and the loss of only two men! It was the most thrilling incident of the kind in the Revolution.

Some gossips had it that Washington was partial to this dashing son of Lucy Grimes. Suppose he was? What of it? A man should be partial to the brave and worthy son of the little sweetheart of his youthful days! Lee was made a colonel and sent to the far South to assist Nathaniel Greene rescue the Carolinas from the enemy. Here he added many laurels to his fame.

Came "Light Horse Harry" Lee, the newly delivered nation ringing with his praise, to Stratford and laid all the blushing honors, thick upon him, at the feet of his fair cousin Matilda. He was a veteran of many a bloody battlefield, a champion of liberty and withal a youth of twenty-six!

Not less useful in peace than renowned in war, he stood with Washington, Marshall and Madison in favor of the federal union. So precisely were the forces for and against union divided in Virginia, that, it may be justly said, had it not been for the efforts and influence of the father of Robert E. Lee this state would not have joined the union at all. For three years he served Virginia as governor. He was a widower, for Matilda died, leaving him

two sons. He selected as his second bride Anne Carter,[8] of Shirley, the beautiful and historic mansion on the James opposite City Point.[9] Their youngest son was born at Stratford, January 19, 1807. His mother gave him two names from the long and honorable colonial record of the Carters, and he was baptized Robert Edward. The little lad lived at Stratford four years then his father moved to Alexandria.

Of recent years Virginia brought the remains of "Light Horse Harry" Lee[10] from Cumberland Island, Georgia, where he died while the guest of the daughter of his old friend and commander, Nathaniel Greene, and laid them beside his illustrious son in the crypt of the chapel of Washington and Lee University at Lexington.

With ardent anticipation begotten of reverence for so venerable a history the traveler approaches Stratford. But he comes to disappointment, and he will leave with an aching heart. The splendor of generations gone has departed with them. The tide of years has carried the illustrious family far from the parental roof. There are no Lees at Stratford; and nothing, save bare walls and precious memories, remains of them. The mansion shows the cruel marks of the tooth of time. The years have not

[8] For an excellent likeness of Anne Carter Lee and much data on the family see *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Oct., 1925.

[9] "Anne, the daughter of Ann Butler and Charles Carter, married Gen. Harry Lee of Stratford, the 'Light Horse Harry' of Revolutionary fame and was the mother of Robert E. Lee."—MRS. EDITH TUNIS SALE.

[10] It was "Light Horse Harry" Lee who coined the famous phrase, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

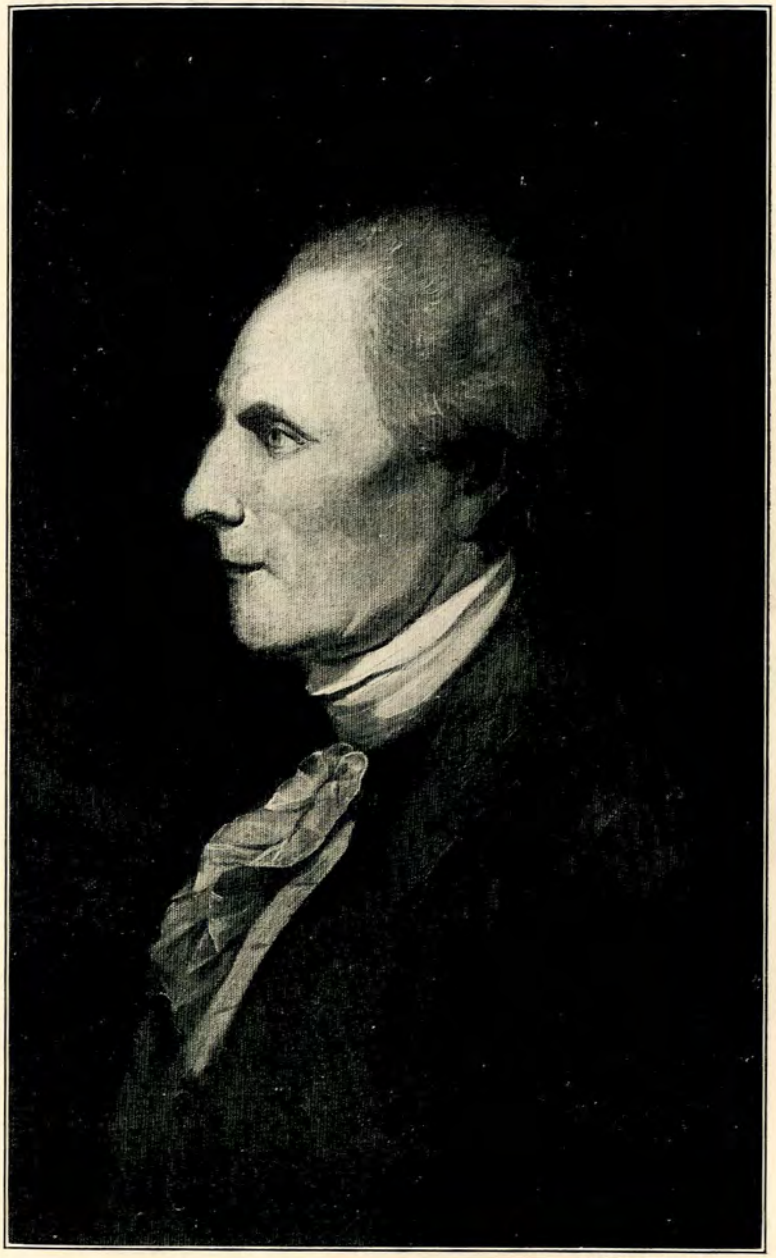

Photo by H. P. Cook.

RICHARD HENRY LEE, of Stratford, from a portrait in the Virginia State Library. —P. 120.

dealt kindly with it. The unkept yard, the dilapidated woodwork, the falling cornices, the untrimmed hedges, the ruinous houses of the yard, the general impression of neglect and decay depress the hearts of those who love and revere the name of Lee. The very sun beats down upon the unshaded hill-top with pitiless glare. We thought of fire and shuddered. The reader of these pages has learned too well how the cruel flames have robbed Virginia of priceless treasures.

Sometime, no doubt, Stratford will be rescued, repaired and preserved, as is Mount Vernon, a shrine for generations yet unborn. And it will be a glad day for all true patriots when that happy hour strikes.

Chapter XI

THOMAS, SIXTH BARON FAIRFAX

Take him all in all, Baron Fairfax is the most picturesque character that enters our long and varied Colonial history. He commands our interest and our admiration. We pity him and envy him, smile, condemn and love him.

Fairfax is a name that fills a large space in England's history. During the Wars of the Roses one of them was Lord Chief Justice of the realm. In later days King Charles I made Thomas Fairfax, of Cameron, a peer. But the greatest Fairfax was the third Baron. He took the side of the people against the tyranny of King Charles. As the best soldier of his time (save Oliver Cromwell) he won the decisive victories of Marston Moore and Naseby. But when they pushed matters too far and cut off the head of King Charles, Baron Fairfax parted company with his late friends. He would not soil his hands with the blood of his king. King Charles, alive, was a liar, a coward and a scoundrel; but once his head was off he became a martyr and the ideal of the old loyal days of order and decorum. Ghosts are often more powerful than living men. As a man King Charles was contemptible, but as a martyr he became mighty! It is significant that the third Baron furnished the horse

on which King Charles II rode into London.[1] This great and good man had no son, and the title passed to a cousin.[2] His son, Thomas, the fifth Baron, married Katherine Culpeper, a beautiful girl, ridiculously rich. As she was the mother of our Virginia Baron, a word must be said about Lady Katherine.

Her grandfather, John Culpeper, was on the king's side in the days of Fairfax and Cromwell. He was as staunch a friend as King Charles had, whether on the field of battle or in retreat, hiding and disgrace, whether in diplomacy or finance. He wrung a loan out of the Czar of Russia, which we think proves him a genius. John Culpeper had a son Thomas, who was as shrewd and unprincipled as his father was loyal and devoted. He reaped a rich harvest from this father's loyalty to the Stuart kings, did this second Baron Culpeper. King Charles (1673) actually granted the entire colony of Virginia to Culpeper and others of the grafting fraternity for a period of thirty-one years! For sheer, royal profligacy and disregard of the rights of others this transaction cannot be paralleled. All of which had a deal more to do with Bacon's Rebellion than any historian of Virginia has yet told. The title to every farm and lease-hold was now held at the pleasure or whim of Thomas, Baron Culpeper. And there was no redress.[3]

Two years later (1675) Culpeper added to his wealth by purchasing of the Earl of Arlington, one

[1] *Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*, MARKHAM.

[2] Henry Fairfax of Bolton Percy became fourth Baron Fairfax.

[3] For wording of the charter see *Va. Hist. Mag.*, April, '08.

of his co-grafters, his title to all the land between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers—a territory, the vastness and wealth of which was beyond calculation. In July of the same year Charles II proclaimed the Baron Governor of Virginia for life—by no means the least of our colonial disasters.

It took the new Governor five years to get over, but get over he did at last. His chief energy, once here, was devoted to an effort to debase the currency, which the stout burgesses at Williamsburg (I am glad to say) successfully withstood. In a short while he left us[4] and soon after died, leaving all his ill-gotten wealth[5] to his daughter, Katherine. She bestowed them with herself as bride upon the fifth Baron Fairfax.

Our Virginia Baron, Thomas, was born at Denton, a village of Yorkshire, in the year of grace 1691.[6] He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he cut a wide swath as a man of fashion, a gallant blade and a man of letters, too. Addison was his friend and young Sir Thomas was a contributor to the "Spectator"—no small honor even for a Fairfax.

Word came to Sir Thomas that his estates in Virginia were not well managed. Pioneers by the hundred were pressing in and settling the land without paying his lordship a shilling for the privi-

[4] Two letters of Lord Culpeper dated September 20th and October 5th, 1680, from Boston, are preserved in *Va. Hist. Register*, pp. 189-93. In the first he speaks of a Mr. Janis who "married our Cousin Nat Bacon the Rebel's widow."

[5] The estate included Leeds Castle in Kent.

[6] 1692 is given by CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

lege.[7] Especially in the Piedmont and Valley. Germans from Pennsylvania and Scots from Ulster were particularly anxious to settle, and settle they did, being hard-headed folk. There they remained and there their children still abide.

Now Sir Thomas had a first cousin in Massachusetts, William Fairfax,[8] whom he persuaded to come to Virginia and look after his affairs. He settled on the broad Potomac below the site of Washington on an estate, "Belvoir." William had a very attractive daughter, Anne, and it was not long until a neighbor's son, Laurence Washington, came riding over in his uniform, courting Anne. Capt. Laurence Washington had shortly before returned from Carthagena,[9] in South America, whither he went with Governor Gooch and Admiral Vernon. When he and Anne were married they settled four miles above "Belvoir" on a matchless bluff, and the captain called his estate Mount Vernon for his late admiral.

Sir Thomas decided to come to Virginia himself, but he did not tarry among us, for he must hasten home to marry a lady of quality (1740).[10] He went to most considerable expense for horses, carriages, servants, livery, and what not, in order to impress

[7] Claims finally settled in 1786, after 50 years of litigation. On Hite vs. Fairfax, see *Va. Portraits*, A. C. GORDON, pp. 46-7. For a discussion of the conflicting Fairfax, Baltimore and Penn claims see *American Colonies*, H. L. OSGOOD, Vol. IV, pp. 93-99.

[8] Son of Henry Fairfax of Bolton Percy, above referred to.

[9] See Chap. X.

[10] A letter to Gov. Gooch, dated March 18, 1735, stated that Fairfax was then going to Virginia.—H. L. OSGOOD.

his bride. But when the prospective bride received an offer of marriage from an earl, she unblushingly declared that she really could not think of being a baroness when she might be a duchess (heartless flirt!), and so our Baron was jilted. When we come to think of it, however, the baron was no youngster—was turning fifty, which it seems had given him considerable time to find a wife.[11] Most young men can make a more successful matrimonial record even without a title and excessive wealth. The Baron returned to Virginia, betook himself into the western wilderness, affected a pronounced aversion to all ladies, and died as he lived, a crusty old bachelor.

As for his Virginia plantation, it was one-fourth the entire colony.[12] It extended from the Chesapeake to the headwaters of the Potomac and Rappahannock.[13] Twenty-five magnificent counties have been carved from the Baron's princely farm. You may trace them upon the map. Northumberland, Lancaster, Richmond, Westmoreland, King George, Stafford, Prince William, Fairfax, Loudoun, Fauquier, Culpeper, Rappahannock, Madison; then over the Blue Ridge, Jefferson, Berkeley, Morgan, Clarke, Frederick, Warren, Shenandoah, Page, Hampshire, Mineral, Hardy and Grant. At the

[11] "Recently the marriage contract was found among some old family papers."—C. R. MARKHAM.

[12] "Proprietor of an area equal to one-fourth the present state of Virginia." There are now exactly 100 counties in Virginia.

[13] "The Fairfax Line" referred to in petition of Robert Hook (1741)."—*Va. Hist. Mag.*, Jan., '08. Also *Va. Hist. Mag.*, Jan., '06.

The Fairfax Line, Thomas Lewis' Journal of 1746, edited by JOHN W. WAYLAND.

extreme western tip of his grant the Baron placed the "Fairfax Stone," which was there for many years, and is no doubt there to this day. Nearby a little village bears his name, "Fairfax," West Virginia. As the Baltimore grant paralleled the Culpeper grant, lying to the north of the Potomac, the present State of Maryland also ends at the little village of Fairfax.

Baron Fairfax needed surveyors to run his lines and plat the country, especially over the Blue Ridge. Sir William's son, George William, brother to Anne Washington, and Laurence Washington's sixteen-year-old brother were ready to go. It need hardly be said that the younger boy's name was George. This was the beginning of a firm and lasting friendship between the Baron and George Washington which no political, military or revolutionary events marred.[14]

Young George Washington made his headquarters on the site of Winchester. His old stone cabin is a relic carefully preserved. At the suggestion of Washington the Baron made his home at Greenway Court, in a corner of the present county of Clarke. Ten thousand acres of grass and forest

[14] "Lord Fairfax dispatched young Washington and his cousin George William upon an expedition to explore his vast possessions beyond the mountains, fair as the Promised Land and watered by a river so beautiful that the Indians called it Shenandoah, 'Daughter of the Stars.' Their task was to survey and make maps of this vast wilderness. For weeks they reconnoitered solitudes haunted by deer and elk, by bears and lurking panthers. With Indians for their guides they plunged into the uncharted woods and bivouacked beneath the shadows of primeval trees."—"*My Lord Fairfax*," MRS. BURTON HARRISON. A sketch in *Scribner's*, May-Sept., 1879, with illustrations.

Also: *Fairfaxes of England and America*, EDWARD D. NEILL.

lands were set aside for his domain. Greenway Court[15] is well described by John Esten Cooke. "It was a long stone building with an extensive portico, and the roof was overshadowed by the boughs of lofty locust trees. At each end rose a slender chimney; between and upon the summit of the roof were seen two belfries; beneath, three or four dormer windows were brushed by the October foliage.

"At fifty paces from the mansion, and connected with it by a winding path across the sward, a low stone cabin nestled under a great tree, and here Lord Fairfax, sitting in state with his court of deer hounds, had delivered the title deeds of nearly all that portion of Virginia."

Greenway Court was the rendezvous of the Virginia frontier. Indians came and left, half-breeds, pioneers and long hunters in leathern breeches and coon-skin caps. They sat about engaged in endless discussions of the wilderness and tales of frontier gossip. All partook of the Fairfax hospitality, remained as long as they pleased and left when they wished. Greenway Court was a feature and an institution of our latest colonial days.[16] The popular and eccentric Baron was lord-lieutenant of Frederick County, then a huge domain of mountain, valley and forested wilds. He organized a troop of horsemen who occasionally manoeuvred on the lawns and fields of Greenway Court.

In 1755 the French and Indians came over the

[15] He probably named Greenway Court for Greenway Court, County Kent, England, the home of the Culpepers.—*Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Oct., '16.

[16] *Life of Washington*, IRVING, Vol. I, p. 45.

Photo by H. P. Cook

THOMAS, LORD CULPEPER, BARON THORSWAY

Governor and Captain-General of Virginia (1680-83).—P. 126.
Portrait in Virginia State Library.

Photo by H. P. Cook

THOMAS, SIXTH BARON FAIRFAX

"Take him all in all the Baron is the most picturesque character that enters our long and varied history."—P. 124.

mountains with fire and sword. The pioneers with their families fled to the settlements for protection. Lord Fairfax ordered the militia of the counties along the Potomac to meet at Winchester. And they came.

After Braddock's defeat Fairfax' life was in jeopardy. His nephew Colonel Martin urged him to retire over the Blue Ridge, but the old Baron was not to be moved!

"I am an old man and it is of little importance whether I fall by the tomahawk, or die of disease and old age. . . My fear is that if we retire the whole district will break up and take to flight, and this fine country, which I have been at such cost to improve, will again become a wilderness."

The Baron was a man of dark complexion, very long and very lean, over six feet tall, with a bony frame, and of great strength.[17] As a neighbor he was kind and especially considerate to the poor. It was impossible to keep settlers off his lands, so he made the best of it. He gave farms away for queer considerations. One stout Dutchman received his lands for a brace of turkeys presented annually to his lordship. Evidence of his love for the Church of England still abounds. The brick for Christ Church, Alexandria, and for the church at Falls

[17] "Lord Fairfax was nearly sixty years old, upwards of six feet tall, gaunt, raw-boned, near-sighted, with light gray eyes, sharp features and an aquiline nose."—*Life of Washington*, WASH. IRVING, Vol. I, p. 33.

Memories of the Fairfax hunts still abide. All frontiersmen were welcome guests. They moved across country like a royal progress. The Baron was *custos rotulorum* of the Shenandoah. He presided at courts, laid off roads and towns and kept an open table at Winchester and Greenway Court.

Church, he imported from England. He endowed the Episcopal church at Winchester.

But these substantial buildings are not the only memorials to this eccentric nobleman. He transplanted many fine, old, English names into the new land; Winchester for the beautiful little city, once the capital of Alfred the Great; Woodstock for the historic little town with its memories of Chaucer, Queen Elizabeth, and mighty Marlborough; Romney for the wide hunting marshes of Kent; Hampshire for the South-of-England shire, of which Winchester is the capital. A white guide-post one mile from Greenway Court pointed the way, hence we have White Post. Martinsburg bears the name of Colonel Thomas Bryan Martin, a son of Frances Fairfax, sister of the Baron, to whom he bequeathed Greenway Court.

In extreme old age it wrung the Baron's heart to see the fairest colonies lost to King George. He would none of rebellion, let the stubborn ministry of a stupid king do their worst. His neighbors were Whigs, almost to a man, but they respected the eccentric old Baron. He was never molested, despite emphatic hostility to the American cause. The bitterest drop in the Baron's cup was that his old friend, George Washington[18] led the Continental army against Great Britain. He was at the tavern in Winchester when news came of Cornwallis' surrender. It was the end of British rule and it

[18] It is one of the ironies of history that the third Lord Fairfax had summoned Col. Henry Washington to surrender Worcester to the Parliamentary army, a century and a half before.—*George Washington*, WOODROW WILSON, p. 49.

was the end of Thomas, Sixth Baron Fairfax of Cameron. He mounted his horse and remarked that it was time for him to go home and die. And die he did, gathering his long legs up into bed, he never left it until he was carried forth and laid under Christ Church, Winchester.[19] When the church was removed his bones were placed under the new church, but the exact spot is not now known. A modest tablet on the wall of the church recalls his memory.

After the death of his brother in Leeds Castle the title descended to Rev. Brian Fairfax, of Alexandria, a brother of Anne Washington, in whose family it remains, the present Baron being the twelfth. It is worthy of note that one of the oldest, proudest and most exclusive titles in British heraldry should have been borne for more than a century by an American family.

[19] For an Inventory of his estate see *Va. Mag. of Hist. & Biog.*, July, 1900.
"His Lordship died, December 7th."—B. MARTIN.
MRS. BURTON HARRISON, *Scribner's Mag.*, Sept., 1879.
"He died 12th Mar., 1782."—CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.
"The Baron was ninety-one when he died."—*Life of Wash.*, IRVING, Vol. IV, p. 453.

Chapter XII

DANIEL MORGAN, BRADDOCK'S TEAMSTER

"The old Wagoner will crack his whip over Ban Tarleton tomorrow morning as sure as you live, boys. Just hold up your heads; three fires, and you are free! Then when you return to your homes, how the old folks will bless you and the girls kiss you for your gallant conduct!"—Daniel Morgan to his men the night before Cowpens.

He came tramping into the Valley of Virginia, an over-grown, big-boned, illiterate young fellow of seventeen. Nobody knew just where he came from, then or now. It is a good guess that he was born in Hunterdon County, New Jersey.[1] He had a quarrel with his father, a Welshman, and they parted never to meet again.[2] When he came into Virginia[3] he happened upon Charles Town, a most cultured and refined community; none in all the cavalier colony more so. Charles Town was a cross-roads post-office, surrounded by the rich plantations of the Washingtons.

The young man was looking for work, and he found

[1] *Life of Morgan*, JAMES GRAHAM, pp. 17-19.

[2] "For some mysterious reason it was Morgan's custom to avoid all reference to his early history and to parry every question which sought to ascertain it."—ARMISTEAD C. GORDON.

[3] 1754. By way of Carlisle, Penn. See page 173.

it; the hardest, heaviest, roughest work a boy of seventeen unhappy summers ever found! A gentleman named Roberts set him grubbing new ground, and because he toiled so uncomplainingly and painstakingly he soon shifted his new hand to a saw-mill. But it was not long before Daniel—for that is our hero's name—left the mill to drive a team for Nathaniel Burwell, Esq., of the neighboring county of Frederick. In those days all the amenities of civilization came over the Blue Ridge by wagon from Fredericksburg, Georgetown, Baltimore, or far-off Philadelphia. Daniel liked the new work. It was less confining, and, besides, who knew but that some day he might save enough to buy a wagon and two stout horses? Then he would set up as a merchant on his own account. In less than two years after he came tramping into Virginia he did own his wagon and he was proud of it, as well he might be.

Little did Daniel dream that thousands of miles away the ambassadors of France and Great Britain, who for three long years sat over the council tables in Paris and Versailles, held in their hands the threads of his destiny. The ambassadors couldn't agree for the simple, selfish reason that each wanted everything to be had. A world-wide war, and one of the fiercest on record, was the result of their failure. So it came to pass that the British general, Braddock, sailed into Chesapeake Bay with a thousand veteran soldiers aboard. To conquer the western wilderness which is drained by the beautiful river Ohio were they come. So large an army in so naked a

country needed many wagons and drivers; more than General Braddock, or Governor Dinwiddie, or Colonel Washington could find, scour the country as best they could! Our hero of nineteen gladly joined the army and began his brilliant military career as a teamster.

The short, sad story of Braddock's defeat and death is well known. The English and Virginians paused long enough in their flight to bury the late general in the midst of the road (lest the Indians might find and mutilate his body), and Daniel drove his wagon, now filled with wounded, over that haughty man's lowly grave.[4] One piece of good fortune came to Daniel from this ignominious campaign. He met the popular Virginia colonel, George Washington, a young man, only four years older than himself. Before the war he, too, had been in Frederick, a surveyor for Baron Fairfax, of Greenway Court.[5] The young Colonel was busy now, saving the remnants of the army, building a fort on the top of a steep hill at Winchester, which he called Fort Loudoun, and defending the borders of Virginia from savages flushed with victory and encouraged by the wily French.

Wages were good in the service, so Daniel hauled supplies from the settlements to the frontier forts. The most distant of these was situated in the blue grass uplands of the present county of Wythe. It had recently been built by Colonel Byrd, of West-

[4] For a picture of Braddock's grave, *Hist. Highways of Amer.*, HULBERT, Vol. IV.

[5] See Chap. XI.

over, third of the name, as a protection for the extreme Southwest, and named by him for his friend, Colonel Chiswell.[6] In the spring (1756) Daniel drove his teams up the long Valley of Virginia across New River safely to Fort Chiswell. A British lieutenant, taking offence at something the young driver said or did, abused him violently and struck him with the flat of his sword. Daniel smote the young officer one blow with his clenched fist, and laid him insensible on the ground. He was promptly court-martialed, tied to a white oak tree and 500 lashes laid on his bare back.[7] It is evidence of his great physical endurance that this frightful punishment did not kill him, for the flesh hung from his back in tags when he was finally released. To the young lieutenant's eternal credit be it said that he was conscious-stricken at the tragic turn events had taken. He publicly apologized to Morgan.

The next few years were filled with fighting Indians and more Indians. Governor Dinwiddie made our young hero an ensign.[8] He was sent on one occasion with important dispatches to Fort Loudoun, the remains of which may still be traced on the top of a hill in Winchester. A mile from the fort he and his two companions were ambushed by red men. At the first fire the other two fell. The road was a narrow defile along the mountain side and there

[6] See Chap. VII.

[7] "They stopped at 499, and Morgan often said that he owed them one lash more."—JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

[8] "In the British infantry until 1871, and in the Continental army an officer of the lowest grade, now sub-lieutenant, the officer who carried the colors."—*Standard Dictionary*.

seemed no chance of escape. Daniel was desperately wounded. The ball entered the back of his neck and knocked out all the teeth on the left side of his jaw. He thought that his hour had come—as a fainting sickness came over him from loss of blood. Even in that extremity he was determined that the Indian running by the side of his mare and waiting for him to fall, should not have his scalp.[9] He put spurs into the faithful horse, she leaped forward and did not slacken her pace until she came to the gate of the fort. Morgan had fallen forward and grasped her around the neck. He was taken from the horse unconscious, but soon nursed back to health. In his long career as a soldier this was his only wound.

Morgan was now a wild, young blade of twenty-three, above six feet tall, very stockily built, weighing more than two hundred pounds, all muscle and bone. His portrait in the Capitol at Washington (painted years later) shows a remarkably handsome face. He was exceedingly popular—too popular for his own good. Like the rougher element of the frontier, he was addicted to drinking, gambling and other vices. He was a tremendous fighter and forever in quarrels, especially when intoxicated. But we may say that his weaknesses were more the result of lawless companions, lack of home training and of native wild impulses than of a vicious character.[10]

[9] "In later years he told in vivid and graphic style of the horrid expression on the face of the Indian who awaited his fall."—A. C. GORDON.

[10] "I broke that toe kicking Bill Davis when I was a youth at Battletown (Berryville) and I never could get it to stay in the right place afterwards."—To his pastor.

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DANIEL MORGAN, a Mural Portrait in the Capital at Washington.—Photo by permission.

Just how soon this dissipated life would have made a wreck of Daniel Morgan no one knows. But the Power that had guided him through a hundred places of danger did not desert him. From the moment he looked into the steady eyes of Abigail Bailey, Daniel Morgan determined to become a better man. Abigail's father had a farm, small and poor, in Frederick County. The daughter was without the advantages of education or high social connnections—so much the better for Daniel. But she was richly endowed with natural beauty, high spirit and the saving grace of common sense. There never trod the soil of the Old Dominion a nobler woman than Abigail Bailey. The most fortunate day in our teamster's life was when she placed her hand in his and became his bride. He led her to a modest home, "Soldier's Rest," on a fine piece of land[11] near the present town of Berryville, in the present county of Clarke.[12] One of their nearest neighbors was the crusty old bachelor, Thomas, Baron Fairfax, of Greenway Court.

The little farm yielded bountiful harvests under the touch of Morgan's industrious hand. At night there were simple reading lessons with his lovely wife as teacher. Better associations and higher ideals opened before Daniel, and ere long the neighbors knew him for one of the prosperous farmers of the countryside. In the fierce political questions now stirring the young nation, Daniel, unlike his neighbor

[11] In 1762 he obtained a grant of rich land.

[12] There is a picture of "Soldier's Rest" in *Va. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, Apr., 1904.

at Greenway Court, was a staunch Whig. In his thirty-fifth year they made him captain of the Frederick County militia.[13]

The war clouds rolled again over the sky, the Indians were on the war-path, and the Revolution had begun in Virginia before the people themselves realized it; for they called it Lord Dunmore's war. Morgan and his men joined his lordship at Wheeling and marched with him to the Indian towns of Ohio.

The winter of 1775 was spent happily at "Soldier's Rest"—about the last rest this soldier was to know for many a long and weary day! Lexington and Bunker Hill set the colonies aflame. Congress called for ten companies of expert riflemen to be raised in Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Morgan was unanimously elected captain of the Frederick County men.[14] In twenty-one days these Virginians were by the side of George Washington in Boston, the first to respond to their country's call.

Morgan and his riflemen reached camp in the evening and met Washington. Morgan saluted and said:

"General, from the right bank of the Potomac!"

The great commander was much moved. He dismounted, walked along the line shaking hands with every man; while tears rolled down his cheeks. He remounted, touched his hat and rode away without another word.[15]

[13] In 1771. He had been a lieutenant in Pontiac's War (1763-4).

[14] "The Rifle Rangers of the Virginia Valley were in the main young yeomanry of the counties of Frederick and Augusta."—A. C. GORDON.

[15] It must be remembered that Washington had been intimately connected with Frederick County since he was sixteen years old. These riflemen were his neighbors and the sons of former comrades and friends.—*Stories of the Old Dominion*, COOKE, p. 291.

The first great objective of Continental statesmanship was to acquire French Canada, unite the continent against King George, encourage the other colonies and protect us from northern invasion. It should have been easy, for the French of Quebec hated England with the ire of a thousand years.

Captain Morgan marched under Colonel Benedict Arnold through the wintry wilds of Maine, up the Penobscot to the St. Lawrence,[16] to unite with Richard Montgomery in the attack upon Quebec. In this unfortunate assault General Montgomery was killed, Colonel Arnold severely wounded, and Captain Morgan and his Virginians captured—not however until they had secured the lower city.

Morgan's surrender was charactertistic of the man.[17] When hopelessly surrounded in the streets of Quebec, Morgan urged his officers to "cut their way out," but that was manifestly impossible. He fought like the lion he was, with his back against a stone wall. He cried with vexation and anger like a child. He defied the enemy, one and all, to come and get him. His own men urged him to surrender, his foes threatened to shoot him like a mad dog, but he would not yield. At last he noticed a Roman Catholic priest in the crowd. He called to him, "I'll give my sword to you, but not a scoundrel of these cowards shall take it out of my hands!" It was New Year's morning, 1776.

The British governor greatly admired Morgan and

[16] Daniel Morgan and his men were the first to cross the St. Lawrence, Nov. 13, 1775.

[17] Had Morgan been supported Quebec would have been won.

treated him well. He urged him to withdraw from the American cause, assuring him that it was hopeless, and offering him the commission and pay of colonel in the British service; to which Morgan replied, "I hope, sir, that you will never again insult me in my present distressed and unfortunate condition by making me offers which plainly imply that you think me a scoundrel."

After many, weary months in prison Morgan was exchanged. He spent a few weeks at his home, and was again by the side of his beloved commander in New Jersey. Washington[18] had personally secured for him a commission as colonel.[19]

The fame of Morgan rests chiefly upon the strategic victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga, in New York, and upon the brilliant victory over Tarleton at the Cowpens, in South Carolina.

When Congress failed to capture Canada, Great Britain retaliated by using Canada as a base from which to drive a wedge into the long line of colonies which hugged the Atlantic. Lake Champlain and the Hudson offered an inviting avenue from Montreal. General Clinton held New York City and the lower Hudson. It appeared simple. If Burgoyne had gotten through New England and New York would have been lost to the United States, New Jersey and Pennsylvania would have been defenseless, and the South alone would have had to

[18] "His conduct as an officer on the expedition with Gen. Arnold last fall, his intrepid behavior in the assault on Quebec when brave Montgomery fell, the inflexible attachment he professed to our cause during his imprisonment entitle him to the favor of Congress."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[19] November, 1776.

carry on the unequal struggle. The failure of this ambitious British plan was due to the heroic effort of two men, pre-eminently; Benedict Arnold and Daniel Morgan.

When the aspect of affairs was most threatening Washington sent Morgan with five hundred of his riflemen to help Gates hold Burgoyne.

The difficulties of the Northern wilderness were thickening around Burgoyne. If he could reach Albany his army would be saved; but Daniel Morgan barred the way. Morgan[20] threw himself upon Burgoyne with all the impetuosity of his nature at Bemis Heights (Sept. 19, 1777). On this strategic battle, the destiny of America hung. The disciplined soldiers of Great Britain met a foe with whom they could not cope. The pioneers had learned much of their Indian foes, whose method of fighting was unknown in Europe. In was individualistic, but fatally effective. Marching in loose columns, deploying from the shelter of trees, stumps and underbrush, behind rocks and hummocks, reuniting when occasion demanded, their enemies faced an invisible foe, a flying cloud. Of all the sharp-shooters in the American wilderness the Rifle Rangers were most expert. "Each man, it was said, while marching at double quick could cleave with his rifle-ball a squirrel at a distance of three hundred yards."[21] From dawn until dark the tide of battle surged to and fro. Technically

[20] "Morgan was the first on the field of battle and the last to leave it."—A. C. GORDON.

[21] JOHN FISKE, *American Revolution*, Vol. I, p. 147.

the struggle was a drawn fight, but it sealed the fate of Burgoyne. He reached neither Albany nor Clinton, nor New York nor the British fleet. America was mightily saved.

The Virginia riflemen, who made themselves famous at Bemis Heights, added fresh laurels at the decisive victory three weeks later.[22] Morgan concealed his men in the forest. When the English advanced he poured a murderous fire upon the unsuspecting troops. Without giving them time to recover the riflemen charged and carried the whole right wing before it. When the battle was at its height, Benedict Arnold, Morgan's old friend and fellow-sufferer in Canada, rushed forward on a black horse, and, without orders, assumed command of his veterans. They rallied behind him, and he led them to complete victory. General Gates, who had laid Arnold aside, remained the entire day, prudently, in his tent.

When Burgoyne met Morgan after the battle the British general took him by the hand and exclaimed, "Sir, you command the finest regiment in the world."

Burgoyne[23] surrendered 5,700 men, 35 cannon and 5,000 stand of arms, which Washington sorely needed. Some of the British cannon went south with the patriots and were recaptured by Cornwallis at Camden, and still later they were recaptured again by Morgan at the Cowpens.

A number of General Gates' friends had too much

[22] "But for Arnold and Morgan Burgoyne would, no doubt, have been marching on Albany."—B. J. LOSSING.

[23] Gen. Gates *forgot* to mention Morgan in his report of Burgoyne's surrender.—LOSSING'S *History of United States*, page 282.

ambition for him; especially after the victory of Saratoga, which he did not win. One of them, unwisely, approached Morgan on the subject. Washington was to be superceded by Gates. But he sounded the wrong man!

"I have a favor to ask of YOU," Morgan replied, his eyes flashing. "Never mention *that detestible subject to me again!*"[24]

The exposure of the Canadian winter and the hard life Morgan had led since childhood were telling even on his constitution. He retired for a time to nurse his rheumatic troubles at Winchester. The Hessian prisoners taken at Saratoga built him a house, which retains a quaint distinction that even the most casual observer notices. Congress did not seem to know our hero. He was still a colonel of the Virginia line. Gates, with the laurels of Saratoga fresh upon his brow, was sent to South Carolina to meet Cornwallis. He made an error, when he left Arnold and Morgan behind. At Camden his Saratoga laurels turned to weeping willows.

It was a crushing defeat. Georgia and South Carolina were lost to us. North Carolina was threatened. Morgan buckled on his sword and declared that this was no time for patriots to remain at home and nurse grudges. He joined Gates[25] and was sent to hold Western Carolina as best he could with 900 men. Cornwallis sent 1,100 men under Colonel Tarleton to capture Morgan. Morgan slowly

[24] *George Washington*, WOODROW WILSON, p. 198; *Stories of the Old Dominion*, COOKE.

[25] At Hillsboro, N. C., Sept., 1780. On October 13, 1780, Congress made him a Brigadier-general.

retreated to the Cowpens. This homely name was given years before to pastures of rich grass in the Piedmont section of South Carolina, near the North Carolina line. Camden stock raisers had been accustomed for years to send their cattle to the cowpens to fatten. Morgan's quick eye selected these pastures as the proper place to give Colonel Tarleton a warm reception.[26]

Morgan's plan of battle was simplicity itself. In the first line he placed the South Carolina militia under gallant Andrew Pickens. They were for the most part young and raw recruits, who were ordered to deliver one deadly volley and retire. Behind them stood the veterans of the Continental line, mostly from Maryland, under command of John Eager Howard. These were flanked on either side by Morgan's own men from Virginia.[27] The third line was hidden—a pleasant little surprise. It was a cavalry force under Colonel William Washington.

All happened as Morgan planned. Colonel Tarleton[28] advanced early in the morning as the mists were rising. The Carolinians delivered a galling fire and retired behind the Continental line. The Continentals kept up a steady fire, retreating slowly. Tarleton dashed forward, crying out that the day

[26] Jan. 17, 1781. JOHN FISKE, *War of Independence.*

[27] The Rockbridge riflemen under Capt. James Gilmore, Lt. John Caruthers and John McCorkle were on the left flank. The Augusta men were led by Capts. Tate and Buchanan.—*Men and Events*, A. C. GORDON, p. 22.

"The company rendezvoused at the Widow Teas' tavern, marched by way of Lynchburg and joined Morgan at Hillsboro, N. C. After the battle they returned to Salisbury with 500 prisoners, and were discharged."—*Annals of of Augusta*, WADDELL.

[28] His name was Banastre Tarleton.

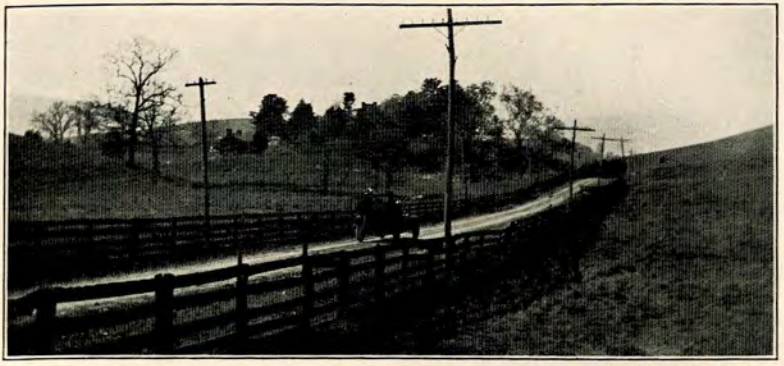

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"FORT CHISWELL in the bluegrass uplands of the present county of Wythe."—P. 137.
As the fort appears today.

Photo by H. P. Cook

DANIEL MORGAN, hero of the Cowpens, died and is buried in Winchester, Va. Eighteen years after his death a new county was organized near his home and given his name. Eight other counties in the South and West were also given his name.—P. 149.

was won, for the Americans were already retreating—and so they were; but they retreated uphill. At the critical moment Colonel Washington[29] charged around the left wing of the Continentals, falling on Tarleton's right. At the same instant, the Carolinians, who had reformed, charged around the right wing of the Continentals, falling on Tarleton's left. At Howard's sharp command, the Marylanders and Virginians leaped forward.[30] Tarleton's line broke under the impact. Tarleton had a hand-to-hand fight with General Washington,[31] but, unfortunately, escaped, thanks to the fleetness of his good horse. Tarleton left eight hundred and fifty of his men dead on the field or taken prisoners. It is astounding that Morgan lost only twelve men! This fight at the Cowpens was the most brilliant single battle of the Revolution and one of the most picturesque battles joined on American soil. It may be said that Cornwallis began his retreat at Cowpens and ended it at Yorktown. Daniel Morgan won this double distinction; he saved the North at Saratoga and the South at the Cowpens.

His old enemy, rheumatism, again laid him[32] inactive, at his home in Winchester. After the war, Congress made him major-general.[33] His neighbors

[29] *History of United States*, B. J. LOSSING, p. 332.

[30] JAMES R. RANDELL refers to this charge in his classic, "My Maryland," "Remember Howard's war-like thrust."

[31] *Hero of Cowpens*, REBECCA MC CONKEY, pp. 233-43.

"Under Greene were three Virginians of remarkable ability, Daniel Morgan, William Washington, a distant cousin of the Commander-in-Chief, and Henry Lee, familiarly known as 'Light Horse Harry,' father of the great general, Robert E. Lee."—*War of Independence*, Chap. 7, JOHN FISKE.

[32] February, 1781.

[33] During the Whiskey Rebellion in Penn., 1795.

sent him to Congress for a term as a Federalist, and he supported the unpopular President, John Adams. In his declining years he spoke of himself as "Old Morgan," a term of endearment borrowed from his "boys," as he always called his devoted soldiers.

"People think Old Morgan never was afraid and never prayed, but people do not know." He told, long years after how he waited in a blinding snowstorm the fateful order to advance upon Bastion St. Roche at Quebec; how his heart sank within him. He fell on his knees beside a cannon and asked God to protect him. He believed that he was panoplied in prayer. It was his only protection that eventful night.

And years later at the Cowpens as Tarleton's glittering line of bayonets advanced he retired into the foliage of a fallen tree nearby and prayed long and earnestly for the victory that came so splendidly and speedily. His victories he always attributed to prayer.

The touch of time had softened and ennobled the rough lad who came tramping into Charles Town so many years before. His country had been generous, even if she acted slowly at times. A quarter of a million acres of land along the Monongahela and Ohio were granted Morgan.

Two daughters blessed his home and brightened his declining years. Like their mother they were queens in the social realm of Shenandoah. The elder married Col. Presly Neville of Pittsburg and was the mother of fifteen children. The younger married Major Heard of New Jersey and five children

came to them. Daniel Morgan counted twenty grandchildren.

One of his last letters was to Washington and one of Washington's last was to him.

Dr. William Hill[34] the veteran pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Winchester baptized the aged warrior and when he died they bore him from that church to his grave on the hill top! Seven of the riflemen who had followed him "from the right bank of the Potomac" now marched beside his coffin, and fired a last salute over the open grave of Braddock's Teamster.

[34] *Life of Morgan*, JAMES GRAHAM.

Chapter XIII

THE HEART OF GREAT DISMAL

In the extreme southeastern corner of Virginia hard against the North Carolina line lies Lake Drummond, the reservoir of Great Dismal,[1] a lake of considerable extent, for its calm, dark waters cover more than thirty square miles. There is a popular tradition that the lake is bottomless, which is absurd. Such traditions, however, die hard. One frequently hears it to this day in parts of Lower Virginia. Lake Drummond has been sounded often and its depth is nowhere over twenty-two feet. Queerly enough the surface of the lake is twenty-two feet above mean high tide. That is to say the deepest places in the lake exactly touch ocean level.

George Washington was the first person to discover that Lake Drummond is higher than Great Dismal. In 1763 he wrote that he had "encompassed the whole," and camped on the eastern shore of the lake. "The Great Dismal Swamp is neither a

[1] "A name given in the South Atlantic States, especially in North Carolina, to a tract of land, swampy, covered by half-decayed wood and saturated with water. Some of the so-called dismals are peat-bogs. The Great Dismal Swamp lies on the border of North Carolina and Virginia. Much of it is a peat-bog and a very large part is covered by a stunted growth of shrubs and dwarfed trees."—*Century Dictionary*.

The Great Dismal Swamp covers about 250 square miles, or 160,000 acres.—N. S. SHALER.

hollow nor a plain, but a hillside. All the rivers of the swamp flow out instead of into it." George Washington owned the swamp. He cut a canal from Lake Drummond to the Nansemond River near Suffolk, still known as "Washington's Ditch."

Lake Drummond and Dismal Swamp show nature in an eccentric mood. This is a country of contradictions and a place of paradoxes. So startling are these queer freaks of nature that one will hardly believe them.

One sails upstream from ocean level at Norfolk for twenty miles. At the village of Deep Creek the locks lift one twenty feet. The straight waterline, known as Dismal Swamp Canal, leading to the inland sounds of North Carolina, skirts the swamp for many miles.[2] Ten miles from Deep Creek one turns sharply to the west into a narrow path of water, called the "Feeder."[3] Towering trees obscure the sun, and the surface of the water is at times completely covered by green, spreading pond lilies.

The appropriate name "Dismal" was given by the earliest settlers; even before the coming of famous William Byrd, who was the historian of the expedition, to survey the original line between the colonies of Virginia and North Carolina.[4] And the name is

[2] The charter to build the canal was dated Dec. 1, 1787, but the first vessel did not pass through until 1822.

[3] The Feeder supplies the canal with water. Lake Drummond is the reservoir.

[4] "When Col. William Byrd in 1728 gave the great morass the name Dismal he did a lasting injury to this whole section."—*History of Nansemond Co.*, JOS. B. DUNN.

That the swamp was called Dismal before the days of Byrd appears from

surely appropriate, for all it be that the lake and swamp are beautiful places with entrancingly lovely landscapes. The dark, red waters of Drummond ripple placidly in the sunshine; shut in on every side by an emerald shore. The vistas of land and water scapes demand admiration of the least aesthetic.[5]

If there were sufficient outlets there would be no lake; and, if no lake, then no swamp. There are several shallow, artificial canals. One northwestward to the Nansemond river at Suffolk, one southward, and the other eastward to the Dismal Swamp Canal.

These artificial streams are constantly filling with debris. If not cleared annually they would soon become entirely choked. The beautiful pond lilies are energetic agents at the work of choking them. Lake Drummond has no inlet. But it is not salt, as are other such lakes. It rather resembles a vast spring whose waters rise from beneath.

The water of the lake is as clear as crystal; but, though clear, is of a reddish brown color.[6] It is bitter to the taste, yet delightful to drink, especially when one becomes accustomed to it. It is reputed very wholesome. The color and taste come of the juniper trees that for uncounted ages have grown in the swamp. In the old days, when there was no

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the sentence in the *Dividing Line*, p. 49, "They hoped to gain immortal Reputation by being the first of Mankind that ventured this the great Dismal."

[5] "Since the surveyors had enter'd the Dismal, they had laid Eyes on no living Creature: neither Bird nor Beast, Insect or Reptile came in view. Doubtless the Eternal Shade that broods over this mighty Bog makes it an uncomfortable Habitation." (Marshall 1728).—WILLIAM BYRD, *Dividing Line*, p. 55.

[6] "Dark waters of the sombre hue of burnt umber."—*Lake of Great Dismal*, C. F. STANSBURY.

cold storage, thousands of barrels of juniper water were used on trans-Atlantic vessels, for it never grows stale.[7]

We have here not only juniper water but juniper soil, vegetable fibre, preserved rather than decomposed. Giant trees and thick underbrush grow out of the mould. Dig where you will huge trees are uncovered excellently preserved. And so it comes to pass that timber is mined in Dismal Swamp as well as cut. The finest quality of shingles, they say, are made of these juniper logs.

The soil is inflammable. One may see a paradoxical sight—a swamp on fire, and the soil aflame! During very dry seasons the whole face of the earth literally burns.[8] Holes with the charred embers of these swamp conflagrations are found throughout the swamp, two, three and even four feet deep. Of course when the fire eats the mould to sufficient depth it forms a well, the water rising in which automatically stops the flame! We dare say that nowhere else on earth do fires dig wells. Nowhere else do flames draw water for their own quenching. Lumbermen and natives save their cabins by ditching around about.

Lake Drummond is as lonely as the Everglades of Florida, or the deserts of the far west. And yet half the people on the continent of North America live within a day's ride! Unbroken silence broods over the bosom of the lake, and a deeper silence still

[7] Sketch of Dismal Swamp, *Virginia*, HENRY HOWE.

[8] The swamp burned for two months during the fall of 1926, and the smoke covered Norfolk like a pall, when the wind was from the south. Norfolk is twenty miles from Lake Drummond.

over the drowned lands that surround it for miles on every side. Now and again a party of sportsmen will venture into the thicket, but so dense is the undergrowth and so insecure the footing that only the hardiest penetrate beyond the fringes of the bogs. For the most part the bear, deer and serpents have a safe and undisturbed retreat in the thickets of black gum, cypress, juniper and pine.[9]

Towering trees, graceful vines, fragrant flowers, and such perennial beauty on land and water may be found only in tropic climes. The gentle breeze wafts sweet perfume over the placid waters. It is the breath of the swamp laurel, a variety of dwarfed magnolia. Or, perhaps, it is the incense of honeysuckle which grows luxuriantly. Or, it may be the delicate fragrance of pure, white, water-lilies. But for all the prodigality of beauty and the riot of fragrance and color "Dismal" is the only name for the swamp. Ten steps into the thicket, and beware lest you will never find the path you have left. And at every step be on your guard, for serpents are everywhere in evidence. When St. Patrick expelled the snakes from Ireland they must all have migrated to Dismal Swamp. It is a very paradise for reptiles.[10]

Drummond was a young Virginian, who in colonial

[9] "Dismal Swamp is the greatest game preserve on the Atlantic Seaboard. Bears abound. At least two hundred are killed annually. Deer are plentiful. Wild cattle, otters, mink, and coons are very numerous. On the margins of the Swamp wood-cock abound as nowhere else in this part of the world."—JOS. B. DUNN.

[10] "No snake will go near white ash. If you are bitten and can't get brandy, chew the leaves of the white ash, and swallow the juice. It's a certain antidote."—C. F. STANSBURY.

Many authors declare that serpents are "rare" in Great Dismal. They are simply mistaken.

Photo—Courtesy Norfolk-Portsmouth News Bureau

LAKE DRUMMOND

"The color and taste of the juniper water come of the juniper trees that for countless ages have grown in the swamp."—P. 152.

days followed a deer into the recesses of the swamp. He lost his game, and he lost his way; and the swamp, like a living thing, closed upon him. His frantic efforts to retrace his steps were vain. Indeed he sank deeper and deeper into the bogs as he wandered. He reached the shores of the lake locked in the heart of the swamp. At last he toiled back to firm ground more dead than alive and told of the beautiful expanse of water he had found. Since that time Drummond Lake has been a memorial to his trying experience and painful discovery.[11]

It should be said, however, that some historians derive the name of the lake from William Drummond,[12] one of our first martyrs to the cause of liberty. He was a native of Scotland, who came to Virginia in 1660. Sir William Berkeley, the tyrannical and irascible governor of Virginia, sent Drummond to North Carolina to serve two years as the first governor of the new colony, which was then making a feeble beginning on the shores of Albemarle Sound and the Chowan river. In 1663 King Charles II granted a charter to some of his favorites. The new colony began at the Virginia line and extended to St. John's river, now the northern boundary of Florida. Ten years before the king gave the charter, one Roger Greene made a settlement on the banks of the Chowan near the present town of Edenton. Roger Greene was the first North Carolinian, as

[11] This story is told in the "Huntsman in the South" by ALEX HUNTER. His chapter on the swamp is interesting and readable. We doubt the accuracy of his local history.

[12] On the Drummond family see LYON G. TYLER'S *Cyc. of Va. Biog.*, Vol. I, p. 226.

Drummond was the first executive. Drummond returned to Jamestown (1667) after two years in the Albemarle country. In 1676 he sat as a burgess for James City county. In the trying times of Bacon's Rebellion Drummond was Bacon's ardent and enthusiastic supporter.[13] He held Jamestown for Bacon and, when the little village was no longer tenable, he set fire to the town, with his own hand firing his residence, one of the most considerable in the village.

But Sir William Berkeley got the upper hand. William Drummond was captured and brought before him.[14] The vindictive old governor could not hide his satisfaction. "I am more glad to see you, Mr. Drummond, than any man in this colony! You shall be hanged in half an hour."

The British government did not approve of Sir William Berkeley's high-handed massacres. Drummond's property was restored to Sarah, his widow. He left five children, one of them a son, also William, and one daughter, who married Samuel Swann, governor North Carolina. The lake of Dismal Swamp bears the name of patriot or sportsman. None can decide at this late hour which Drummond rightly claims the honor.[15]

[13] He insisted that Berkley should be deposed.—*Hist. of U. S.*, BANCROFT, Vol. I, pp. 551-3.

[14] *Va. Under the Stuarts*, WERTENBAKER, pp. 163-194.

[15] This sentence from *The Dividing Line* would indicate that Lake Drummond was not discovered in 1728. "It is the Source of no less than five Several Rivers which discharge themselves Southward into Albemarle Sound, and of two that run northerly into Virginia. 'Tis easy to imagine that the soil must be thoroughly soakt with Water, especially since there is no Lake to be seen on the surface." (We judge, therefore, that the Drummond name was given for the hunter, not the patriot.)

See *Dismal Swamp and Lake Drummond*, ROBT. ARNOLD.

History and literature have added their classic charms of nature's lavish gifts, and do tribute to Swamp and Lake.

In the earlier days of the Revolution Lord Dunmore, our last royal governor, received a sound thrashing at Great Bridge,[16] just east of Dismal Swamp. This victory was an American Thermopylae. The patriot victory, unfortunately, resulted in the complete destruction of Norfolk, at that time the largest and wealthiest city in Virginia.

In 1803 Thomas Moore,[17] the Irish bard, spent ten days in Norfolk. "Uncle Tony," an expert negro guide took the poet to Lake Drummond. The poem is said to have been written the night after he returned from the trip. It does not approach his other poems of sentiment. Its literary value is slight.

THE LAKE OF THE SWAMP

Written at Norfolk, Virginia

[They tell of a young man, who lost his mind

[16] See Chap. XIV.

[17] "In 1805 Thomas Moore visited Norfolk. The hip-roofed, dormer windowed house he lived in is still standing on East Main Street. Its windows are broken but the walls of sturdy English brick are still intact."—ELEANOR S. JOHNSON, Norfolk, 1904. (Mrs. Johnson's date is incorrect.)

While in Norfolk (Nov., 1803) he wrote a poem to his niece, but it has no local interest.

His host here was George Morgan, Esq., to whom he wrote a poem from Bermuda (Jan., '04), but no mention is made of this city.

That he did not like Norfolk is made plain by this note: "Norfolk it must be owned presents an unfavorable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight politician or moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in least attractive form."—*British Poets*, MOORE, Vol. II, p. 35.

upon the death of the girl he loved, and who suddenly disappeared from his friends and was never heard of afterwards. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but had gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.]

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear;
Till he, starting, cried from his dream awake,
"O when shall I see the dusky lake
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light."
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him far from the shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen, at the hour of midnight, damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp
And paddle their white canoe!

In slavery times the swamp was a frequent refuge for run-away negroes. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote a poem inspired by this fact. It has no great literary value; but is, of course, of local interest. The accurate description he gives of Dismal Swamp would indicate that he had visited the place, though I have never heard that he did so. It would be impossible for a slave hiding in the thickets to hear a horse's tramp, but such a criti-

cism, though it occurs to anyone who has visited the swamp, may seem trivial; especially as poets are allowed considerable latitude in their descriptions.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP[18]

In the dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth.

[18] It is worthy of note that Longfellow adopted the metre, rhyme, and exact treatment of Thos. Moore in his poem.

Dismal Swamp makes fine farming land when drained, as many acres have been. Some day it will feed multitudes. When the rich soaked soil is demanded, canals will be thrown across the great morass, the waters will subside, homesteads and villages will rise, and we will have the story of Holland again. This work has already been begun. Magnificent crops are raised each year along the fringes of the swamp. Before it is redeemed, beautiful Lake Drummond must pass, and its romance and beauty will remain only as a memory.

The original swamp was one-third more extensive than the swamp today.

"There can be no question that the whole area, except small strips here and there is readily to be won to tillage by simple and comparatively inexpensive improvements.

"Nowhere else in the world is there so large a field for gardens, so near great markets."—*Genealogy of Dismal Swamp*, NORTH S. SHALER.

For details of the swamp, *The Lake of the Great Dismal* (1925), CHAS. FRED STANSBURY.

Chapter XIV

GREAT BRIDGE, AN AMERICAN THERMOPYLAE

Eight miles south of Norfolk on the ragged edges of Great Dismal Swamp sleeps a little village called Great Bridge. The sluggish waters of the Elizabeth river wind hither and thither, lazily seeking an outlet to the sea. Miles upon miles of sedge stretch away in dull monotony of brown and green. Houses are scattered along the highway wherever a firm foundation may be had upon the fluid soil. A canal twenty feet deep unites the Chesapeake with the sounds of Carolina. It leads straight away, east and west, regarding neither village, swamp nor river. Passing barges loaded to the gunwale seem to float over waves of coarse, marsh grass.

The bridge of Great Bridge is no longer great. For a full half-mile the bridge once spanned river and marsh, but a dyke was thrown up to carry the road over the marsh, and the bridge of the present day is great only in name. A sluggish little brook of yellow water seeps out of the drowned lands, and is by courtesy called a river. Six miles below, however, this brook has grown, expanded and deepened until the mightiest superdreadnaughts built by man make their anchorage upon its ample bosom. We suppose no other river in this broad land grows

Photo by H. C. Mann

"The sluggish waters of Elizabeth River wind hither and thither lazily seeking an outlet to the sea. Miles upon miles of sedge stretched away in dull monotony of green and brown."—P. 162.

to such importance from so humble an origin, and in so short space. Rivers like men are not to be lightly esteemed because of an obscure beginning.

But it is not these things material, nor the unique beauty of wilderness, water and sedge that draws the stranger to Great Bridge. It is, rather, the glory of a bloody, winter's day a century and half ago. Here two nations, two civilizations, two systems of life, thought and economy met in death grapple. Strangely enough the story is rarely told, and the more's the pity for it is a thrilling tale and one pregnant with consequences. This was a battle of giants and surely they fought well; whether victors or vanquished.

The last royal governor in Virginia was a tactless Scot, John Murray, who was encumbered with the weighty title, "Earl of Dunmore." Had he been a stronger man or less betitled, his fate had been less pitiable. The stupidity of the British ministry in sending such a man to such a colony at such a time is simply inexplicable. It is to recall the old Roman proverb, "Quem vult Deus deperdere, dementat prius," "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Virginia was the richest jewel in the British crown, and for ten years, since the speech of a rustic orator, Patrick Henry by name, at Hanover Court House, Virginia had been aflame with threatened rebellion. And yet they sent the Earl of Dunmore![1]

[1] Lord Dunmore was descended directly in the maternal line from the royal house of Stuart. His wife, Elizabeth, was the daughter of the Earl of Gallo-

Driven from the frontier by angry Andrew Lewis, saved from mob violence in Williamsburg only by the influence of Edmund Pendleton and Peyton Randolph, Dunmore determined to plant the royal standard at Norfolk. His choice did not exhibit any great discretion. Norfolk was the metropolis of Virginia[2] and one of the most promising towns in North America, as town went in those days. In her population of 6,000 many were English and Scotch merchants, agents and other factors. The broad, shining waters of Hampton Roads, the deep, dark waters of the Elizabeth, the inaccessible tangle of Dismal Swamp flanked this rich section of Lower Virginia and by the same token separated it almost completely from the rest of the colony. Fed by the fertile farms of Princess Anne and the teeming waters of Lynnhaven the little city was in no danger of famine. The Earl of Dunmore's last move filled the patriots with just alarm. Their metropolis and wealthy Lower Virginia should not be lost to the American cause without a blow!

There was then, and there is to this good day, but

way. Dunmore was first appointed Governor of New York, and then moved to Virginia. As soon as he arrived in Virginia he dissolved the Assembly.

GEORGE WASHINGTON wrote of him at the time of the battle of Great Bridge: "I do not think that forcing his lordship on shipboard is sufficient. Nothing less than depriving him of life or liberty will secure peace to Virginia as motives of resentment actuate his conduct to a degree equal to the total destruction of the colony."

[2] "The largest town in the province."—JOHN BURKE. "Its population amounted to several thousands, among whom were many Scotch traders not well disposed to the American cause."—*History of United States*, RICHARD HILDRETH, Chap. 32.

"Said to have had 6,000 inhabitants, including the blacks."—*Travels in the Confederation* (Schoepf), A. J. MORRISON, Vol. II, p. 97.

one road over dry land to Norfolk. It swung to the south, fringed the edges of Dismal Swamp and crossed the headwaters of the Elizabeth on the dyke at Great Bridge.

The Committee of Safety[3] (which was the democratic name for the Virginian Directorate established by the Revolutionary Convention), at whose head sat Edmund Pendleton,[4] ordered Col. William Woodford, of Caroline County, and the minute men of Culpeper, Fauquier and Augusta to strike the Governor at Norfolk by way of Great Bridge. Washington was at Boston as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. Patrick Henry, who was commander of the state militia, was in Philadelphia where his pen and voice were more useful than his sword. Andrew Lewis was busy in the mountains of the west, but it was reserved for him, in later days, to strike one last blow at his old enemy, the Earl.[5]

Colonel Woodford was the man of the hour and a worthy leader he proved himself then and later. His minute men were those who had rallied to the call of Patrick Henry in the spring of this memorable year—1775. They marched under the famous Culpeper banner on the yellow ground of which were

[3] The personnel of the Committee is interesting: Edmund Pendleton, George Mason, John Page, Richard Bland, Thomas Ludwell Lee, Paul Carrington, Dudley Digges, William Cabell, Carter Braxton, James Mercer and John Tabb.

[4] JOHN ESTEN COOKE's brief description of Edmund Pendleton is very fine. —*History of Virginia*, pp. 413-15.

"His mother was a grandniece of Judge Edmund Pendleton."—*Alumni Bulletin*, University of Va., Jan., '23, p. 91.

[5] At Gwynn's Island. July 9, 1776.

the coiled rattlesnake and the words, "Don't Tread on Me. Liberty or Death." They also wore the immortal phrase of Henry in white letters on green hunting shirts. They made a picturesque appearance, with coon skin caps, the tail of the coon hanging behind, with the old flint-lock rifles which rarely missed the mark, with leather breeches, scalping knives at their waists and moccasins on their feet. They were grim and determined men. He who met them had best beware. They were three hundred strong; and they came seeking the Earl!

Meanwhile the Earl had not been idle. His men built a fort at Great Bridge on the last foot of firm ground before the quaking marsh was reached. They planted cannon to command dyke and road. They numbered five hundred; some were liberated slaves, some tories, and one hundred of them were seasoned veterans of the British army. Their position at the bridgehead was too strong for the Virginians to carry by assault.

When the two hostile forces had watched each other for a week across tiny river and broad morass, a slave of Major Tom Marshall deserted (or feigned desertion). He reported to Dunmore that there were only three hundred "shirtmen" at the Bridge, and that they were expecting reinforcements from Virginia and North Carolina. The negro's tale was true. Col. Robert Howe with a Carolina regiment arrived several days after the battle.[6]

[6] "Colonel Howe of the 2nd N. C. regiment with 358 men."—JOHN BURKE. Sketch of Gen. Robt. Howe of N. C. by MRS. ISA CARRINGTON CABELL, *Appleton Cycl. of Amer. Biog.*

The Earl ordered an immediate attack. His Captain Fordyce was not the man to disobey orders. In the dull light of a frosty winter morning the Virginia sentinels were driven in. The attack was led by the red-coated regulars. They crossed dyke and bridge, but not a shot was fired. When within one hundred and fifty feet of the breastworks the minute men poured into their ranks a volley of lead. Every man chose his man and covered him—that was the way they fought Indians on the frontier—and the red line fell.[7]

Brave Captain Fordyce was struck in the knee. He, too, fell, but sprang to his feet, waved his hat to his men and called out, "The day is ours!" Within fifty feet of the Rattlesnake flag fourteen colonial bullets found their mark.[8] Every officer in the attacking army was killed, and every man within rifle range was killed or wounded. The rest retreated in wild disorder to the fort. Col. Edward Stevens[9] and a hundred men had taken position on a hummock at the extreme end of the Virginian line and poured in a murderous cross fire. The British loss was 102, the Virginians had not lost a man nor was one wounded (save one soldier wounded slightly in his hand).

Under a flag of truce the Virginians buried Captain Fordyce that day with all the honors of war. His uncoffined body was laid to rest on the extreme southern point of the island in full view of the British in

[7] CHAS CAMPBELL gives a vivid account of the battle: *History of Virginia*, p. 152.

[8] *Stories of the Old Dominion*, JOHN ESTEN COOKE, Chap. XII.

[9] Like William Woodford, Edward Stevens has been forgotten in Virginia.

their fort. The place is now a tangle of pines and vines, and a lofty cypress marks his grave.

Had Colonel Woodford pressed his advantage Norfolk would have been captured that day. But he turned a deaf ear to the clamors of his men. It was rumored that a company of Highlanders had arrived and were marching to the relief of their brothers. A band of Highlanders, men, women and little children, had arrived. They were on their way to the Cape Fear settlements of North Carolina to join their kindred and friends. The Earl could not or would not help them, Scots though they were, and they were reduced to starvation in the streets of Norfolk. The people of the town relieved their necessities and forwarded them to Carolina.

Next morning the British fort was deserted. Five days later Colonel Woodford and his men entered Norfolk. The Earl retired to his fleet.[10] His departure marks the end of British domination in Virginia. On January 1, 1776, at the early hour of three in the morning the Earl opened fire on the town. During the cannonade his marines fired the warehouses along the waterfront. The conflagration raged for fifty hours and the city was completely destroyed. The thick walls of the Borough Church alone remained standing, a fireswept and blackened ruin. It is today the sole relic of the colonial period, now called St. Paul's. The Virginians and North Carolinians retreated by land, the Earl by

[10] There was a sharp, but not bloody, battle along the Norfolk waterfront and in the town, begun at 3 p. m. Christmas Day. The British and Tories fired the town but were driven to the fleet by Col. Edward Stevens.—*History of Virginia*, BURKE, Vol. III, pp. 450-51.

sea, and Norfolk was left for nearly a year without a single inhabitant—a fireswept waste.

The importance of this battle has never been appreciated. Its influence was far reaching. It redeemed Lower Virginia from the rule of Dunmore. It saved the Chesapeake counties of Virginia and Maryland from British invasion for years, and rendered Eastern Carolina also secure. This battle marks the end of the colonial period that had begun 168 years before when the first colonists entered the Virginia capes. The moral effect of the battle of Great Bridge was of first importance to the American cause.[11] It took rank as a Revolutionary Thermopylae. Three hundred minute men from the Rappahannock, with only rifles in their hands, defeated without the loss of a single man a hundred veterans of Great Britain, and four hundred other recruits. The Earl had great resources including cannon and even a fleet. These men from up-state had driven them off the land and forced them to take refuge on the waters of the Chesapeake! Such encouragement was needed in the dark days when Canada had been lost and New England overrun.

The battle is also of great historic interest because of the men who participated. Col. William Woodford was made General of the First Virginia Brigade. He was wounded at the Brandywine, fought like the lion that he was at Germantown and Monmouth. He marched his Virginians and North Carolinians 500 miles in 28 days to the relief of

[11] *Harper's Encyclop. of American History* has a picture of Great Bridge. Vol. IV.

Charleston, S. C., where he was captured by the British, transported to New York, and died in prison before the end of the war. A county in Kentucky bears his name. It is in the heart of the Blue Grass, and Versailles is its county seat. In Illinois there is a large county near Peoria that is also called for him.

Col. Edward Stevens, who did more of the actual work on the battlefield than Colonel Woodford, was born in Culpeper about thirty years before. At the Brandywine he did much to save the day, holding a difficult position against great odds until sunset when he drew off with honor. He, too, was at Germantown and became a Brigadier. He was in the thick of the fight at Camden, Guilford and Yorktown. After the war he represented his native county in the state senate and died at a ripe age.

The greatest name connected with Great Bridge is that of Chief Justice John Marshall. A youth of twenty-one he here received his baptism of fire. His father, Major Tom Marshall, of Fauquier, was the man to whom many attribute the stratagem that brought the British into the fatal engagement.

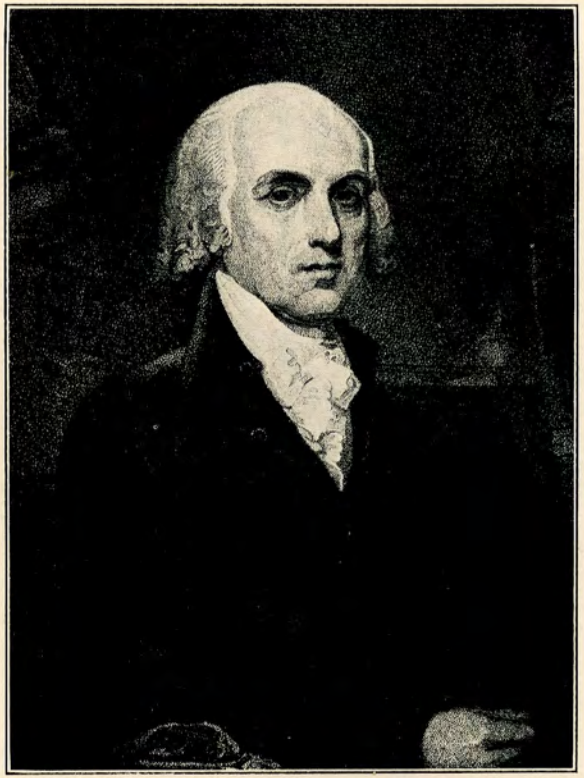

Photo by H. P. Cook

JAMES MADISON
From and Old Print.

Photo by H. P. Cook

DOLLY MADISON
Portrait by Peale.

Chapter XV

DOLLY MADISON

"Dolly," said Mrs. Washington, "is it true that you are engaged to James Madison?" The fair widow, taken aback answered stammeringly, "No; she thought not."

"If it is so," Mrs. Washington continued, "do not be ashamed to confess it; rather be proud. He will make thee a good husband, and all the better for being so much older. We both approve it. The esteem and friendship existing between Mr. Madison and my husband is very great, and we would wish thee to be very happy."—Memoirs of Dolly Madison.

The Executive Mansion at Washington has sheltered many a queenly woman, but none more so than Dolly Madison.[1] She reigned, "the first lady of the land" through four successive administrations, the most brilliant and successful this country has known. Thomas Jefferson was a widower. His two daughters, Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Eppes, were married to Virginia planters; so for eight years Dolly Madison was called to preside for him. She was a neighbor and close personal friend of long standing, and the wife of his tried and trusted Secretary of State.

[1] *Dolly Madison*, MAUD WILDER GOODWIN, and *Life of Madison*, GAILLARD HUNT, and *Ladies of the White House*, LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

Madison succeeded Jefferson, and Dolly now presided in her own right. She was, therefore, the social leader of our land twice as long as the longest. The story of her life is fascinating. It reads more like a romance than the sober page of history.

Two hundred years ago, and more beside, an Englishman settled in the county of Goochland, Va., with Mary Fleming, his bride.[2] Their son, John Payne, received from his prosperous father a plantation in North Carolina which he did not take care of very well. John fell desperately in love with a maid of Hanover, Mary Coles. Now Mary was the first cousin of that rustic young lawyer of Hanover, Patrick Henry, whose fame was fast filling the world. John and Mary made their home in Hanover, to be near the older folks, no doubt, but occasionally they journeyed to their Carolina estate. On such a visit a sweet little girl was born. They named her Dorothy for her grand-aunt, Patrick Henry's mother. (May 20, 1772.)[3]

John and Mary Payne were Quakers of the strictest sect. Little Dolly loved jewels and lace and other such things dear to the heart of little girls, and big ones, too, as I have often noticed. Grandmother Coles thought that Dolly should have them if she wanted them, and have them she did, despite the parental frown. Dolly wore them for safe-keeping in a little bag tied about her fair, young neck. But, alas! one day, on her way to the old field school in

[2] For a sketch of James and Dolly Madison by JOHN FISKE, see *Appleton's Cycl. of Amer. Biog.*, Vol. IV., pp. 165-171.

[3] *Queens of Society*, ELLET, MRS. ELIZ. FRIES.

the woods of Hanover, she lost bag, jewels and all! It was the first tragedy of her eventful life. Though they had no sympathy with the frivolities of life, Dolly's parents knew well enough that the little girl was exceeding fair to look upon. She was never permitted to go out of doors without a great sunbonnet, long gloves, and even a linen mask to protect her from sun and wind, tan and freckles!

John Payne owned many slaves, which was contrary to the teachings of the gentle Quakers. He sold his negroes to neighbors who were not troubled with such scruples, and moved to Philadelphia, the the head center of the Friends. There he became a great man in meeting. But, what with lavish Virginia hospitality in the city, what with a lack of business skill, and what with a great sum in Revolutionary securities, which became valueless, John Payne lost his fortune and died at length penniless and humiliated.

But he was peculiarly blessed in his children, was John Payne. Dolly's little sister Lucy, while yet a lass of fifteen, captured the heart of a rich and dashing young cavalier, who came riding out of the Valley of Virginia—George Steptoe Washington, son of Samuel, the brother of George Washington and the heir to a magnificent estate, "Harewood," near Charles Town and the beautiful Shenandoah. Lucy was no sooner married and gone than another young man, John Todd, came asking Dolly. Dolly was just turned nineteen, and soberly told John Todd that she had decided never to marry! That old story has wrung the heart of many a young man with

anguish both before John Todd's day and since. Dolly's parents decided that it would never do. John Todd was a most desirable young man. The City of Brotherly Love could offer no better—a strict Quaker himself, very rich, very moral, very aristocratic, very young and very much in love.

Dolly promised her dying father that she really would marry John Todd if he wished it, and he assured Dolly that he did wish it most heartily; and so it came to pass.

Three short, happy years passed. Philadelphia was stricken with a fearful epidemic of yellow fever. President Washington fled to Mount Vernon, and other public men followed his prudent example. The great city was deserted. Great it was indeed—the largest city in America, with at least 25,000 inhabitants. John Todd hurried his young wife and two little children to the country and returned to town to soothe the deathbed of his father and mother, who were stricken almost simultaneously. John, too, caught the dreadful malady and died in Dolly's arms. Her infant son also died, and Dolly herself lay, after this double bereavement, at death's door, but was spared. She returned to Philadelphia in due time a widow, very young, very rich and very beautiful. With her came her little son, John Payne Todd. The young men of Philadelphia are accused of "stationing themselves" advantageously that they might see her pass to and from the Quaker meeting-house.[4] A good friend of Dolly's (of course it was

[4] "Among the rival candidates for her affections Mr. Madison, then in the zenith of his fame, became the favored object of her choice."—*Life of Madison*, RIVES, Vol. III, p. 462.

another young lady) expostulated with her: "Really, Dolly, thou must hide thy face, there be so many staring at thee."

After the havoc of the epidemic (1793) Mrs. Mary Coles Payne found in her financial embarrassment that she must open her once wealthy and exclusive home to boarders. Good boarding places were in much demand, especially on the part of public men, who came to the capital of this young and growing nation. The senator from New York, Aaron Burr, obtained board with Mrs. Payne. Burr had been educated at Princeton under that great and noble Presbyterian divine, John Witherspoon. He had as a schoolmate a young Virginian from Orange county, James Madison. Burr and Madison do not seem to have been fast friends, albeit they were even now two of the most conspicuous leaders in the same political party. The Virginia congressman was regarded on all hands as an unimpressionable old bachelor. He was forty-two and had never had a love affair! A hopeless record for any young man. But at last his hour had come. He saw the beautiful widow on one of her walks about town, fell in love with her, at sight, was wise, and ungallant, enough to follow her to her home! Presto! She is the daughter of the hostess of Senator Burr. The rest was easy, even for less a man than James Madison. A little note from Dolly to a friend is still preserved: "Dear Friend, thou must come to me. Aaron Burr says the 'great little Madison' has asked to be brought to see me this evening."

They called him "great" because he was the author

of the Constitution of the United States, or more nearly so than any other man. He had been an influential leader in Virginia since he was twenty years old. It would be long to tell why Madison was justly called great by his friends. He was small, weak of body, and slightly built, hence "little."

Dolly had been a widow only a few months. But the Quakers do not wear mourning, and Dolly's was one of those sunny dispositions that carry their troubles lightly. She had a delightful dash of Irish in her from her mother, had Dolly. The courting went forward fast and furiously. The great, little Madison simply could not and would not wait. You see, he had waited so long already. Finally Dolly set the day—September 15, 1794.[5]

Let us all agree to forget that poor John Todd had died October 24, 1793! Just imagine how gossip buzzed over a thousand mahogany tables in Philadelphia and Virginia! I am sure the ladies, one and all, did not approve of it. She should have waited at least two years. Such haste was simply unthinkable! But, then, what was a poor widow to do with such a man as Madison on her hands—and in her heart?

Mrs. Payne had closed her boarding-house and gone to "Harewood" to live with Lucy, Mrs. Washington. To this fine old mansion, built of substantial limestone at the end of a matchless avenue of lofty elms, with the Blue Ridge standing at guard

[5] In a letter to James Monroe, Madison wrote: "Present my best respects to Mrs. Monroe and Eliza. I shall be able on their return to present them with a new acquaintance. The event which puts this in my power took place on the 15th of September."—*Life of Madison*, RIVES, Vol. III, p. 463.

far to the east, and the Great North mountain rearing its barrier to the west, came Dolly for the wedding. Standing before the blue marble mantel, a gift to Samuel Washington from Lafayette, Dolly and James Madison plighted their troth. The rector of Christ Church,[6] Winchester, a cousin of Madison, whom he had brought down the Valley for this happy occasion, said the words for them (Sept. 15, 1794).

Through the delightful autumn woods, tinged with the colors of the dying year, James and Dolly rode slowly over the Blue Ridge to Montpelier.[7] This estate of 2,500 acres had been the home of the Madisons for three generations. Madison's great ambition was to lead the bucolic life of a scientific farmer.[8] But that was not to be. In Piedmont Virginia there lived three planters who were the closest personal and political friends. Each was a man of magnificent talents and lofty patriotism. Unconsciously they formed the strongest and most successful political alliance the nation has ever known. Their mutual admiration and co-operation not only raised them each in turn to the presidency, and held them in the chair eight years, but was also of the greatest possible benefit to the young and feeble republic over whose destinies they presided. It need hardly be said that these three farmers were Thomas Jefferson, of Albemarle, James Madison, of Orange,

[6] Rev. Alex. Belmaine, according to *Queens of Society*, ELLET.

[7] "Montpelier was situated in a beautiful region, and the natural beauty was heightened by art."—*Wives*, GAMALIEL BRADFORD, p. 130.

[8] For the history of the Montpelier estate see MRS. SALE'S *Manors of Virginia*, pp. 259-69.

and James Monroe, of Loudoun. For a quarter of a century the affairs of the nation were directed by the hands of this Virginia dynasty, and on the whole the country has never been governed better.

Dolly spent her time partly in Philadelphia, where her Quaker friends were much concerned lest she leaned too much to the "vanities" of life, and partly at Montpelier. Madison failed of re-election to Congress because he declined to give free whiskey to thirsty voters. But the next presidential election laid John Adams aside and called Jefferson to the White House. Madison was made Secretary of State, which position he held for eight long, difficult years.

Jefferson, like Washington, refused a third term. Under his brilliant leadership the territory of the country had been doubled by the acquisition of Louisiana. The vast West was filling rapidly, the foundations of many states and of countless cities and towns were being laid in all the region from the Blue Ridge to the Missouri river. Madison succeeded Jefferson; one hundred and twenty-two votes were cast for him, fifty-three for his two opponents combined.

The atmosphere was surcharged with the coming storm; party lines were tightly drawn and political feeling ran almost as high as it did in 1860.[9] The wife of a prominent Federalist drove to the door of

[9] This irresistable paragraph is from one of Washington Irving's letters (1809). "Mrs. Madison is a fine portly buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everyone. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like two merry wives of Windsor, but as to poor Jemmy Madison—oh, poor Jemmy! He is but a withered little apple-John."

Photo by H. P. Cook

MONTPELIER, the home of James and Dolly Madison. They lie now in the garden near the mansion.—P. 183.

the White House, unloosed her beautiful flowing hair, and cried out passionately that she would gladly give her sun-kissed tresses for a rope with which to hang "Jim" Madison. She lived to repent her folly, as do most of us. If ever there was need for a woman of tact, grace, prudence, and discretion in the White House it was during those trying times. Gentle Dolly was equal to every emergency. She laid aside her Quaker bonnet, with a sigh, when she became the wife of the President, but her beautiful face and winsome manner were as engaging and as compelling as ever. At her table the bitterest enemies sat peacefully side by side, or jostled each other politely in her drawing rooms.[10] In her presence all were friends. On more than one occasion, when gentlemen forgot themselves and words ran high, she left the room and almost immediately returned. The hint was effective.

Madison was a man of peace, but at last he was "kicked into the war," to use an historic phrase. He declared war upon Great Britain June 18, 1812. It must be confessed that the war was pressed diffidently. Madison was mighty with his pen, but feeble with his sword. In the summer of 1814 Admiral Cockburn arrived in the Chesapeake with twenty-one ships of the line and an army of 4,000 veterans fresh from the battles against Napoleon.

Dolly received a message from a British officer

[10] John Quincy Adams wrote of Dolly, "She is a woman of placid, equable temperament, and less susceptible of laceration than most others."—*Wives*, GAMALIEL BRADFORD, p. 128.

that he proposed to burn the White House over her head, which was far from an idle boast. August 24th is the blackest date in the history of Washington City, and the most humiliating in the history of our country. At three in the afternoon battle was joined at Bladensburg, a suburb of Washington. The British were instantly and completely victorious. Within the scattered little town panic reigned. The long wooden bridge that led to Virginia was crowded all day with refugees, men, women, children, white and negroes, horses, wagons with furniture and all portable commodities, fleeing before the invaders. Before sunset the redcoats appeared upon Capitol Hill and confusion became worse confounded! The capitol was fired and as many buildings in the city as possible. The country-side was illuminated for thirty miles.

Madison was with the soldiers. Dolly lingered to the last possible moment, loathe to leave. The enemy was almost at her doors before she would consent to go. With her she carried the Declaration of Independence and a valuable portrait of Washington, which had to be cut from its frame.[11] She

[11] "The story that she cut the portrait of Washington from the frame will probably never be quite disposed of . . . but she took the valuables that seemed to her most essential and hurried across the Potomac."—BRADFORD.

On this item see a letter of Mrs. Madison to her sister quoted in *National Portrait Gallery* (1836) as follows: "Will you believe it my sister? We have had a battle or skirmish near Bladensburgh, and I am still here within sound of the cannon! . . . Two messengers covered with dust came to bid me fly, but I will wait for him. (i.e. Jas. Madison) . . . Our kind friend Mr. Carroll has come to hasten my departure and is in a very bad humor because I insist upon waiting until the large picture of Gen. Washington is unscrewed from the wall."

fled to Georgetown and watched the destruction of the city from the windows of her retreat. The White House was pillaged and burned. The soldiers boasted that they would capture President and Mrs. Madison and ship them to England.

That night a terrible storm broke over Washington. It was a West Indian hurricane. Roofs were carried off as if they had been paper, the rain came down in torrents. Through the storm Dolly pushed on over the almost impassable Virginia roads to a tavern, where Madison had promised to meet her.[12] When she reached the little inn it was crowded with refugees. They were so distraught with anxiety and suffering that they cursed Madison and Dolly as the cause of all their trouble, and refused to let her enter. The storm increased in violence and the lightning played about them, until at last, after hours of exposure, the doors were opened and Dolly and her friends were admitted. The President soon after arrived, nearly dead with anxiety, hunger, exposure and loss of sleep.

At midnight they were aroused. A courier had come with word that the British were again pursuing. Madison took refuge in a miserable little hut in the dripping woods, where he remained as best he could until next day. Dolly disguised herself and left in a wagon. The rumor was false. As a matter of fact, General Ross heard that American reinforcements from Virginia, Pennsylvania and the West were approaching, and he retired to his fleet. Dolly returned promptly to the city to find

[12] *Women in Amer. History*, GRACE HUMPHREY, pp. 101-14.

her former home a charred and blackened mass.[13]

The story is told by Miss Cutts, Dolly's grand-niece, of two ladies who greatly desired to meet the President and his popular wife.[14] They arrived while the family was at breakfast. "Mrs. Madison good-naturedly went into the parlor to be inspected, and put the old ladies quite at their ease by her cordial welcome. They were astonished at seeing so great a person dressed in dark gray, with a white apron, and kerchief pinned across her dress. When they came to leave one of them said, 'P'r'aps you wouldn't mind if I just kissed you to tell my girls about?' Mrs. Madison, not to be outdone by her guests' politeness, gracefully embraced them both, and after many expressions of admiration and friendliness, the delighted old ladies departed."

James Monroe succeeded Madison (1817), and the great little man gladly retired to Montpelier. For twenty years James and Dolly lived happily, the fine old mansion being one of the marked places in this country. The routine was broken by a visit from General Lafayette in 1825. The notable occasion inspired Dolly Madison to burst into song. Her sonnet is extremely interesting because of the subject and author. The little poem has some merit, for a sonnet is the most difficult of poems to pen.[15]

[13] "Mrs. Madison saved her husband, held him back from the extremes of Jeffersonism, enabled him to escape the terrible dilemma of the War of 1812. But for her DeWitt Clinton would have been chosen president in 1812."—JAS. G. BLAINE quoted by BRADFORD.

[14] *Memoirs of Dolly Madison* by her grand-niece.

[15] Library of Southern Literature, Vol. XIV, p. 6107.

LAFAYETTE

Born, nurtured, wedded, prized within the pale
Of peers and princes, high in camp—at court,
He hears in joyous youth, a wild report
Swelling the murmurs of the Western gale
Of a young people struggling to be free.
Straight quitting all, across the wave he flies
And with his sword, wealth, blood, the high emprize!
And shares the glory of its victory.
Then comes for fifty years a high romance
Of toils, reverses, sufferings in the cause
Of man, and justice, liberty and France,
Crowned, at the last, with hope and wide applause.
Champion of Freedom! Well thy race was run!
All time shall hail thee *Europe's Noblest Son.*

Like many another delicate person, Madison outlived a great many of his stouter contemporaries. He reached the patriarchal age of eighty-five (June 28, 1836), and was laid to rest at Montpelier.

Fresh troubles crowded upon Dolly. Her son, John Payne Todd, ran through his fortune, and Dolly was forced to sell Montpelier and move to Washington.[16] She reached the golden age of eighty-two[17] and slowly and peacefully passed to the great beyond. She lies by the side of her distinguished and beloved husband at Montpelier, awaiting the call of her Saviour.

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

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16 "Mrs. Madison's home was on the east side of the square, at the corner of H Street, now known as Madison Square. While in Washington she definitely left the Quakers and was confirmed by Bishop Whittington of Maryland. In her latest days she was a constant attendant at the Church of St. John, built during Madison's administration."—*Social Life in the Early Republic*, WHARTON, p. 306.

17 "She is a young lady of four score years and upward, goes to parties and receives company like the 'Queen of this New World'."—*Diary of Philip Hone*, Vol. II, p. 121.

Chapter XVI

GEORGE HENRY THOMAS, THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA

Southampton, one of the largest counties of Virginia, is drained by three rivers, the Blackwater, Nottoway, and Meherrin, which unite near the North Carolina line to form the Chowan, wide and deep. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, these united streams broaden into Albemarle Sound. The name this worthy county bears is honored by a triple distinction; history, literature and diplomacy. Henry Wriothesley (which the English pronounce Rotsly) was a conspicuous figure at the brilliant court of Queen Elizabeth. He rendered himself forever famous by the rare ministry of friendship. William Shakespeare[1] and other struggling men of letters found in him a friend. He was also the staunch patron of the infant colony on the James in those dark days of failure and discouragement, when the colony needed friends sorely and found but few.[2] This county is not his only memorial, for Hampton Roads also bears the name of the lordly earl. Lord Delaware gave that body of water the cumbersome name, "Earl of Southampton's Roadsted."

[1] To him Shakespeare dedicated "Venus and Adonis."

[2] *Va. County Names*, LONG, pp. 64-5. *Genesis of the United States*, ALEX. BROWN. *Annals of Virginia*, LYON G. TYLER.

It is to be expected that a people who bear such an honored name should produce men and things worth while. The markets of the world have long been filled with the fine bacon and peanuts that come from Southampton farms. This county has produced one statesman, John Y. Mason; and two magnificent soldiers, without whom the cruel history of the Civil War could not be written, George Henry Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," and William Mahone, the "Hero of the Crater." They arrived ten years apart, and five miles apart. General Thomas was born on a fine old farm between Courtland and the village of Newsoms, about five miles north of the Carolina line. General Mahone was born in a much more pretentious house called "Monroe," on the banks of the Nottoway. Both lads were sprung of good Southampton blood.[3] Their kindred still abide in the county, although it is to be regretted that both plantations are now held by strangers. No furniture associated with either family remains in either homestead.

George Henry Thomas was born July 31, 1816.[4] His father, John Thomas,[5] came of Welsh blood, and his mother, Elizabeth Rochelle, was of Huguenot

[3] RD. W. JOHNSON in his *Memoir of Gen. Thomas* speaks of him as being reared in "luxury and ease." This is a mistake. Contrary to the popular impression of ante-bellum days, very, very few Virginia planters lived in luxury and ease. The life of a farmer then, as now, was one of constant labor, often unremunerative. There were few wealthy planters. We doubt whether there was a family in this county that resided in "luxury and ease."

[4] July 30, 1816.—L. P. BROCKETT.

[5] Biographical sketch by COL. HENRY STONE. *Appleton's Cyclop.*, Vol. VI, p. 79.

descent.[6] The family was neither rich nor poor. James Parker a neighbor living near Jerusalem (Courtland), maintained a primitive academy for his own and his neighbors' children (a custom in rural Virginia one hundred years ago) and in this school George Henry received the rudiments of his education.

Southampton County was the scene of Nat Turner's insurrection (August, 1831), when sixty-odd frenzied negroes under his leadership murdered fifty-five white persons, men, women and children, indiscriminately, first and last. During the raid Nat Turner's gang visited the Thomas plantation but the family had fled. George Henry was at that time a lad of fifteen.

His father wished him to study law, and he turned to it for a while. His uncle James Rochelle appointed the young man of nineteen deputy clerk of the county. But after a year he received an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point, and decided upon a military career.[7] He has been described as a young man of fine physical proportions, standing six feet two in his stockings, his fair complexion bronzed by constant exposure, of brown hair, sandy beard, eyes keen and blue, countenance open and address winning, though the passing years added an ever sterner aspect to his face. Thoroughness rather than alertness was the chief virtue of this young man.

[6] Biographical sketch by CAPT. WILLARD GLAZIER. *Heroes of Three Wars*, p. 304.

[7] "He entered West Point July 1, 1836."—WILLIAM HARRISON LAMBERT.

He "entered West Point June 1, 1836."—*General Thomas*, HENRY COPPEE, p. 5.

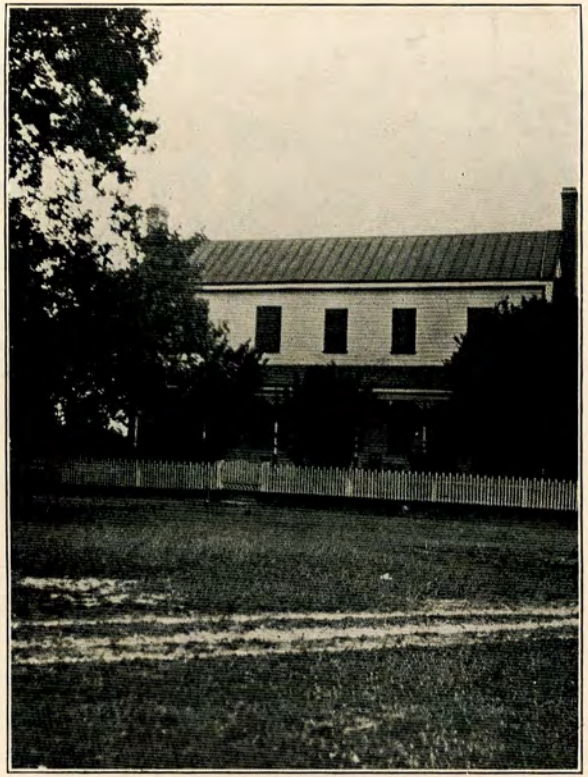

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"I stood under the shadow of a gigantic oak, before the plain, substantial old homestead from which George Henry Thomas had gone forth a century before."—P. 196.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

In the little room with the entry to the rear, George Henry Thomas was born July 31, 1816.—P. 196.

John Y. Mason had the appointment to the vacancy at West Point. His attention was called to the young deputy and he spoke to James Rochelle of his nephew. When the appointment was offered him, George Henry accepted with alacrity. As he travelled to West Point he called on his benefactor at Washington to thank him for the appointment.

"No cadet from my district has ever yet graduated from West Point. If you do not graduate I never want to see your face again," was Hon. John Young Mason's parting word.

At West Point he took low rank the first year. But each year he rose until at graduation he stood twelfth from the top.

The cadets gave him two nicknames—"George Washington" from a real (or probably a fancied) resemblance to the great Virginian—and "Slow Trot" because he thought and moved with deliberation unusual in one so young.[8]

When he graduated they sent him to the swamps of Florida to fight the Seminoles, and then to the plains of Texas. He marched into Mexico under General Zachary Taylor and was brevetted captain on the battlefield at Monterey for bravery. Again he was brevetted at Buena Vista, and his fame as an accurate artillerist filled the army.

The good folk of Southampton followed the career of the young soldier with immense pride and satisfaction. They assembled at the court-house, now Courtland, then Jerusalem, and presented him with a

[8] The sketch of Gen. Thomas in the *Encyclop. Britannica* is unusually well done. It is full, accurate and fair in its estimate.

superb sword,[9] a tribute of their admiration and affection. After the death of his two maiden sisters, Misses Judith and Fannie Thomas, the sword was placed in the State museum at Richmond, where it may still be seen. In later days some of those who presented it wished it returned; but the request was never made. After the Civil War, he repeatedly asked his sisters to send him the sword, which they never did. No two women in the South were more intensely loyal to the Confederacy than Judith and Fannie Thomas.

While teaching at West Point (1852) the young officer met Miss Frances L. Kellogg, of Troy, New York. They were married in the fall (November 17) and she was a worthy wife to a distinguished husband. Though none of his biographers mention it we make bold to suggest that her influence would likely be a potent factor in the decision he must and did make in 1861.

While Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War (1855) two companies of cavalry were organized, which became famous because of the men, especially the Southern men, who were officers. Captain Thomas was made major[10] and among his fellow-officers were

[9] "The costly sword he prized above all gifts and deemed too precious to be worn except on the occasion of his marriage."—W. S. DREWRY.

See also *Life of Maj. Gen. Thomas*, THOS. B. VAN HORNE, pp. 7-8.

"The meeting was held July 19, 1847. HENRY COPPEE. Capt. James Magill presided and the resolutions were read by Col. William C. Parker. Thomas was not present, but the sword was presented him by his noble and heroic commander, Maj. Gen. Z. Taylor."—GEN. THOMAS DONN PIATT, pp. 67-8.

[10] "Capt. Thomas was promoted to this command at the suggestion of Capt. Bragg who said he did not know a better man for the place."—*Across the Continent*, GEORGE P. PRICE.

Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, William J. Hardee, E. Kirby Smith, Earl Van Dorn, John B. Hood and Fitzhugh Lee.

Thomas counted it always a prime distinction that he was a Virginian. His pride in his state, her people and history was pronounced.[11] But his life was replete with inconsistencies. He was a man of peace, a lover of nature, birds, trees, flowers, rocks and an expert in Natural History. The Smithsonian Institute has specimens sent by him. He was a man of marked modesty, a lover of home, and fond of children. Yet it was his unfortunate destiny to incur the animosity of the people of Virginia, and he became a very colossus of bloody fields of battle, he lived to the last in the saddle and never really had a home, and he was the father of no children.

Major Thomas was seriously injured in a railway accident near Norfolk (1860). For six weeks he was incapacitated and for a time it seemed that his career had ended.[12]

When at last Virginia seceded, despite the efforts, wishes and desires of her people to remain at peace in the Union they loved, the officer next above Major Thomas was Col. Robt. E. Lee. The officers of the Gulf States had previously resigned, almost to a man. The third day after Virginia went out Lee tendered his resignation. The struggle through which Lee passed is well known. When the

[11] So pronounced that "Thomas was spoken of by several secession members of the convention as a fit officer to be general of the state forces should Virginia secede."—DABNEY H. MAURY, *Southern Hist. Soc. Papers*, Vol. X, p. 524.

[12] *Life of Thomas*, VAN HORNE.

test came to Major Thomas he, too, was ready.[13] Instead of resigning he asked that he might take the oath of allegiance to the United States anew. It is recorded at Carlisle, Penn. He stated his threefold conviction. First, that secession was not justified in the circumstance. Second, that it was unconstitutional in any event. Third, that the Confederate States had not the slightest chance of ultimate victory, considering the resources bulked against them.

It is interesting to review the three reasons of this great soldier after three generations have passed. His first contention was certainly correct. His second, historians both North and South are inclined to deny. His third reason is hardly conclusive. The Confederacy had as good chance to win as the colonies had in the Revolution. It is not too much to say that the sword of George Henry Thomas was itself a potent factor in winning the war for the Union.[14]

Major Thomas' first conflict was at Falling Waters, near the Potomac with Col. Thomas J. Jackson

[13] "In affection for and pride in his native state he was a Virginian of Virginians; but he never for a moment doubted where his duty lay."—COL. HENRY STONE.

"His superiors in 1861 were Albert Sidney Johnston, Robt. E. Lee and Hardee, all of whom resigned, and Thomas was long in doubt as to his duty."—*Encyclop. Britannica.*

"He was never for a moment influenced by the necessity of 'going with his state'."—L. P. BROCKETT.

"I have thought it all over and I shall stand firm in the service of the government."—From a letter of Thomas to Sherman quoted by PRES. JAMES H. GARFIELD.

[14] A scholarly discussion of the whole question is found in *Jefferson Davis, President of the South*, H. G. ECKENRODE.

(July 2, 1861). This was the beginning of the war for both these famous Virginians; one defending her soil, the other invading her. It is worthy of note that Thomas came from the extreme Southeast, and Stonewall Jackson from the extreme Northwest.

Thomas was made brigadier-general[15] and sent to Kentucky to train and organize recruits. It was hard, slow work; but at length the Army of the Cumberland was organized. He presented to the people of the North their first substantial victory. At Mill Springs, in Eastern Kentucky, he was attacked by General F. K. Zollicoffer and won a decisive victory. Zollicoffer was left dead upon the field, and a road was opened into the heart of the Confederacy through Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee (Jan. 19, 1862).

The year that began so auspiciously for General Thomas closed with still greater triumphs for him, at Murfreesboro. In that bloody duel between Rosecrans and Bragg for the possession of Tennessee the sword of Thomas won the day. The Confederates smashed the right wing of the Union army. From dawn until night-fall Thomas, in the center, repulsed the repeated and almost superhuman efforts of the victorious Confederates to break through his line. Had it not been for Thomas, Murfreesboro might have changed the entire fortunes of the war. Bragg retreated to the mountains of North Georgia and Rosecrans slowly followed. At Chickamauga Bragg turned and made another dash at his antag-

[15] "He passed through every grade in the military service of his country from second lieutenant to major-general."—WILLIAM HARRISON LAMBERT.

onist,[16] one of the bloodiest fights in our history. Longstreet broke through the Union lines. Rosecrans and Sheridan were driven back, both in complete defeat. The only troops that held their ground that day were those of George Henry Thomas. Had he yielded, the whole Federal line had gone down in a defeat as conclusive as that of Bull Run. From noon until night Thomas stood grimly alone on the mountain side, unmovable and unmoved. They called him, and with good reason, the "Rock of Chickamauga," and the entire North rang again with his praise. That great Confederate leader, General D. H. Hill, said: "It seems to me that the elan of the Southern soldier was never seen after Chickamauga. That barren victory sealed the fate of the Southern Confederacy." If General Hill is correct (and none is better qualified to speak with authority), then it was George Henry Thomas who sealed the fate of the Southern Confederacy! Two months later Thomas crushed the center of Bragg's army on Missionary Ridge.

The winter of 1864 found Thomas at Nashville facing John B. Hood. General Grant, at City Point, ordered Thomas[17] to advance and engage Hood or "else turn over the command to Schofield." Thomas quietly replied that he would cheerfully do the latter, but would not attack Hood until he was satisfied that the time was ripe.[18] Grant issued a

[16] *Re-opening the Tennessee River Near Chattanooga.* Related by Maj.-Gen. Geo. H. Thomas.—WILLIAM FARRAR SMITH.

[17] *Birdseye View of Our Civil War*, T. A. DODGE, Chap. 58. *Army of the Cumberland*, T. B. VAN HORNE, Chap. 35.

[18] Thomas here again appears as "Slow Trot."

peremptory order dismissing Thomas. This stinging insult whirled against such a man as General Thomas at such a time and with such slight provocation, is one of the most astonishing episodes in our military history. As an unjust rebuke it is absolutely unparalleled.

It was George Henry Thomas who had given Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee to the Federal cause by his masterly and strategic victory at Mill Springs.

The same powerful sword checked General Bragg at Murfreesboro else the entire Union army would have gone down in crushing defeat.

Without Thomas Chickamauga might have become a Federal Waterloo, and there would have been no victory at Missionary Ridge.

General Grant not only sent General Logan to supercede Thomas[19] but started for the western front to take charge in person so grave was the situation. The Confederacy had almost won back the great Southwest!

The rebuke administered to General Thomas was simply unpardonable. Had Thomas been less a man or less a patriot he would have laid aside his sword forever.

Two weeks later Thomas was ready. The battle of Nashville followed. It was a terrific struggle and a brilliant vindication of General Thomas' ability, methods and delay. Hood's army was annihilated.

[19] GREELEY in *The American Conflict*, Vol. II, p. 683, attempts to break the force of Grant's insult. But his attempt is weak.

On Gen. Thomas's Staff, B. A. DUNN.

He had "inflicted on Hood the most crushing defeat sustained in the open field by any army on either side in the whole war."[20] Confederate resistance in the West came to an end. The Stars and Bars went down that cold December day in rivers of blood.

Nashville in 1864 made Appomattox inevitable in 1865. Without Thomas' victory in December at Nashville there would have been no Appomattox in April. Instead of dismissing Thomas, Congress thanked him. Had they not reason? This matchless soldier had now added Nashville to his four previous victories. What a galaxy "Slow Trot" had gathered, Mill Springs, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and Nashville!

After the war he was urged as a presidential possibility by thousands of his admirers. But he was not a politician and he frowned upon the suggestion.[21] Again the proposition was put forward by many of General Grant's political opponents. Thomas was constantly suggested as a possible candidate for the presidency in 1872. But long before that day his race was run.

He was stricken with apoplexy in San Francisco, March 28, 1870, as he was engaged upon an answer to a critic of his military career. His remains were carried to Troy, New York, and laid in the cemetery there, after services conducted in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Doane of Albany.

[20] Sketch of Thomas in *Encyc. Brit.* *Was Gen. Thomas Slow at Nashville?* HENRY V. BOYNTON.

[21] WILLIAM H. LAMBERT.

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MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE HENRY THOMAS

"As his statue stands in Thomas Circle he gazes fixedly across the narrow Potomac. His eyes rest on the beloved shores of Virginia, from whose regard and affection the cruel decisions of war have, for a time, banished him."—P. 197.

The equestrian statue of Thomas in Washington is one of the handsomest in America. Ten years after his death it was presented[22] to the nation by the soldiers whom he had led to so many substantial victories.

Meantime, though the world was ringing with his praise, the parental home in Southampton County was closed to him. His sisters could never forgive George Henry that he drew his sword against Virginia and the South. They are said to have refused to allow him to visit them. Presents he gladly sent them were returned unopened. In their age and need they would none of his assistance. "Our brother George died to us in 1861," they said to their neighbors.[23] The story is also told that General Thomas requested General Grant to forbid foraging and pillaging in Southampton, as it was his native county, and that the request was honored.[24] Not a plantation was foraged and not a smoke-house raided. Considering the fine quality of Southampton hams, this is the more remarkable. But perhaps the boys in blue did not know that they were in the land where Smithfield[25] hams were invented, and where the hog grows to the pink of perfection, or,

[22] The oration was delivered by Judge Stanley Matthews later of the Supreme Court of the United States, one of Thomas' officers in the Army of the Cumberland.

[23] This tradition is constantly heard in Southampton County. Many people remember the Misses Thomas well, but the author, altho he asked constantly, could not find anyone even in 1915 who remembered General Thomas. He had "three sisters and two brothers."—*General Thomas*, HENRY COPPEE, p. 3.

[24] This is also told in Southampton.

[25] Smithfield is in the neighboring county, Isle of Wight.

speaking of hams, should one say to the red of deliciousness?

It was a day in early spring. I stood under the shadow of a gigantic oak before the plain, substantial old homestead from which George Henry Thomas had gone forth a mere lad almost a century gone. The house and the trees were like the man, plain, modest, unassuming, solid, substantial, calculated to withstand the tempests of life.

When all has been said the character of Thomas was the finest of all leaders of the Federal cause.[26] Unlike the cadets at West Point we do not see any resemblance to Washington, but there is a decided resemblance to Robert E. Lee. In the simple but massive grandeur of his character, in the purity of his private life, in his transcendent genius as a military engineer, in the blind and unquestioning devotion of his followers, in his modesty, so pronounced that like Lee it becomes almost a weakness, in the splendid equipoise of temperament, in the immense reserve force one feels as he follows his career, in the comprehensiveness of his intellect and the tremendous energy with which he pushed to his objective once convinced that he was right, he resembled the the Southern chieftain.

It must be admitted that General Thomas was fortunate in his antagonists. He did not meet the stronger Confederate generals.

When the passions of sectionalism subside, and

[26] "The figure of Thomas looms up in many respects without a superior, in most respects without a rival, even among the Union generals created by the war."—WILLIAM SWINTON.

our children regard the Civil War as the English now look upon the Cromwellian era, Virginia will claim George Henry Thomas as her son, as one of her greatest sons. It may be a mere coincidence, but as his statue stands in Thomas Circle it gazes fixedly and eternally across the narrow Potomac. His eyes rest on the beloved shores of Virginia, from whose regard and affection the cruel decisions of war have for a time banished him.

That Thomas was absolutely conscientious—as Farragut was conscientious and as Lincoln was conscientious—admits of no debate. It was the peculiar misfortune of the South that she lost three such giants, all Southern born, in her hour of need. It was the peculiar good fortune of the United States that she acquired these three sons of the South in the most critical years of fractricidal strife.

Chapter XVII

TURNER ASHBY

"His sun set in its splendid morning."
—Robert Lewis Dabney.

The heroes of our Civil War hold a secure title to immortality. Even those who took the most obscure part in the great struggle will in no wise be forgotten. All manner of histories and biographies have been written and are still coming from the press. The Civil War period is growing into a Hero Cycle, and will fill for us much the place that the Trojan war filled for the ancient Greeks.

Many have received their due meed of praise, but Turner Ashby has not, as yet, come to the full measure of his fame. Many lesser figures are placed on more conspicuous pedestals.

Ashby's short career was romantic in the extreme. His intimate association with Stonewall Jackson would of itself add much interest. His melancholy and untimely fall at sunset of a day in June in a field of ripe and trampled wheat is one of the compelling episodes of the Civil War.

The Ashby family had been leaders in colony and state for well nigh two centuries. Ashby Gap in the Blue Ridge opens for a road from Fauquier to the Valley. Capt. Jack Ashby, second of the name,

our hero's grandfather, for whom the Gap was named, was an officer in the Revolution. When news of Braddock's defeat was received at Fort Loudoun, Winchester, the British officer handed a message to Captain Ashby requesting that he convey it as speedily as possible to Governor Dinwiddie. Ashby was perhaps the swiftest rider in the colony. He went to Williamsburg and returned betimes. When he reported to the British officer that angry gentleman reprimanded him for his long delay in starting. He was astonished when Captain Ashby handed him Dinwiddie's reply.[1] It was this Captain Ashby who married Mary Turner. Their son, Col. Turner Ashby, an officer of the War of 1812, married Dorothea Green of Culpeper County, the mother of our hero.

Turner Ashby was born at "Rose Bank," Fauquier County, October 23, 1828.[2] When he was six years old his father died leaving three sons and three daughters. General Ashby was the second son, and third child. He expressly resembled his mother and her people, physically and temperamentally.

Ashby led the quiet life of a farmer and merchant at "Wolfe's Crag" until the invasion of Virginia. He then raised a cavalry company among the young men of his acquaintance in and about the village of Markham. These youths were bold riders, at home and happy on the back of a spirited horse.

[1] *Life of Ashby*, JAS. B. AVERILL.

[2] *Gen. Turner Ashby*, CLARENCE THOMAS.

The following authorities state that he was born in 1824: *Encyclop. Brit.*, *International Encyclop.*, *Appleton's Cyc. of Amer. Biog.*, *Lossing's Encyclop. of Amer. Hist.*

The company was mustered into service at Harper's Ferry in the early spring of 1861[3] and their first work was the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio, the only line that connected Washington with the populous and wealthy states of the Middle West.

Ashby's headquarters were at Romney. The railway makes a great arc about Romney for more than fifty miles,[4] any point on which could be reached by an easy day's ride. So thoroughly did Ashby and his men do their work that "scarcely a bridge, culvert or water tank remained on that part of the road from Piedmont to the Big Cacapon, a distance of sixty miles."

Ashby was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and his younger brother, Richard, to whom he was particularly attached, was elected captain of the Fauquier men in his place. He ordered Richard to arrest an obnoxious mountaineer, who had given much trouble in the neighborhood as a spy. Captain Richard and eleven men surrounded the man's cabin, but he had fled. They followed him along a path leading straight toward the Federal camp. The squad was ambushed. An overwhelming force of Federal horse charged them. They retreated as best they might, Richard in the rear, fighting as he retired. He attempted to leap a cattle-guard on the railway, when his horse fell. Though surrounded, he refused to surrender and continued the

[3] "The Seventh Virginia Mounted Regiment, better known as Ashby's Cavalry."—*Turner Ashby. Beau Sabreur*, W. W. EDWARDS.

The Cavalry Journal, Apr., '22.

[4] The importance of this line from Washington to the West could hardly be overestimated.

fight single-handed. At last he fell bleeding from many wounds. To their shame be it said the enemy continued to inflict wounds upon his mutilated body. They galloped off leaving him for dead. He dragged himself to a tree nearby and fainted.[5]

Meantime Turner, ignorant of Richard's fate, overtook the party, charged and routed them, for cruel men are always cowards. Among the effects captured, Turner recognized Dick's horse and spurs. Search was immediately begun and the young captain was found unconscious. He was carried to the home of Col. George Washington, who lived nearby, and died after seven days of intense suffering (June 26, 1861).

The death of Richard and especially the brutal manner of his taking off, had a marked effect upon Turner Ashby.[6] He never forgot the tragedy. His devotion to his young brother, the fact that he had sent him into the trap, and the vivid horror of his wounds weighed upon him. Only on the field of battle, and especially under fire, did his vivacity return. In repose he was a sad man.

The story of Ashby's introduction to General Jackson and of the beginning of the intimate friendship that bound them as brothers is in itself a character sketch of Ashby.

Gen. Robert Patterson was preparing to invade the Shenandoah Valley. His headquarters were at

[5] The enemy was Wallace's Indian Zouaves.—PERCY CROSS STANDING, "*Union Service Mag.*", Feb., 1918.

[6] In a letter to their sister Turner wrote of Richard's death as "a sacrifice made upon the altar of his country."—*Life of Stonewall Jackson*, DABNEY, pp. 260-61.

Chambersburg, Penn., not far from Harper's Ferry. Ashby dressed himself in the well worn clothes of a farm laborer, hired a plow-horse and insisted upon an interview with General Patterson. He gained an audience and explained to the exasperated general the value of a remedy for spavin and ring-bone, a supply of which he had in his saddle bags. It took General Patterson a long time to get rid of the horse doctor, but Ashby returned that night to Harper's Ferry and to Jackson with a vast amount of valuable information.[7]

Jackson once said to Ashby that the information he always desired was the position of the enemy, their numbers, their commanding officer and his headquarters. If any man would be likely to get that information it was Turner Ashby.

Ashby and his command marched to the battlefield of Manassas (Bull Run) under Joseph E. Johnston, but they arrived the day after that strategic, initial victory for Southern arms.

When the first frosts of early autumn fell on the neighboring mountain summits, Ashby and his men were at Harper's Ferry strongly intrenched on Boliver's Hill, which overlooks the historic town. Here he led a spirited fight that gave promise of greater victories to come. He was now attached to the command of Stonewall Jackson; and from that time the name and fame of Ashby is inseparably united with that of the greater genius. Jackson loved Ashby from the first; and, indeed, everyone loved him. He was a popular leader in the Con-

[7] JOHN D. IMBODEN, *Battles & Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. I, p. 124.

Photo by H. P. Cook

JOHN MURRAY, Fourth Earl of Dunmore, the Last Royal Governor of Virginia.—P. 163. Portrait in Virginia State Library.

federate service, a cavalier of cavaliers, in the full flower of his manhood, thirty-seven years of age, a soldier born, erect as to person, graceful as to carriage, of medium height, dark, almost swarthy as to complexion, heavily bearded as was the fashion of the day, with jet black hair, expressive dark eyes that flashed fire under excitement, especially in battle, a comrade to all men, intensely religious, of irreproachable purity in private life. His loyalty to Virginia and to the cause of Southern Independence was intense, almost fanatical—especially when he remembered Richard. About the camp fire of an evening Ashby was the idol of his men, amiable, genial, social, sympathetic and exceedingly modest, even when his name was on the lips of two continents.

January 1st, 1862, Stonewall Jackson started on the Romney expedition, destined to prove a disheartening failure. All that bleak and dismal month, marching over ice-covered mountains and through war-stricken valleys, Ashby guarded the intrepid Jackson and held the passes open that his army might come and go in safety.

On the 25th day of February, Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks[8] crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. His coming marked the beginning of the Valley Campaign destined to test the prowess and resourcefulness of Ashby to the utmost, and within the short space of ninety days to make Jackson the most renowned soldier in the world. Jackson with six

[8] "The Valley folks always referred to *Mr.* Banks, because he had been speaker of the House of Representatives."—W. W. EDWARDS.

thousand men faced an antagonist with a finely equipped army of 30,000.[9] Ashby had been valuable before but he became indispensable now. Banks advanced cautiously into the Valley. Jackson retreated reluctantly. Ashby guarded every cross-road, ford, ditch, wall, woodland and mountain trail. He had sentinels on every path over Blue Ridge. If nature had made the roads too inviting Ashby's men blocked them with trees and huge rocks.

Ashby was to Jackson as eyes and ears. Sometimes he would ride eighty or even ninety miles in a single night. Jackson trusted his lieutenant implicitly; a trust never betrayed. They say he slept under an elk-skin which had once belonged to Richard.[10]

General Banks reached Winchester. There was no drawn battle, but Ashby met Banks at every turn. There were clashes and skirmishes on hilltops, behind stone walls, at bridges and ditches to remind the boys in blue that they were invading dangerous ground. The Virginians were determined to defend their homes at what cost soever.

Jackson gave up Winchester with a heavy heart. He loved the town, beautiful as it is for situation, loyal to the state and her cause, filled with personal friends and suggestive of so much colonial and more recent history. He left; but he left to come again!

As the Federal army marched into Winchester, Ashby himself, was sitting quietly upon his horse on

[9] Shields, after the battle of Kernstown, reported that 11,000 men had attacked him. In that engagement Jackson probably had 2,700 men, but one of them was Turner Ashby.

[10] W. W. EDWARDS.

the main street, "the Valley Pike." Thousands saw him. When they got too close he gave a shout and galloped away. Strangely not a bullet was fired at him.

On another occasion Ashby is said to have ridden into the midst of the Union army in Winchester, dressed in the uniform of a Federal officer!

On still another occasion he visited "Mr." Banks personally at Winchester much as he had visited General Patterson at Chambersburg. This time he was a market man, not a horse doctor! Banks asked the market man if he knew Colonel Ashby. With rare delight the market man replied that he knew him well and gave Banks an accurate and graphic description of himself![11]

General Banks reported to General McClellan that Ashby was "greatly demoralized"—but then "Mr." Banks was an incurable optimist.

Capt. R. Preston Chew was a lieutenant after Ashby's heart. His company of thirty-three men mounted three small cannon on horseback. Never since the ugly business of war began had cannon been known to gallop from hill to hill, over impossible roads and impassible fords. Banks knew cavalry and he knew artillery; but he did not know artillery to gallop like cavalry, or cavalry to fire like artillery. One of the three guns had a "peculiarly shrill and piercing voice." Its bark became a familiar sound along the banks of Shenandoah.[12] Years after peace had come the women and children spoke of "Ashby's gun."

[11] PERCY CROSS STANDING in "*Union Service Mag.*", Feb., 1918.

[12] Anecdote told by W. W. EDWARDS.

At Fisher's Hill Ashby ambushed his men on either side of the "Valley Pike" and poured upon the invaders a triple fire.[13] His eye was ever alert in selecting a strategic position for a stand, and a safe retreat.

At Stony Creek he captured many prisoners who were foraging. Woe to that man in blue who strayed to the right or to the left, who tarried long at forage or at plunder! The eyes of Ashby were ever alert and his hand was quick and heavy!

The further south Banks penetrated the more incessant became the attacks of Ashby. While these skirmishes did no great damage to the enemy they effectively screened Jackson's movements; and, what was even more to the purpose, they hid the distressingly meagre number of his men.

Gen. George B. McClellan was advancing upon Richmond. The Valley Campaign was, after all, a side issue. It was on the banks of the James that the war would be settled and not on the banks of the Shenandoah. McClellan needed some of these men who were feeling their way so cautiously up the Valley. It was of the utmost importance to the South that none of Banks' men should be added to the force already too large before Richmond. Jackson must save Richmond by pressure in the Valley. But how could he do so with so slight an army?

Banks retreated to Winchester to send part of his force to Richmond. One division had actually

[13] Jackson's rear "was protected by cavalry under brilliant Ashby."—*Life of Jackson*, ROY B. COOK, p. 93.

crossed the Blue Ridge on the march to McClellan. Then Ashby fell upon Banks at Kernstown and by sheer audacity held the enemy at bay until Stonewall arrived. Ashby here covered himself with glory. Only a genius of the first order could with 1,000 men attack a force of 15,000, hold his ground, retreat in good order, reform, hold his ground again, and still face the foe till reinforcements arrived! This battle exhibits Ashby's method. Advance with a few hundred as though you commanded thousands, yield gracefully, when yield you must, retreat promptly but stand in force upon the next hilltop, behind the next stone wall, or sunken road, or in the next thick woodland, or over the next deep ford, or narrow bridge, or steep defile. In fact make the best use of every advantage God or man has placed to your hand and fight, fight like mad, fight all the while, fight 'em coming and going, fight 'em advancing and retreating, fight 'em up hill and down, fight 'em by daylight and dark, fight 'em with grape and cannister, fight 'em with sword and sabre, fight 'em with all the strength and pluck and power at your command.

Ashby seemed wholly unconscious of danger. He had no thought for his own safety. In the fierce onset of battle his commands were quick and terse. His favorite slogan was "Charge 'em, boys, charge 'em." And as his lines advanced they often chanted back to the roar of their guns "Ashby, Ashby, Ashby"—it was a variation of the famous "Confederate yell." Yet the thicker the bullets flew and the hotter the fight Ashby, much like Jack-

son, had the unusual quality of growing calmer. Kernstown was a defeat, the only defeat of Stonewall Jackson; but it brought back, swiftly enough, those reinforcements that had started for the east. Kernstown relieved Richmond, and saved the situation. A local defeat, Kernstown was a strategic victory for Richmond and the South.[14]

Ashby's fame was now widespread. The youth of the mountains and valleys of Virginia flocked to his command until he had twenty-one companies, held together by the magic of his name, by his inspiring personality, and the adventurous nature of his service.

It was evident to the dullest that General Banks must clear the Valley of Virginia and capture Staunton before he could bring real aid to McClellan. Had Banks with his numbers faced less a chieftan than Jackson he might have succeeded. The proposition on its face was simple.

Banks again began an advance up the Valley. As before Jackson yielded foot by foot. Ashby retired gracefully hill by hill. These men knew the land. They were fighting for their homes, their wives and little children and over their own farms. They begrudged every acre of these fertile pastures to the superior numbers of the invaders. They gave way reluctantly and, please God, temporarily.

At Edinburg, Ashby encamped thirty days and engaged the enemy twenty-eight times. Near Mt. Jackson Ashby with his own hands attempted to fire a bridge over the Shenandoah. The day was

[14] Jackson and Ashby in the Valley were defending Richmond as really and as successfully as if they had been fighting on the banks of the James.

April 17, and it came near being his last. A cavalryman in blue rode up and delivered fire point blank, but the shot went wild and he who would have shot Ashby was himself shot. Ashby rode his own magnificent white horse. The horse fell, but six weeks more was given the rider—six weeks of blood and glory.[15]

Toward Staunton, the metropolis of Western Virginia, General Fremont was driving from the northwest while General Banks approached from the north. Jackson was far too weak to face their united forces. He therefore made a queer and unexpected move. Apparently deciding to leave the Valley and give over Staunton he retired to the foothills of Blue Ridge and set his back against Swift Run Gap.[16] Banks was perplexed. Ashby threw a still thicker cordon about Banks. Ashby's attacks became more pronounced, if that were possible.

At this time Jackson made an attempt to bring the almost independent companies of Ashby's command to stricter discipline. That Ashby's men were brave, loyal, faithful and magnificent troopers, bold in attack and masterly in retreat none realized better than he. Yet such a stern disciplinarian as Stonewall Jackson could not tolerate lax organization; or, one might say, lack of all organization. Ashby was separated from his command and promoted to the command to Jackson's van and rear, his twenty-one companies were divided between two other field

[15] During the campaign Gen. Joseph E. Johnston visited Jackson. He wrote, "The knowledge that Ashby is between us and the enemy made me sleep very soundly last night."

[16] Rockingham County.

officers. This solution, however, did not solve, for Ashby promptly resigned. Unwilling to do an injustice to Ashby, real or apparent, or to provoke his loyal men, even though such lack of discipline threatened evil in days to come, Jackson recalled the order and Ashby continued the invaluable lieutenant to his famous chieftain. Had Ashby lived he would himself no doubt have learned the inherent evil of lax discipline; and would in all likelihood have strengthened this, his vulnerable point.

On the last day of April Ewell took Jackson's place at Swift Run Gap and Jackson fell upon Milroy at McDowell, winning the initial victory of one of the most brilliant campaigns in our military history.[17] Banks retreated to New Market, Ashby at his heels. Jackson returned and rested his fatigued men on the beautiful plains of Rockingham. Banks drew back to Strasburg, Jackson passed through the Massanutten mountains and united with Ewell, who had marched down Luray Valley. They fell, like a thunderbolt upon the small Federal force at Front Royal, capturing seven hundred and fifty men. So completely did the indefatigable Ashby screen this movement that when a courier arrived at Banks' headquarters with the astonishing news that Front Royal had fallen and that Jackson and Ewell were upon his rear; Banks would not believe it, but declared it was only a cavalry raid! Jackson moved upon Middletown squarely upon Banks' line of retreat. When Ashby caught sight

[17] This story is told in Chap XVIII.

Photo by Hess

WHERE NOBLE ASHBY FELL

The Inscription reads:

"Gen. Turner Ashby was killed on this spot June 6, 1862, gallantly leading a charge."—P. 213

of the "Valley Pike" it was crowded with fugitives. Banks and his army were panic-stricken. They were whipped, completely whipped, and driven to precipitate retreat, yet Jackson had not allowed him to fire a single gun! Ashby's men descended like eagles upon the prey. They struck two thousand Federal cavalry and cut them to pieces. Chew's battery opened on the road. It was soon mired with blood and blocked with dead, men and horses piled indiscriminately together. The living cowered behind fences and ditches or betook themselves to the woods and distant foothills.[18]

Jackson gave the fugitives no rest. Ashby closely followed Banks to Martinsburg where General Banks himself, mounted on a swift horse, was one of the first to arrive. He left his army far to the rear! When the last man in a blue coat was over the Potomac Jackson rested on the hills at Harper's Ferry. He looked wistfully north and east. The city of Washington lay before him bare of defenders, if only he had the men to press on and secure the coveted victory!

Shields was ordered to advance from the east and Fremont from the west and capture Jackson between them before he could retire up the Valley. Shields and Fremont were both brave soldiers, but they were not likely to catch Jackson and Ashby. With his two hands, so to speak, Jackson held them apart as a man holds a curtain. He passed safely between them and when the last footsore Confederate and

[18] See *Campaigns of the Army of Potomac*, SWINTON, pp. 122-130. *Battles and Leaders*, IMBODEN, Vol. II, p. 282, etc. *Life of Jackson*, JNO. ESTEN COOKE, Chap. XIV.

the last heavily laden wagon had passed up the "Valley Pike" Jackson withdrew and the curtain fell. The road was now open to Shields and Fremont!

At Winchester a commission as Brigadier-General awaited Ashby who had been only Colonel Ashby these bloody months. At this time General Banks, who had again returned to the Valley, reported to the Federal authorities at Washington that he had "a sleepless eye upon Ashby." Banks was not a success as a commander but he was a considerable success as humorist.

The fifth day of June found Jackson at Harrisonburg, the Federal host at his heels. With them came an Englishman, Sir Percy Wyndham, who boasted that it was the ambition of his life to meet Ashby. He only asked an opportunity to cross swords with him. And he had his wish. In the smiling wheat fields south of the town Ashby charged and captured sixty-three men, their officers and even their colors. The ranking officer was Sir Percy himself!

Ashby reported the capture to Ewell and asked reinforcements as he was sure the Federals would immediately return. General Ewell promptly sent the Maryland line. The blue line advanced. They were the Pennsylvania "Bucktails" and the Fifty-second Ohio Regiment. Ashby was riding a magnificent horse, oddly enough the same horse that Stonewall Jackson had ridden at the First Battle of Manassas when he received the soubriquet "Stonewall." As Ashby dashed forward the familiar chant

"Ashby, Ashby, Ashby" went down the Confederate line. Those who saw him in battle that June day remembered the unusual ardor and animation of their leader. He rode everywhere, filling his men with enthusiasm and cheering them on.

The Federal line delivered a terrific fire. Ashby's horse reeled and fell. His rider leaped from the saddle, waved his sword and cried, "Charge 'em, men, for God's sake, charge!" These ringing words[19] had barely left his lips when he fell, pierced full in the breast by the bullet that had at last found its mark.[20] His men took up the words of the fallen leader, the Maryland line advanced with such spirit they carried all before them. In the victory that crowned the dying day Ashby was avenged. But that victory was dearly bought which cost the life blood of one so devoted, so brave, so pure, so noble and so true as Turner Ashby.[21]

They carried him to Port Republic. The next day that quiet village had its name written in letters of blood and fire across the page of history.

Jackson came to the room where Ashby lay and

[19] See HENRY ALEX. WHITE and *Life of Jackson*, HENDERSON, Vol, I. p. 362. "Forward my brave men."—JAS. B. AVERILL.

[20] The following sentence was written by a Pennsylvania soldier, and is quoted by W. W. EDWARDS:

"Our men advanced cautiously. The enemy were led by an officer who made himself very conspicuous by exposing his person and by his influence over his men. He was an excellent mark and a number of bullets were fired at him. He soon fell. Next day we learned that he was the brilliant leader of the enemy's cavalry."

[21] "Among the killed was Ashby, whose loss was at least equal to a regiment. Always fighting at the head of his men, his fate was merely a question of time. For outpost service he left no equal in either army."—HORACE GREELEY, *Amer. Conflict*, Vol. II, p. 137.

asked to "see Ashby." All retired. For a long time the great soldier living held silent communion with the great soldier dead. Of an age, as to birth, eleven months were to pass before they were re-united in the cold embrace of death. When Jackson made his official report it was in these words:

"General Turner Ashby was killed. An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead, but the close relation which General Ashby bore to my command for the most of the previous twelve months will justify me in saying that as a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of enduring almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movement of the enemy."

Had interment been possible at the old home in Fauquier, his remains would have been laid to rest there. His noble mother had now given three sons to her country. But Fauquier was within the enemy's lines and so Ashby was laid under the sod at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

When the cruel war was over the body of Richard was brought from Hampshire and the body of Turner from Albemarle and the brothers rest side by side in the beautiful cemetery that crowns the hills of Winchester.[22] A modest marble stone, far too modest for such a man, marks the spot. Surely

[22] The two Ashby's were laid a few hundred feet beyond Daniel Morgan, Oct., 1866. The oration at their re-interment was made by Gov. Henry A. Wise.

Ashby deserves better at the hands of Virginia than he has received.

Those who have erected monuments in bronze and granite to many of our Confederate dead have for a time passed noble Ashby by, but his memory has received from the pen of John Reuben Thompson one of the noblest eulogies ever penned.

Since David sang of his love for Prince Jonathan, slain on Mt. Gilboa, no poet has struck his lyre to sweeter strains nor laid a more fragrant wreath of rosemary upon a soldier's grave.[23]

ASHBY

To the brave all homage render
Weep, ye skies of June!
With a radiance pure and tender,
Shine, oh saddened moon!
"Dead upon the field of glory,"
Hero fit for song or story,
Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have
slain him,
Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought with Moor nor Paynim,
Rode at Templestowe;
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
Went he forth, we know.

[23] *Southern Poets*, W. L. WEBER, pp. 154-5.

Nevermore, alas! shall sabre
  Gleam around his crest;
Fought his fight; fulfilled his labor;
  Stilled his manly breast.
All unheard sweet Nature's cadence,
Trump of fame and voice of maidens,
  Now he takes his rest.

Earth that all too soon hath bound him,
  Gently wrap his clay;
Linger lovingly around him,
  Light of dying day;
Softly fall the summer showers,
Birds and bees among the flowers
  Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
  When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages,
  Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,[1]
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
  Keep above his dust!

[1] A beautiful group of buildings in collegiate gothic rises south of Harrisonburg on the Valley Pike, only a mile or two from the spot on which Ashby fell. We have often wondered why Virginia has not given this college the name of General Ashby.

Chapter XVIII

STONEWALL JACKSON AT McDOWELL

It would be difficult to exaggerate the gloom that settled over the Southland in the spring of 1862. The sunshine and showers, the call of the mockingbird and whippoorwill, the bursting of bud and fragrance of flowers bespoke a new seed time and promised a coming harvest. But the hearts of the people were sorely distressed, their brightest hopes were fast fading, the mourners only too literally went about the streets. Men realized that the promise of easy and speedy victory was failing of fulfillment.

The first year of our terrible Civil War saw little fighting. The South marshaled a great host in Northern Virginia and won a strategic victory near Manassas (Bull Run) at the very threshold of Washington City. It seemed that a new and mighty nation had arisen. In the South the fierce determination of the North to win the war at what cost soever had never been appreciated; nor did the North understand the devotion of the South to her ideals.

Northern statesmen very shrewdly spent the remainder of 1861 in a double effort. First, they recruited and equipped the best army the world had seen to that day; and second, they threw around

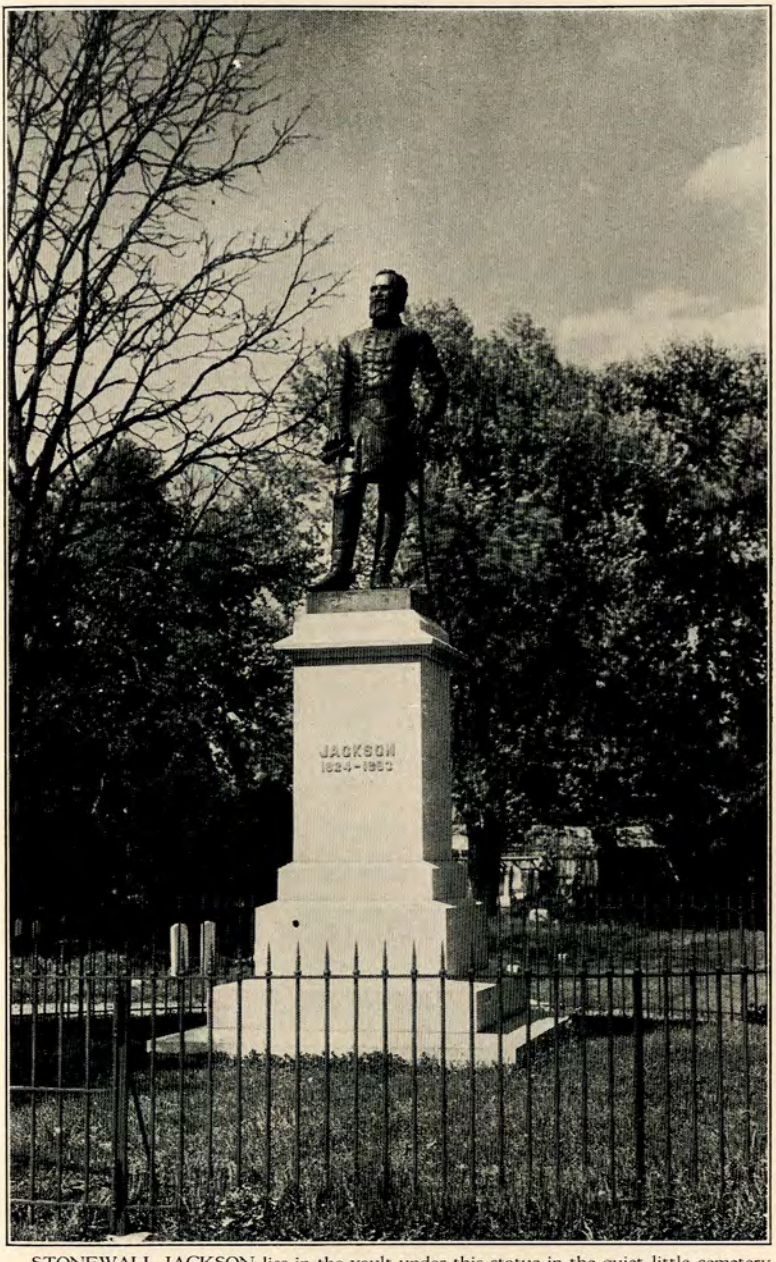
the long southern shore-line a blockade, which was drawn tighter and tighter.

With the advent of the new year, 1862, the titanic struggle began in deadly earnest. For the South unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster. Bloody struggle succeeded bloody struggle; even temporary victory exhausted the land.

In January a fierce battle was joined at Mill Springs, Ky., General Thomas triumphed and General Zollicoffer was left dead upon the field.[1] Kentucky was lost to the South. On the first day of February General Grant began a drive toward Forts Henry and Donelson which protected Nashville. In six days Fort Henry fell, in ten days more Fort Donelson was captured with an army of seven thousand men. By this crushing blow Nashville and Middle Tennessee were lost to the South. Roanoke Island was taken the day after Fort Henry fell and remained henceforth a constant menace to Eastern Carolina.

In March the battle of Pea Ridge, though a drawn fight, eventually lost all Northern Arkansas to the South. The day after Pea Ridge the world's first iron-clad battleship, "the Merrimac-Virginia," steamed slowly down Hampton Roads and destroyed or drove to the protection of Fort Monroe the entire Federal fleet. It was a technical victory for the South, and one of the consequential battles of history; but the great ship did not open the port of Norfolk, nor did she relieve the grinding pressure of the blockade, nor did she deter McClellan's advance

[1] Chap. XVI.



STONEWALL JACKSON lies in the vault under this statue in the quiet little cemetery on a hilltop in Lexington, Va.

upon Richmond, which began the day after the sea fight. Three days later Newbern, N. C., surrendered, and March 23rd witnessed Stonewall Jackson's only defeat.[2]

Jackson retreated up the Shenandoah and that rich and fertile section of Virginia was, for a time, lost to the South.

January, February and March were months of disaster but greater disappointments were to befall in April. Albert Sidney Johnston won a notable battle at Shiloh; but was killed at the moment of victory. Shiloh, for all the precious blood spilled, was as barren a victory on land as the career of the "Merrimac-Virginia" had been on sea. The day after Johnston fell, Island No. 10, a strong fortress which guarded the Mississippi and protected it from invasion, surrendered. Fort Pillow and Memphis were lost and the boys in blue marched, unhindered, into the heart of the state of Mississippi. But the worst calamity was yet to come (April 25). New Orleans, the largest and richest city in the entire South, surrendered to Admiral Farragut!

As McClellan slowly advanced from Old Point to Richmond, Yorktown and Williamsburg passed to him and Tidewater Virginia was lost. Preparations were actually making for the removal of the capital of the Confederacy from Richmond to some city further south and further inland.

From the mists that shrouded the Southland in the gloom of despair, two colossal figures slowly emerged, two giants of battle unfurled their stand-

[2] Kernstown. Chap. XVII.

ards and the world in amazement beheld the development of two military geniuses whose brilliant records rival that of Napoleon himself. In twelve centuries the English-speaking race has produced but five great captains. Two of the five appeared on the battlefields of Virginia in 1862, Stonewall Jackson in the uplands and Robert E. Lee in the swamps that fringe the Chickahominy. Jackson and Lee with the able lieutenants they gathered about them, and the bronzed veterans they developed from the raw material of the South, burst forth upon the scene in glory. In sixty days they had entirely transformed the aspect of affairs.

Jackson struck first and his initial victory carried promise of the marvels which were to follow. The strategic blow was delivered at the village of McDowell in the lofty mountains of Highland county, Virginia.

Far removed from the strife of the world a quieter, more peaceful and more remote hamlet than McDowell would be difficult to find. The dusty turnpike, surveyed from Charlottesville to Parkersburg by Marshall Crozet, winds a tortuous way over the lofty summit of Bull Pasture mountains, dips into a deep ravine that seams the mountain side, crosses a little river on a substantial bridge and leads onward through the cool, green pastures of blue grass that open between Bull Pasture mountains to the east and the still loftier heights of Jack's mountain to the west. The little river, also called the Bull Pasture, is one of the head waters of the historic James, here so narrow and so shallow that of a hot summer's day the mild-eyed cattle stand at gaze

as they cool themselves on the pebbly bed over which the murmuring waters flow. The oaks and elms bend over the stream arching it with graceful gothic tracery in green and brown.

A church or two with the dead laid about in God's acre, a store or two with fly-bespecked windows, a neat dwelling or two set back from the road among trees and flowers and lawns, such is the village of McDowell today; and such no doubt it was before Stonewall Jackson made it a brilliant name in Southern annals. From the day of McDowell, ten million people in the South turned to Jackson with anticipation and confidence. To him twenty millions in the North looked with fear and foreboding, little reckoning what and where to expect his next triumph, only realizing that he dared all things and feared nothing. The civilized world wondered and admired his exploits, which read more like fable than sober fact. One brilliant year he served the land he loved. One brief year he bestrode the bloody fields of battle as the incarnate god of war. One year after McDowell, mighty Stonewall lay dying in Caroline County—but what a year!

The days of early spring (1862) saw Jackson retreating slowly after his defeat at Kernstown up the valley of the Shenandoah. He withdrew reluctantly for he knew and loved every acre of land that he yielded to the superior forces of General Nathaniel P. Banks. Step by step Banks advanced. Step by step Jackson retired. Banks' objective was Staunton, the largest and wealthiest city in Virginia between the Blue Ridge and the Ohio. If he could

capture Staunton, take over the Virginia Central Railway (as the Chesapeake and Ohio was then known) all western Virginia would be lost to the South and he would thus deliver another staggering blow to the Confederacy. Banks had every assurance of success. He reached Harrisonburg without serious trouble at the head of an army of 19,000 men, strong and ready. Jackson had 10,000 more or less, probably less. Jackson's next move was as unique as it was unexpected. Instead of continuing his retreat toward Staunton as every one expected, he withdrew eastward and set his back against the Blue Ridge where it opens at Swift Run Gap. One hundred and fifty years before, Alexander Spotswood and his famous knights of the Golden Horseshoe had crossed the mountains here and looked for the first time over the fertile Valley that nestled in the embrace of the rock-ribbed hills.

The road to Staunton was now invitingly open to Banks, but he did not move.[3] Had he done so, Jackson would have fallen upon his flank. Banks waited for Jackson to show his hand. Jackson might pass quietly over the Ridge at the Gap and leave the Valley to Banks. He might resume his retreat toward Staunton, or he might slip down the Luray valley that parallels the main valley east of the Massanuttens, and strike Banks' trains of supplies and ammunition, thus isolating him in a hostile country. The last was the move Banks had reason most to dread.

[3] A sketch of the movements of Stonewall Jackson, describing the reaction of Staunton and the Valley folk is given in *Annals of Augusta*, WADDELL, pp. 470-1.

Stonewall Jackson's ablest lieutenant was Turner Ashby, brave and bold. No better cavalry leader ever bestrode a horse. Ashby and his cavalry threw a screen about Jackson that completely hid his movements, a screen that no man, friend or foe, spy or scout, could successfully penetrate. General Banks found it increasingly difficult to secure information, and when he secured it he was never sure of it.

Jackson was master of the situation, but the situation was perilous. The fate of Staunton trembled in the balance. At the little town of Franklin over the Shenandoah and Great North mountains General Fremont had an army of 18,000 men, with no man knew how many more to follow. Between this formidable and growing host of Fremont and Staunton lay General Edward Johnson with 2,800 men in gray. They held the steep summit of Shenandoah mountain. The most casual observer could see that if Banks and Fremont were to unite, Staunton, the Valley, the railway and all western Virginia was lost. Richmond would then be besieged from the west as already from the east and north, and her fate would in all likelihood be sealed. Stonewall Jackson was not strong enough to attack Banks. But he was determined to prevent his union with Fremont, and prevent it he did against tremendous odds. This is the evidence of his genius and the wonder of the tale. He made the impossible possible.

What was to be done must be quickly done. Fremont advanced Gen. Robt. H. Milroy to Mc-

Dowell, half-way from Franklin to Staunton. Johnson was forced to retreat to Westview within six miles of Staunton! The road to Staunton was now even more open to Milroy than to Banks.

When Jackson had rested his army nine days at Swift Run Gap he wrote General Lee at Richmond: "Now as it appears to me is the golden opportunity for striking a blow" (April 28). Two days after that note was dispatched, Wednesday, April 30, Ashby threw out a thicker screen than ever, and the attacks of his men became even more pronounced and determined. Banks judged that Jackson was preparing to attack him at Harrisonburg, so he made preparations to defend himself there. But instead of moving on Harrisonburg, Jackson withdrew up the river to Port Republic. General Ewell had been lying with an army of 8,000 east of the Blue Ridge. He moved into the Gap and took Jackson's place. So well was this movement concerted that the foremost of Ewell's men reached the Gap as the last of Jackson's men moved out. Saturday, May 3, saw Jackson's army file over the Blue Ridge by Brown's Gap into eastern Virginia. His men were always loyal, but this was a trial to them. They murmured not a little. Are we going thus to leave our Valley, our farms, our homes, our wives and children? Is Staunton after all to be delivered without a blow? They thought of course that they were going to Richmond. Anyone would have thought it, but when they reached the tracks of the Virginia Central, congested with cars, the locomotives were headed west toward Staunton and not

east toward Richmond. The soldier boys gaily crowded aboard and soon traveled back to the Valley by rail.[4]

Meantime confused rumors reached Staunton to the effect that Jackson had deserted them to Banks and Milroy! Imagine the surprise and delight of the people when the long line of coaches pulled in over the rickety railway, bringing back their boys in tattered uniforms of gray, sons, brothers, sweethearts, under the command of that stern, silent soldier who saw and heard but never spoke. Stonewall Jackson had less to say than any man in the South. He did speak once, however, though not on this occasion. "If my coat knew my plans," he said, "I would take it off and burn it."

Meantime Banks had heard a startling piece of news. General McDowell telegraphed from Fredericksburg that Jackson was no longer at Swift Run Gap, but was approaching that city! Banks did not know what to do. He felt that something was going to happen, so he retreated to New Market.

Wednesday morning, May 7, the army moved out of Staunton along the Parkersburg road. With the well seasoned veterans marched the cadets of Virginia Military Institute. Their erstwhile teacher had sent for them and they gladly responded. In fresh, new uniforms they made a brave show. That night the army bivouacked on the steep sides of Shenandoah mountain.

Milroy withdrew to McDowell and telegraphed

[4] The McDowell Campaign is described in detail by DR. ROBERT L. DABNEY, *Life of Jackson*, Chap. XI.

Fremont at Franklin for help. Help came promptly, bringing his force to 7,000 men. Milroy had no idea that Stonewall Jackson was before him, he only knew that the Confederates were busy. Thursday morning the gray lines were early astir. Down hill over the limpid waters of Cow Pasture river they marched; then uphill to the heights of Bull Pasture mountain. The Shenandoah mountain is steep on the summit like the roof of a barn, but the Bull pasture spreads out on top, a rough and broken table land. Jackson and Johnson led the way. They cautiously approached the western edge of the table-land where a farmer named Sitlington pastured his fat cattle. They looked below. The straggling village, dusty road, lush green meadows and steep adjacent mountain slopes swarmed with men in blue, fine young fellows, mostly from Ohio.[5]

Milroy thought to shell the Virginians out of the mountains, but they were too high. Only one man was killed that bloody day by a cannon shot.

Milroy at once appreciated the difficulty of his position. If he could not command the mountain height above the village he was at the mercy of the gray army. With him it was advance or retreat. He decided to advance. At half after four in the afternoon the battle began. Milroy charged Sitlington's pasture.[6] The Virginians allowed the blue army to cross the little river, unmolested, but not one who crossed ever reached the summit, and few ever

[5] Sketch of Gen. Stonewall Jackson by COL. WILLIAM ALLEN, his aide-de-camp.

[6] The charge was gallantly led by Col. N. C. McLean of Ohio.—*American Conflict*, GREELEY, Vol. II, p. 133.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"The little river, called the Bull Pasture, is so narrow and so shallow that of a hot summer day mild-eyed cattle stand at gaze on the pebbly bed over which the murmuring waters flow. Oaks and elms bend over the stream, arching it with graceful gothic tracery in green and brown."—P. 220.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"On the summit of Shenandoah Mountain Jackson strengthened the breastworks. which may still be traced though lofty oaks and pines have grown thick upon them."—P. 228.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"A church or two, a store or two and a neat dwelling or two, such is the village of McDowell today, and such no doubt it was before Stonewall Jackson made it a brilliant name in Southern annals."—P. 221.

retraced their steps. As the pasture could not be taken, Milroy determined to cross the bridge. Charge after charge was made upon the Georgians who held the road, and the piles of dead, blue and gray falling indiscriminately side by side in a common heap, filled the road; but the Confederates could not be dislodged. Then Milroy stormed the neighboring hills, but everywhere it was the same, the rocks and woods, the fences and gullies sheltered the Confederate line which could not be reached; much less driven forth. As the sun of that fair May day set behind the smoky ridges of Jack's Mountain the battle raged fiercest for Milroy was determined to force a conclusion. Darkness at length put an end to the carnage.[7]

The Confederates gathered up their wounded, 391 of them, and sent them back to Staunton. They buried seventy-one of their dead on the steep hillside. From Sitlington's pasture Jackson watched the battle. He saw the union army build their watch fires, more watch fires perhaps than were necessary for 7,000 men in May. At last the wearied armies slept. All was still below, all was quiet on the mountain. At one o'clock Jackson threw himself across a bed in a neighboring farmhouse and slept until dawn.

He was up with the sun. When he reached the pasture and looked over the village the invading host was gone! The thin blue smoke still curled fitfully from smouldering camp fire. The dead lay unburied

[7] *Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah*, J. D. IMBODEN.
Also *Stonewall Jackson*, JOHN ESTEN COOKE, Chap. 8-17.

in the green meadow, their blue uniforms beclotted with blood and mire. Thousands of pounds of ammunition had been dumped into the little river. The storehouses of the army, so well stocked on yesterday, were smoking ruins. The hamlet was as deserted as a desert. Milroy had slipped away while retreat was possible. And wisely did he so. Had he given Jackson twelve hours more to close the roads not a man of the invaders would have escaped.[8]

The gray army started in full cry. But the retreating host had blocked the roads. The woods had been fired and the rear guard of the retreating army held the Virginians in check. Jackson followed almost to Franklin and then gave over the race. He retreated, in his turn blocking the roads and picketing the mountain passes. On the summit of Shenandoah mountain he strengthened the breastworks which protected the rich county of Augusta. The rude forts may still be traced though lofty oaks and pines have grown thick upon them during a half-century of peace.

It was from McDowell[9] as he started in pursuit of Milroy that Jackson sent his famous, laconic telegram which sent a thrill of joy to the hearts of

[8] Jackson planned to capture the entire army. He sent a brigade to the rear of Milroy, but they were improperly guided and did not reach the line of Milroy's retreat in time.—*Battles and Leaders of Civil War*, JNO. D. IMBODEN, Vol. III, p. 286.

[9] It is quite astonishing that in his *History of the Civil War*, a volume of 1,021 pages, DR. SAMUEL M. SCHMUCKER does not mention McDowell at all! SWINTON in *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, says, "McDowell was eager to advance. McClellan was equally anxious for his arrival, when there happened an event which frustrated this plan. It was the interruption of Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley."

Southern patriots, "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday."

When the army rested he spoke these brief words of congratulation: "Soldiers of the Valley and the Northwest, I congratulate you on your victory at McDowell. I request you to unite with me this morning in thanksigving to Almighty God for having thus crowned our arms with success, and in praying that He will continue to lead you on from victory to victory until our independence shall be established; and make us that people whose God is the Lord."

Had the single victory at McDowell been all that Jackson planned or accomplished it would not hold so large a place in our annals. McDowell is significant as the first page of the campaign that Jackson now unfolded to the gaze of an astonished world.

He returned immediately to the plains of Rockingham, united with Ewell's 8,000 men and struck Banks' flank at Front Royal, where he won another complete victory. He struck again at Middletown, driving Banks pell-mell through Winchester and giving that distracted general no quarter until he had passed over the Potomac safely into Maryland.[10] Shields and Fremont advanced from east and west to capture him, but Stonewall Jackson was too shrewd for them. He passed between them safely

[10] BENSON J. LOSSING does not give Jackson much credit but admits that "the National Capitol was now in peril." Two weeks after McDowell, Jackson had Washington, D. C., in jeopardy!—*History of U. S.*, p. 617.

Life of Jackson, COL. G. F. R. HENDERSON, is a classic. The victory at McDowell is treated in Vol. I, Chap. IX.

and withdrew to Harrisonburg. Here, June 6, noble Ashby fell.[11] The next day Ewell struck Fremont at Cross Keys and completely routed him, and still the next day Jackson struck Shields at Port Republic and routed him. Dr. J. William Jones describes the thrilling campaign of Jackson in these words: "In thirty-two days he had marched 400 miles, skirmishing almost daily, fought five battles, defeated three armies, two of which were completely routed, captured twenty pieces of artillery, 4,000 prisoners and immense stores of all kinds, and had done all this with a loss of fewer than 1,000 men killed, wounded and missing, and with a force of only 15,000 men, while there were in all at least 60,000 men opposed to him. He had spread consternation throughout the North and had neutralized McDowell's 40,000 men at Fredericksburg, who were about to march to Richmond to aid McClellan in investing that city."

[11] See Chap. XVII.

Chapter XIX

THE VOYAGE OF THE APPAM

On the westernmost tip of the gigantic continent of Africa, under the shadow of Cape Verde, lies the small tropical town of Dakar. The black inhabitants labor on the steamships that constantly arrive, load and depart. Dakar is the port of the French province of Senegal.[1] From it a little railway struggles up the torrid coast until it reaches the termini of river and caravan routes from the interior. The wealth of the tropical forests, of the vast sandy wastes of Sahara, and of the limitless interior comes to the docks here and is reshipped to Europe.

It was from Dakar that the British steamer "Appam" sailed, January 11, 1916, on a thrilling voyage. The good vessel was scheduled to arrive at Plymouth, England, ten days later. The "Appam" was a splendid vessel, four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and fifty-seven feet across beam, carrying 7,800 tons. She was built in Belfast by the British-African company the year before the world war (1913). Her queer name, pronounced with a French accent on the second syllable, was taken from a village on the African Gold Coast, which opens upon the Gulf of Guinea and whose black inhabitants live under the vertical sun of the Equator.

[1] *Century Dictionary* places the population at 2,000.

Captain Harrison, three naval officers and twenty sailors manned the ship. In the spacious cabins were one hundred and sixty passengers, among them Sir Frederick Seaton James, governor of the British province of Nigeria, and Sir Edward and Lady Meriweather. Sir Edward was the governor of the British province of Sierra Leone. Twenty-eight German prisoners were aboard, bound for the prison camps of England. Seventeen passengers were women, one a baby; and a negro baby at that. A young man, Jack Griffith by name, had a leopard with him which he captured near Secundee, a town of British West Africa. The "Appam" carried a valuable cargo of gold.

Four days passed pleasantly. The sea was calm. The "Appam" swung into the broad Atlantic and turned her stout prow due north, following afar the long, low African coast that stretches monotonously northward from the Equator to the Pillars of Hercules. The beautiful Canary Islands rose out of the sea ahead, and fell below the horizon to the rear.

On the morning of January 15, when the Canaries were well behind a tramp was sighted following the "Appam." She was of disreputable appearance, for a "tramp" is a ship that sails from port to port without regular schedule, but at the demands of chance cargoes picked up here and there. Captain Harrison examined her through his glasses. She appeared poorly constructed. Her paint was faded and her color not decided. She flew no flag. But she made good time, keeping in sight of the swift

"Appam." Tramp steamers are slow, almost without exception. Captain Harrison noticed that this tramp was larger than most vessels of her class.

After many hours she gained upon the "Appam," dropped a false forecastle, training two shining brass guns full upon her victim and ran up the German flag. The "tramp" then spoke the "Appam." No harm would be done if Captain Harrison surrendered, but if he showed fight the "Appam" would be sunk in less than twenty minutes with all on board.

The seasoned British tars observed that the forecastle of the tramp was of steel. It collapsed like a telescope. The forecastle, which sailors the world over call the "focasel," is nearest the bow or front. Sailors have their quarters, as a rule, in that part of the ship and often they are built upon the forecastle deck like cabins, especially in tramps of old design.

When Captain Harrison and his crew were presented with the unpleasant alternative and especially as they looked into the muzzles of the shining guns they decided that prudence was the better part of valor and surrendered without ceremony.

The ship so promptly and disconcertingly transformed into a German cruiser was the "Moewe," pronounced "mervy," German for "Sea Gull." The "Moewe" was 214 feet long and 36 feet across the beam. Her dimensions were considerably less than the "Appam," but her displacement and speed were greater and her engines more powerful. The distress, disaster and death she spread upon the seven seas made her name a terror.

The "Moewe" slipped out of a Swedish port about the beginning of the year 1916. She flew the Swedish flag and had a big Swedish flag painted across her stern, the faded colors of which were seen by the victims of the "Appam." To be sure the German sailors never admitted that this vessel was the "Moewe"; for German sailors, like German commanders, know to be as silent as the grave.

Once safely out the "Moewe" haunted the lanes of ocean travel along the western coast of Africa. She captured five valuable ships, made their crews prisoners, and sunk the cargoes she could not use.

One of these victims was the "Carbridge," a large vessel of 6,000 tons, loaded with coal. Captain Barton scented troubled and fled from the "Moewe" for three hours, but it was useless. The "Farringford," with 4,000 tons of copper was sent to the bottom the same day.

Captain Yates commanded the "Arthur." The "Moewe" came alongside the "Arthur" flying the British flag. Count Dohna-Schlodien, her commander, ordered Yates and his crew to abandon their ship. This they did as there was no help for it; and all on board were saved. The "Arthur" carried 8,000 tons of valuable, miscellaneous cargo.

The "Drummondy" and "Trader" were other victims. The "Drummondy" had 5,000 tons of coal aboard. The "Trader" was a small vessel loaded with sugar. Both were soon lying on the bottom of the sea.

The "Moewe" then had a quiet day—January 14, 1916. Not a sail appeared upon the broad bosom

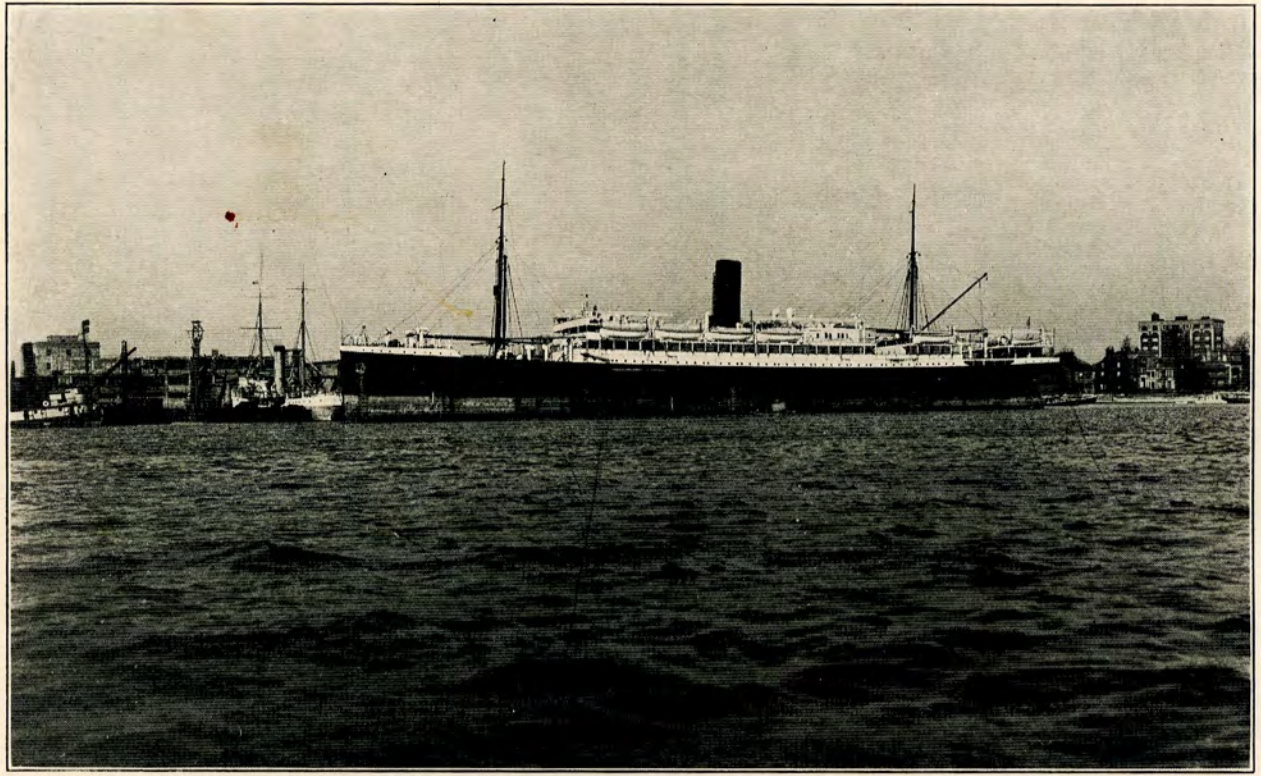


Photo by H. C. Mann

THE APPAM as she appeared in Norfolk harbor after her eventful cruise.

of the Southern Atlantic. But by seven o'clock next morning the British steamer "Ariadne" hove in sight. She was a good Scotch-Irish ship, was the "Ariadne," built in Belfast. Capt. Robert Reid and her crew of twenty-six were Belfast men. She carried 3,000 tons of wheat. Captain Reid and his men were taken aboard the "Moewe," and the "Ariadne" was set in flames. As she burned they used her for a target, eleven shells and two bombs were accurately delivered. For half an hour the Count watched the burning ship upon the peaceful waters, but as the conflagration and especially dense columns of smoke might frighten off other victims or attract a patrolling cruiser Count von Dohna-Schlodien gave her a torpedo and blew her into atoms.

The waves had scarcely covered this work of destruction when the Germans spied a column of smoke on the far eastern horizon. It was evidently a swift steamer standing to the north along the African coast. The "Moewe" threw up her disguises and travelled northward, too, holding the rapid vessel in view. Slowly and cautiously the "Moewe" approached her victim. The Count must needs be cautious for the unknown ship might prove to be a cruiser, or even a man-of-war. If only a merchant vessel, but fitted with wireless, she might sound an alarm that would bring the British fleet after the "Moewe," for it must be remembered that only the prisoners knew of the ships the "Moewe" had captured and sunk. The Prussian raider observed that the swift steamer had high masts, one funnel, and the super-structure of a passenger steamer.

The "Moewe" threw herself across her victim's course so that she was compelled to turn to avoid a collision. "Appam" was painted on the stern. The Count at once turned to the directory. It read: "'Appam,' English steamer, Elder Dempster line, 7,800 tons, passengers and wireless telegraphy."

The Count wished to avoid a fight. It served his purpose better to overawe the "Appam."

Captain Harrison did not stop, but fled. The Count fired a warning shot across the "Appam's" bow, which brought her to a standstill.

When the "tramp" was so disconcertingly transformed into a formidable raider the wireless on the "Appam" began calling for help. The operator on the German ship at once "jammed" the calls, and rendered them unintelligible. A shining gun turned full upon the "Appam's" wireless room was sufficient and the wireless calls ceased.

There was a small gun or two on the deck of the "Appam," and the British tars determined to have a fight. But the Prussian Count was again alert. The "Moewe" delivered a shot just over the heads of the sailors. This called a halt—for all except one brave fellow who insisted on a fight. The German sharpshooters covered him with their rifles from the deck of the "Moewe."

Meantime two boats were lowered and approached the "Appam." The passengers swarmed upon deck, running hither and thither. Women cried for fear, and the men were justly terrified. The cruel—even inhumane—practices of German commanders

in Belgium, Poland, and many parts of France were known. Any intelligent man or woman might well fear them.

The English were terrified; not so the German prisoners on board the "Appam." Their deliverance had come as suddenly as an apparition from heaven! Their joy was unconfined! They hung over the rail, waving, crying and shouting at their compatriots. Count von Dohna-Schlodien brought them on board the "Moewe." He ordered a glass of champagne all around; and they drank a health to "His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser."

A hasty inventory was made. The "Appam" carried eight thousand tons of valuable cargo. Among other commodities fourteen cases of gold bars and two cases of gold dust, worth approximately $250,000 in times of peace—let any who will estimate the value to Berlin in 1916!

The Count had plenty of room for the gold, but not for the prisoners, or passengers, or the thirty rescued Germans. He was already embarrassed by the six captains and crews of the British ships destroyed.

He placed Lieut. Hans Berg on the "Appam" with twenty-two men, reinforced by the twenty-eight German prisoners, whom he returned to the "Appam." How different their position now from that of a few hours before. Who can calculate the chances of war? The German prisoners were now the masters of their former masters on the decks of the same ship! Lieutenant Berg put the "Appam" behind the "Moewe," and the two vessels moved

rapidly somewhere, anywhere. The place of capture might become dangerous to the Prussians. Some of the "jammed" messages might have been picked up.

As they travelled the Germans were busy. The passengers and crew of the "Appam" were carefully disarmed. Bombs were placed conspicuously about the ship with electric connections and a secret button. The Germans explained that a touch upon the button would send all the bombs off simultaneously, reduce the "Appam" to splinters and consign all on board to a watery grave.

Late that evening Count von Dohna-Schlodien sent for the two governors, Sir Fred. Seaton James and Sir Edward Meriweather. He told them that the erstwhile German prisoners had given them both fair reputations touching their courtesy to Germans in their respective colonies. He further told them that they would remain on the "Moewe" overnight as prisoners, and that next day they would return to the "Appam." It was his plan to send them to a neutral port, where they would be released if every man signed a pledge not to take up arms against Germany. No personal effects would be disturbed and every one would be treated courteously, provided always that Lieutenant Berg was obeyed. At the slightest resistence the ship and all aboard would be blown to atoms.

The captive captains and crews of the "Moewe's" various victims had hardly gotten comfortably aboard the "Appam" and the bombs and wiring been satisfactorily fixed when another large British freighter hove in sight upon the southern horizon.

She was loaded with meat, from Fremantle, Australia, and stood steadily up the long African coast. She had the good Scotch name "Clan MacTavish," and her crew were mostly Lascars; that is, East Indians under British command.

Lieutenant Berg put the "Appam" two miles behind the "Moewe," and the "Moewe" cut within two miles of the "Clan MacTavish." Count von Dohna-Schlodien spoke the "Clan MacTavish," and demanded her surrender. She replied with ten solid shots. The "Moewe" trained her guns upon her. Six shots tore her open from stem to stern and set her in flames. Sixteen Lascars lay dead on her decks, three severely wounded were taken aboard the "Appam." The African night was illuminated for miles by the burning ship before she sank beneath the waves. Her destruction was terrible but awe-inspiring.

The "Moewe" salvaged much of her meat, turned about and disappeared. She ran the British blockade in the North Sea and entered a German port. The passing of the tight cordon of ships drawn about the German harbors by the greatest navy in the world was a difficult and dangerous feat. Count von Dohna-Schlodien returned safely.

The arrival of the "Moewe" was hailed throughout Germany with delight. The Kaiser sent the Count a telegram.

"Great General Headquarters.

"5: 3: '16.

"I bid you and your gallant crew a hearty welcome home after a long and highly successful cruise, and

express my Imperial acknowledgement for your deeds which have re-echoed throughout the German land. I hereby award the Iron Cross, second class, to the entire crew. You yourself may report to me at General Headquarters at your earliest convenience. "WILHELM, I. R. (Imperator et Rex)."

A second time Count von Dohna-Schlodien ran out, a second time he carried destruction to many noble ships, and a second time he returned in safety. The courage, audacity and success of these raids will give him a high place in history as a naval commander. Many regard him the most successful raider in all history.

But little is known of him in this country. He is said to have been born of a noble Prussian family, in 1879; and so, at the time of these raids, was thirty-seven years old.

Like all truly brave men Count Von Dohna-Schlodien was a gentleman. His humanity and courtesy to those whom he had in his power contrast favorably to many German commanders. Had other German captains on land and sea resembled Count von Dohna-Schlodien the world would not have looked with loathing upon the modern Huns.

After the "Moewe's" second raid the Count reported to the Kaiser that he had sunk twenty-six ships of the allied nations, mostly British.[2] He was received by his Imperial Master with the greatest honor and affection, and appointed an aide-de-camp.

[2] The American press reported the "Moewe" off the coast of Brazil, Jan. 17, 1917.

This information was allowed to come through from Berlin.

When the "Moewe" and its famous commander parted from the "Appam" Lieutenant Berg ran up the British flag. He put the "Appam" hither and thither upon the face of the ocean evidently with two ideas; to waste as much time as possible, and to meet no one. If even the smallest vessel hove in sight the "Appam" fled off the horizon "as though she were afraid of her own shadow," growled Capt. Robert Reid, of the "Ariadne," which was no more.

Capt. Robert Reid was an Irishman of very pronounced opinions. Count von Dohna-Schlodien (if it was Count von Dohna-Schlodien which Captain Reid doubted) was a "blooming pirate" and Lieutenant Berg was no better. Flying false flags and other scoundrel practices were not approved by Captain Reid. For his part Capt. Robt. Reid didn't believe that the "Moewe" was the "Moewe" at all. He figured it out that she was the "Ponga," a swift cruiser built by the Kaiser's obnoxious government at Bremerhaven in 1914.

For all that we are standing west and nor'west. I know it by the stars," replied Captain Brockett of the "Drummondy," which also was no more. When the captains asked the Germans they laughed pleasantly, but made no reply.

Lieutenant Berg was a young man, small of stature, gracefully built, with a light moustache, an affable manner and a pleasant smile; but very silent withal, almost as silent as a man who is deaf and dumb. He kept an eye, ever alert, upon his crew, his fellow

passengers, his electric wiring, and his deadly bombs. Whether the bombs were really bombs and whether the electric button would have done the deadly work described no one knows and will probably never know save silent Lieutenant Berg. But they had the desired effect and the armed crew of twenty-two with Lieutenant Berg held passengers and prisoners in subjection. All hands, to Lieutenant Berg's honor, be it said, praised him and his men. They acted toward their involuntary fellow travelers with all courtesy.

The last day in January went gloaming down in dull monotony upon the loitering "Appam." The cold, winter night lay upon the calm sea; for the warmth of equatorial Africa had gradually given place to frigid temperatures. The passengers noted unusual activity on deck above and in the hold below. The giant engines of the "Appam" began to throb in deadly earnest. They crowded on steam until the pressure reached the bursting point. The "Appam" fairly jumped ahead as the propellers churned the dark, blue waters. Before daybreak the Germans cheered. They had sighted a light-house rising from the cold and barren sand dunes on a distant shore like a pencil of black and white. A broad, red band of light lay across the channel and marked the path to safety.

When day broke and Lieutenant Berg's unwilling passengers crowded upon deck they rubbed their eyes in astonishment and delight. The "Appam" lay at peace under the frowning guns of Fort Monroe. "The Stars and Stripes" flapped lazily in the breeze.

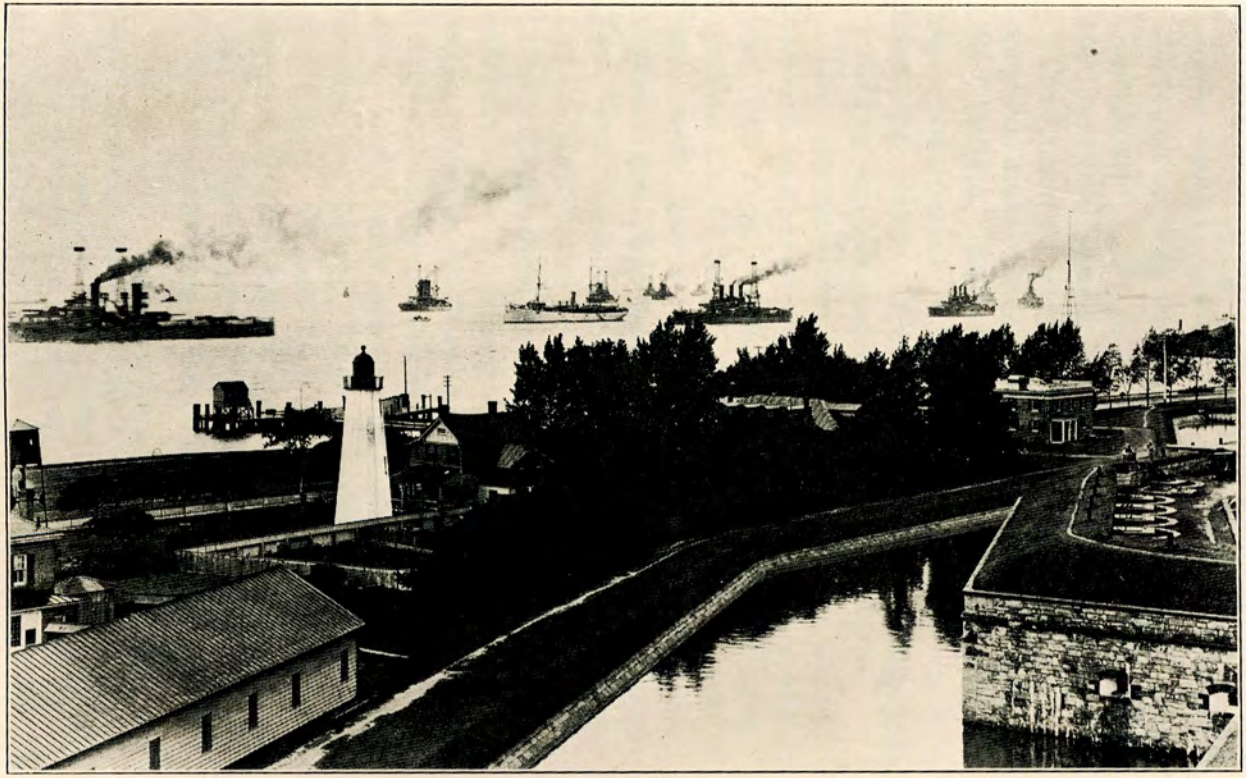


Photo —Courtesy Norfolk-Portsmouth News Bureau

"When day broke Lieutenant Berg's unwilling passengers crowded upon the deck of the 'Appam' and rubbed their eyes in astonishment and delight. The 'Appam' lay at peace under the frowning guns of Fort Monroe."—P. 242.

"Did ever a flag look so blooming good?" cried Captain Reid. "It looks good to us and it looks good to these Dutchmen, too, I will warrant."

The morning papers[3] all over the country reported as an interesting item that a German cruiser, the "Buffalo," had eluded the British and French ships guarding the Virginia capes and had run into Hampton Roads. The "Appam" had so reported herself by wireless to the fort.

The "Appam" was soon interned. The six jolly captains journeyed together to Norfolk and had a last, best meal together, ere they went their respective ways. Salt herring, black coffee and hard tack were now a menu only of memory. The captains, governors and ladies departed; all, except Jack Griffith's leopard. Jack presented him to the city of Norfolk and he was given a comfortable cage in City Park where he has become a great favorite with the school children, almost as great a favorite as the monkeys which are his neighbors. His name, "Appam," hangs conspicuously on his cage, and his career is the most sensational that ever an African leopard has known. After a brilliant legal battle[4] the courts decided that the "Appam" was the property of the British owners, and she has long since gone forth upon the high seas.

Not so Lieutenant Berg[5] and his prize crew of

[3] The story of the "Appam" is drawn largely from the local press. The *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* carried a five-column story Feb. 1, 1916.

[4] The legal aspects are discussed briefly by DR. JOHN BACH MC MASTER. *The United States in the World War*, pp. 265-7.

[5] *Norfolk-Ledger Dispatch* had pictures of Lt. Hans Berg, his crew and the "Appam" at Old Point Comfort, Feb. 3, 1916.

twenty-two. They, too, were interned; but the declaration of war which set the "Appam" free made the Germans prisoners of war. To hold such a man as Lieut. Berg would not be easy. With two companions, by infinite toil, through many long nights, Lieut. Berg constructed a tunnel and made his escape. The three Germans crossed the Mississippi and made their way over the plains of Texas. At last they reached the Rio Grande and looked with longing eyes over the narrow river that separated them from Mexico, and safety. They approached a cowboy, told their story, and asked his assistance over the river—but they approached the wrong man! He was clad as a cowboy, to be sure, but he was an officer of the law. He instantly arrested the three and marched them off to jail. There they remained until the end of the war.[6]

[6] It was reported that after the war Lieut. Hans Berg committed suicide in Hamburg.

Chapter XX

A PROGRESS THROUGH PATRICK

I. THE PILGRIM AT LOVER'S LEAP

The little railway climbs bravely into the hills of Patrick. It turns hither and thither in desperate effort seeking a passage through the intricate tangle of the hills. But the grades grow so steep, the valleys so narrow, the farms so poor, the forests so thick and dark, and the people so scattered that the railway finally gives up. By an effort quite prodigious the locomotive pulls its creaking load into the straggling village of Stuart. Here the ramparts of the Blue Ridge swing into full view on the western horizon and frown on the plains below. The locomotive grows discouraged, turns and hurries back to the plains much faster than it came. This ambitious attempt to scale the mountain heights and reach the spreading valleys and rich coal mines beyond is not yet realized. By turning coward the railway reaps a coward's reward. Instead of a bold trunk line serving neighboring states and distant cities the cattle browse between the rusty rails. It begins well but ends nowhere, like many a narrow life, ambitious enough at the start, but driveling into purposelessness at the close.

Stuart wears a proud name, but wears it poorly. Its residences are not many. They straggle over the

hillside in an aimless way. The origin and centre of the town is the courthouse. It is plain, too plain; without, within. It lacks the quiet dignity that one wishes to associate with seats of justice. Lawns and trees, statues, fountains, pillars, porticos without, and portraits, polished furniture, offices and halls within are lacking. The same evidence is borne in upon the traveler through the county. These excellent folk have evidently not yet discovered that trinity of progress for all peoples—good roads, good churches, good schools.[1]

And yet Patrick County is a noteworthy community. On its southern edge a tiny mountain rivulet slips under the oaks and chestnuts. This stripling of a river is called by the good scriptural name Ararat, because the lofty mountain from whose rocky fastnesses its clear, limpid waters eternally spring is also called Ararat. When it passes into Carolina it unites with another little stream that rises in the neighboring mountains, and it is known henceforth as the Yadkin, a river of breadth, influence and distinction. It waters white cotton fields and green tobacco fields, turns many a mill and sends its power afar tingling over the wires; all by its generous flow. When it crosses into South Carolina it changes its name again, and is now the Great Pee Dee. It picks its way among the rich plantations and the wide spreading marshes of the far South and enters the sea at last not far above Charleston.

[1] It should be added, however, that each passing year registers a step forward for the people of Patrick. Better days lie just ahead for them.

Patrick fathers another little stream. It rises on the summit of the Blue Ridge, and queerly enough it follows the crest for miles, flowing literally upon the top of the mountains. It gives its name to the Meadows of Dan, crosses into North Carolina, gives its name to Danbury and Mayodan, returns to Virginia, gives its name to the wealthy city of Danville, unites with the Staunton and becomes the Roanoke. For the ninth time it crosses the state line, spreads out deep and wide and joins its estuary with that of the Chowan to form Albemarle Sound.[2]

Some of the springs of Patrick flow west, seek New River and finally enter the Ohio, Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico.

But the lofty, sequestered county of Patrick is not content to supply a thirsty world with clear, pure and lordly rivers. It is also the origin of great men. What fine looking fellows these mountain lads be! They are strong, healthy, manly, lithe of limb, clear of eye. It is a delight to watch them and talk with them. Clad for the most part in rough overalls and hunting shirts, the rude costume does not disguise their fine, masculine proportions. And the women, too, are of the same stock, as their perfect complexions, graceful carriage and well-cut features attest. Patrick is a mine of genuine man-power.

The great name on every lip is that of the matchless cavalry leader, the flower of Southern chivalry and the very ideal of Southern manhood, James Ewell Brown Stuart. He was born in the "Hollow of Patrick," a large estate the southern border of which

[2] See Chap. XVI.

was the state line. So narrowly did Jeb Stuart miss being a Tarheel! Had Patrick produced none other her people would have placed the South and nation under lasting obligation.

"As a boy Jeb Stuart played at soldiers," said an aged citizen. "The old folks used to tell how he marshaled the other boys into line, and if boys were not to be had he filled his make-believe ranks with sticks, shingles and brick-bats. Stuart was a born military genius."

The Pilgrim's face was set toward the distant Pinnacles of Dan. The genial Sheriff introduced a young man down from the mountain and about to return. A seat for the trip was soon arranged. The young man had attended a famous old college in Tidewater Virginia, and had completed one year in a medical school at Richmond. He knew his native county well and was delighted to exhibit it to appreciative strangers.

The drive from Stuart to the Meadows of Dan is superb. Magnificent vistas open at each ascending turn. The towering mountains, primeval forests, cascades that leap in every glen, the tortuous winding and unwinding of the road that crawls up the uncompromising front of the Blue Ridge, landscapes of forest and farm, of mountain, hill and valley spread out before one and call forth new and ever renewed exclamations of delight.

At the summit the Medical Student led the way on foot to the top of a gigantic precipice of solid rock, which rises sheer from the valley beneath. One may cast a stone 1,500 feet below. It is

the royal front of the Blue Ridge. The country spreads forth like a map done in high relief.

"This is Lover's Leap," said the young man. "From here you can see half of North Carolina and the whole United States."

One catches his breath instinctively, for a world lies beneath his feet. It is to see as an aviator sees, and yet to stand upon eternal rock. The earth slips away as the eye is lifted to the dim, distant horizon. The world beneath is as vast as the heavens above. To the north, peak rises beyond peak. They mark the north and eastward trend of the Blue Ridge, which does not sink finally until it crosses the River St. Lawrence and enters the frozen plains of Labrador.

To the east lesser mountains and ambitious hills die away into the plains of Piedmont Virginia. Vision fails in the immensity of the horizon. The mists of the great distance grow dense and the dull wash of color suggests the vastness of the ocean three hundred miles away. Banks of deep green cover the slopes; dense forests of hardwood. The bright patches of color that intervene are large and fertile farms. The tiny white specks are happy homes of farmers. The red twisted strings between the banks of green are roads that lead from place to place and dip into lovely valleys. Far up the slope are the humble cabins of mountain folk. Oh, what a world of wealth and poverty, of culture and of ignorance, of happiness and of woe, of youth and of age, is laid before one here!

To the south the plains of Carolina rise higher and

higher until the waves of green break into the lofty front of Blue Ridge. The mountains to the south bend to the west and lead to Mt. Mitchell, Queen of the Appalachians.

Turn on the brink of Lover's Leap, and you are brought to the familiar earth on the instant. Looking to the east, north or south, one feels the exhilaration of a great height, one is suspended between heaven and earth, and heaven seems nearer and more familiar than earth. Turn to the west, and one stands amid smiling fields, fertile farms and rustling forests. The plains are filled with fat cattle and harvests of grain on the prosperous farms of the Meadows of Dan. The Blue Ridge here attains a height of 3,000 feet and never descends. Unlike other mountains, the Ridge in Patrick has only one slope.

After a long, thoughtful silence becoming those who stand in the presence of the Creator's power, the Pilgrim turned to the young man by his side. "And this is Lover's Leap?"

"It is," he replied courteously.

"I see the Leap, but I do not see the Lover . . . Or, perhaps I do see a lover; who can tell?"

A smile he tried his utmost to suppress played for an instant upon his handsome face. He made no reply. Men of the mountains are not garrulous.

Five miles through the meadows of the Meadows of Dan and the Medical Student pointed out a typical country store. In the road an automobile waited with two beautiful Patrick county girls. They took more than a passing interest in the passing machine.

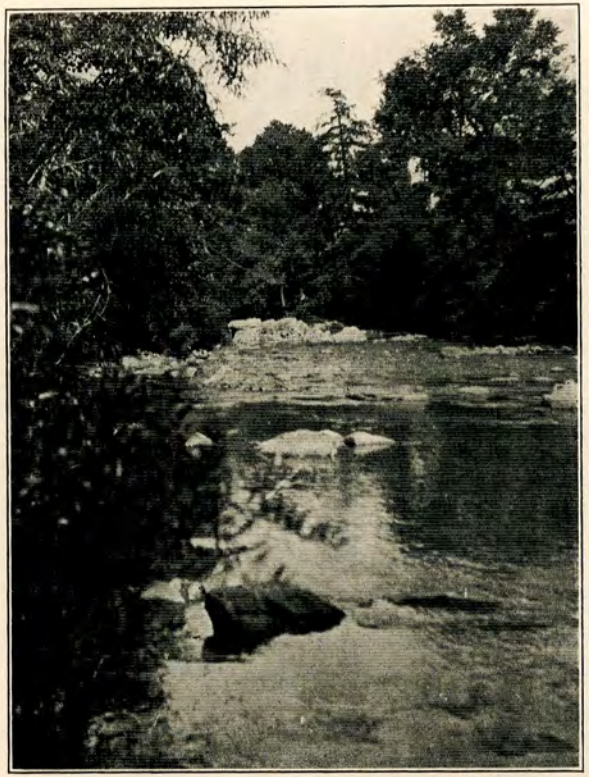


Photo by W. H. T. S.

"The river's silver thread is in large part obscured by the interlaced foliage of oaks and elms, poplars and hickories. The gorge is so vast, and the river so small it would seem impossible for the Dan to have washed so vast a canyon."—P. 257.

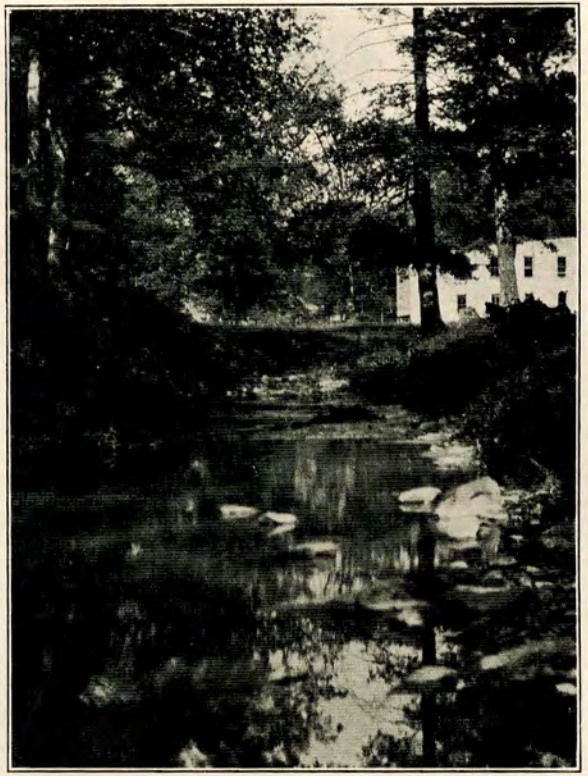


Photo by W. H. T. S.

"The rattling little River Dan flowed by his side in a companionable way. It, too, was bound for the Pinnacles of Dan."—P. 255.

"This is Vesta," the Medical Student volunteered.

"How very appropriate! And these are the Vestal Virgins. You raise not only fine crops, but beautiful women in the Meadows of Dan. The Vestal Virgins seemed interested in this automobile. It could not have been the passenger; it must have been the driver. You doubtless know the girls?"

"Oh, I know them both," he replied. "One of them is married," with too evident unconcern.

"And the other?" The Medical Student found it impossible to control his expression. A telltale flush and smile could not be hid. "—may be a doctor's bride some day. Who knows? I dare say she could do worse." The Stranger finished his own sentence.

The Medical Student looked at the road in front of him a full quarter of a mile in silence. Then he said something inaudible, except two words, "Some day."

The passenger looked at the road a full quarter of a mile in silence, and then remarked, "I have seen the Leap: and I have seen the Lovers."

2. THE PILGRIM AT THE PINNACLES OF DAN

The post-office known as Meadows of Dan is a place of considerable importance. Post routes that touch three great, mountain counties, here begin and end. Traveling salesmen rest here. In fact, after Stuart, Meadows of Dan is the best-known distributing point in the county. But the Meadows of Dan is not even a village. The road forks to the right, where a large general store evidently drives a thriving trade. The Merchant Prince lives on a

hill near. Next the store is a "Boarding House for Traveling Men." That is all.

The day was now far spent. The Pilgrim must seek a place of rest. He made application to the crabbed old gentleman who is the proprietor of the "Boarding House for Traveling Men."

"Yes, I reckin we kin take cyer of you." But when he meekly consulted his wife she replied in voice of one who ruled the roost and the roast:

"No, I can't keep 'im. Ye knew the house is full. He kin go somewheres else."

The Medical Student kindly applied to the Merchant Prince.

"Yes, I will take him."

But soon the Merchant Princess walked down to the store for a loaf of bread. There were remarks in an aside to the extreme rear of the store, and the Merchant Prince came forth like one who saw his painful duty and was determined to do it!

"I am sorry," he said, "but all our folks are away from home and it would not be convenient for us to entertain anyone tonight."

"One too full, one too empty," sighed the Stranger.

"You have to go to Bolt's to get a wheel, don't you?" The Merchant Prince addressed the Medical Student. "Bolt will keep him."

"Is he any kin to Ben Bolt?" the Stranger inquired.

"Why, yes, Ben's a cousin. Do you know him?"

"Know him? I should say I do!" cried the Stranger with enthusiasm. "I have known him all my life. He married a sweet girl named Alice who had curly brown hair."

"No," the Merchant Prince shook his head. "He married Mary Gates, and her head is as red as fire."

"Ah, I stand corrected," said the Stranger. "He was in love with Alice, but Alice died of a surplus of affection. I had never heard that Ben Bolt married, but if he got a red-headed wife it serves him right."

Mr. Bolt was putting up hay—such sweet-scented hay in such a fine meadow of hay! He said that he would take the Stranger in, adding that they never turned a way-farer from their door. The Stranger was delighted. What sweet dreams will come at an altitude of 3,000 feet in such meadows of hay! But Mr. Bolt soon returned from the house with the intelligence that his mother was sick, quite ill in fact, and that it would not be convenient for them to have a visitor that night. He was sorry. So was the Stranger! So was the Medical Student!

It was now dark with a chill as of autumn in the rare air. The evening star burned brightly over the dark forests that bordered the meadow, and the other stars were beginning dimply to appear. The Medical Student loyally refused to desert his troublesome charge, though under no obligation whatever to assist him. The unwelcomed guest was driven to the next neighbor, Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith came to his door, lantern in hand. The Stranger made an eloquent plea for a night's lodging. He appealed to the lonely road, the dark and forbidding forest, the shining stars, the memory of the immortal Stuart and the hospitality of Patrick! He wished nothing to eat; he really could not be persuaded to eat (though lunch and the courthouse were a long way

behind). He would gladly pay any charge for a night's lodging The Medical Student also put in an oar. Mr. Smith readily consented, and retreated forthwith to the dark recesses of his modest home.

"Ah," groaned the Stranger into the sympathetic ear of the Medical Student, "but wait until you hear the returns from Mrs. Smith."

But Mrs. Smith consented. The Stranger could have embraced her on the spot, dear grandmotherly soul! As it was, he controlled his impulses of gratitude and was content to call down the blessings of High Heaven upon all the Smith family, and surely that is a large prayer.

The inhabitants of the Meadows of Dan retire betimes. The hostess thoughtfully remarked that she would not call the Stranger early, as it was not needful for him to arise with Mr. Smith. The Stranger slept well, even without the aroma of Bolt's new mown hay. A warning rap called him forth to breakfast. The stars were still shining over the knob to the side of which the Smith farm and home cling. A neighbor appeared at the kitchen door, lantern in hand.

"Where's Jake?" he asked.

"Why, Jake's gone to town, I reckin. He fed the cattle after breakfast and started off. He's been gone about an hour or such a matter." The Stranger had not thought of his watch. He now glanced at it.

It was five minutes before four, standard railway time imported from Roanoke. King Solomon's caution about overmuch folding of the hands to sleep is not needed in the Meadows of Dan, or the mountains of Patrick.

"I reckin you ain't used to gitting up so early in the morning, air you?"

"Not quite so early, as a rule, but I have often been up before this," the Stranger replied politely. "I was just thinking that I should thank you for having me out this morning. I never before appreciated what the poet meant by 'Meeting the sun upon the upland lawn.' That is a pleasure I shall have today."

The Stranger bade his kind friends farewell. He was now reduced to the primitive method of travel on foot. The Pinnacles lay three, long miles ahead. But the sun was shining, the birds were singing, the rich meadows were smiling with dew thick upon them, the breeze was laden with the sweet scent of the hay. The Stranger was not lonely. The rattling little River Dan flowed by his side in a companionable sort of way. It, too, was bound for the Pinnacles of Dan. It, too, was bound for the far distant sea, there to make its home. The Pilgrim looked down at the Dan and exclaimed, "Today we shall both reach the Pinnacles. I shall climb to the summit and you will dash against the base. Next week I shall be lost in the crowds that surge through the hot streets of a great seaport, and you will be lost in the wild salt waves that surge off Hatteras."

The popular Sheriff at the Court House said, "When you get to the Meadows of Dan find Bill Sykes and tell him I sent you." Now Bill was next door neighbor to the hospitable Smiths. As the Stranger approached the house on a hillock by the waters' flow, a tall man, six feet three, as straight

as an Indian and as spare as a hound, came round the house and strode toward the road. He carried a bag of corn, evidently on his way to the mill.

The Stranger approached. "Are you Bill Sykes?"

"Well, I might be," the tall man said curtly, "and again I mightn't."

"I was on my way to your house."

"Um-hum." There was a hostile suggestion in the tone. The tall man was evidently cautious.

"Sheriff Joe at the Court House told me to look you up. I am on my way to the Pinnacles of Dan. The Sheriff said you knew every spring and creek, every rock and tree, and every crow on the Pinnacles and in the Meadows of Dan, too, for that matter."

The mention of Sheriff Joe was the open sesame.

"Come right in," he cried. "I can go to the mill another time. I've been working too hard, anyway. Stranger, I tell you I've done a sight of hard work in my time. I am going to take a day off and go with you to see the Pinnacles. I've been up 'em nine times, and I want to make it ten."

"Clarence, he's my boy, went to see his girl last night and is still asleep. But he will go, too. I am going to step over to a neighbor's and borrow an automobile to take us." He left the Stranger on the porch, but soon returned disappointed. The Medical Student had borrowed a wheel off Bolt's machine and the "darn thing won't run on three wheels."

Clarence knew a man who hired his machine. The Stranger was delighted. "Hire it for all day, Clarence; we'll have a joy ride and I will stand treat." But the man's phone was out of order and he lived

twice as far as the Pinnacles. Clarence was resourceful, however, and got a neighbor over the phone, who sent a boy to the far side of the mountain with the message. After half an hour the disappointing word came back over the throbbing, gossipy wire that the man was in the midst of buckwheat harvest and wouldn't stop to drive the whole city of Norfolk to the Pinnacles, or anywhere else.

"It's go on two feet," sighed the Stranger.

"I'll hitch my colt and we'll ride and tie," said Bill. Two walked and one rode, alternating every half mile, and so at last the Pinnacles were reached.

The view of the Pinnacles is the reverse of that at Lover's Leap, but it would be difficult to decide which is more awe-inspiring. Here one stands on the edge of a gigantic gorge. Miles above the Dan comes leaping down in a long series of cascades. The river's silver thread is in large part obscured by the interlaced foliage of oaks and elms, poplars and hickories. The gorge is so vast, the depth so stupendous, the river so small that is would seem impossible for the Dan to have washed so vast a canyon. Perhaps the granite front of Blue Ridge cracked at creation.

The Pinnacle is a detail of the gorge. A mountain was flung by the Hand of the Creator bottom up into the midst of the ravine, as it would seem by the strata of rock.

When the river reaches the rocky base of the Pinnacle, it turns gracefully to the east and seeks a narrow channel between it and the steep rocks that mark the precipitous eastern wall of the gorge.

To the south the river falls rapidly lower until it emerges at the level of the plains. As the bottom of the gorge deepens the sides widen, affording magnificent views of the Carolina front of Blue Ridge.

Kindly nature has flung a living garment of green over this great wound in the bowels of the mountains. But here and there the giant boulders refuse to be covered. The massive precipices are too solid and too steep for the tiny tendrils of the Virginia creeper to find lodgment, and they stand forth naked and unashamed.

Two generations since a local surveyor, one L. B. Collier, calculated the altitude of the Pinnacle from the level of the river and found it 1,125 feet. He laboriously wrought his name, the figure and the date, 1860, into the face of the living rock at the summit. The carving is still legible, despite the storms of many years.

The edge of the gorge on either side is on a level with the crest of the Pinnacle midway between them. A natural causeway unites the western face of the gorge to the side of the Pinnacle midway its height, making the ascent easier from the west. The lesser Pinnacle is a pile of enormous rocks flung upon a ridge of the greater Pinnacle. Some day, no doubt, an enterprising engineer will dam the narrow chasm between the Pinnacle and the eastern side of the gorge, making of river and gorge an artificial lake. An unfailing head of water will thus be secured to generate abundant power.

Midway up the Pinnacle a crevice opens in the rock. It is a natural bore some nine inches in

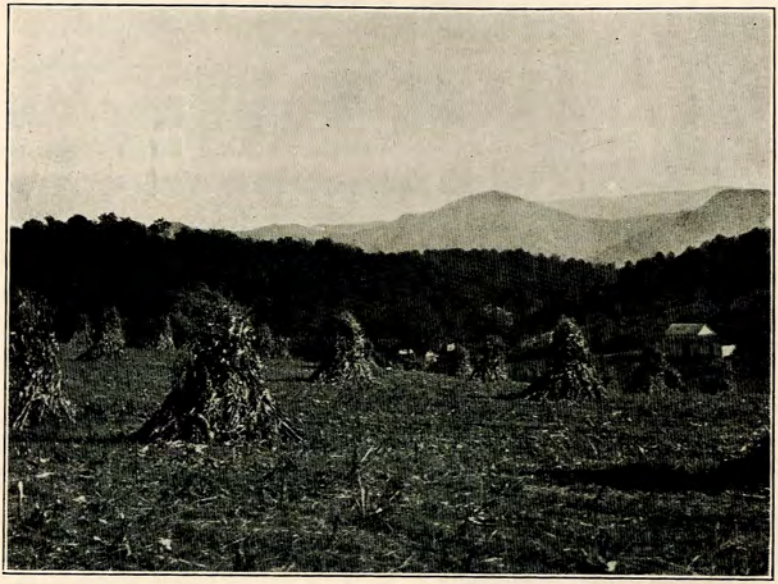


Photo by W. H. T. S.

"Turn on the brink of Lover's Leap and one stands amid smiling fields, fertile farms and rustling forests."—P. 250.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

THE WATAUGA

"I have stood upon its banks in my childhood, and, looking into its glassy waters, beheld there mirrored a heaven with moon and planets and trembling stars, and looking upward have beheld the heaven above, which the heaven below reflected."—P. 280.

diameter and extends through the Pinnacle from north to south. An unfailing current of air, as cold as ice, blows from the crevice and with such force as to make a low, moaning sound. It took an hour's earnest effort of diligent climbing along the shorter path through the brush and over the rattlesnake infested mould to reach the summit. Toward the summit progress is difficult and dangerous, for one must climb on all fours over the face of the solid boulders with the meagrest possible footing. A slip would send the adventurer to the bottom of the gorge a thousand feet below.

Late in the afternoon the Stranger bade Bill Sykes farewell. A kinder, more courteous and more hospitable host one need never desire. Bill's home is an Eveless Eden, but he whispered to his parting guest that he hoped to be married before another summer sun warmed the cold rocks of the Pinnacle. May Bill secure the best of the widows of Patrick!

Once again in the mellow light of evening the Stranger applied for room at the "Boarding House for Traveling men." The irascible old gentleman recognized him on the instant and called out to his wife, "Here's this man from Norfolk agin, wants to spend the night." His voice somehow suggested the basest moral turpitude in the candidate for his hospitality. But the Stranger had learned by cruel experience and so he called after the husband in the most persuasive, the gentlest, the most mellifluous of tones.

"I am leaving at four in the morning by the post hack. I really would not bother you if I had any

other resource. I do not wish any supper and I will get breakfast in Stuart. I only ask a bed, or a cot."

"Well, take a seat and set down, and I'll talk to you atter a bit." She was thawing slightly. The proprietor looked the Stranger over coldly and in silence from head to foot as he pulled at his pipe. The examination was frank and the result was not flattering. He seemed lost in profound thought for a full half-hour, then he took his pipe from his mouth and asked, "What might be your name?"

The Stranger replied pleasantly (but quite obtusely), "Well, now, it might be Jim, Tom, Bill, Algernon or Percy."

He considered the reply at length and asked again, "What might be your business?"

"At present I am a Hedonist," replied the Stranger candidly; but added confidentially, "I have been a dealer in dry goods on Sundays."

He thought the matter over carefully, refilled his pipe, and said, "That's agin the law, ain't it?"

"On the contrary, I know many who do it, some so successfully that they become prominent, and some even distinguished."

Literally at early candle light the Stranger was shown to a large and comfortable room. "I will pay you now so that I will not disturb you so early tomorrow," suggested the Stranger. He grunted something that perhaps meant approval. But at ten minutes before four he put his head in the Hedonist's door and growled, "Thar ye air in that bed yit. If you don't calculate to git left ye had better git up.

It's atter four now and that post boy ain't agoin' to wait fur ye nor fur nobody."

The Stranger looked at him with undisguised delight. He wore an old-fashioned night-cap, the first the Stranger had ever seen. He looked for all the world as if he had stepped out of one of Thackeray's novels a full century after date.

The Stranger hurried his simple toilet, but before he could get out the night-cap was up again.

"Do ye want to git left, I say? Do ye want to git left?"

"Oh, never fear, I will not get left. The boy promised to call me before he drove off, and besides it lacks five minutes of four."

"I don't cyer what he promised ye. I say ye are goin' to git left." With that Parthian shaft he grumbled his way back to bed and, let us hope, to his slumbers.

The Stranger stumbled out of the dark house to the store. The night was very black, and the forest that bordered the road seemed even blacker than the night. Only the stars looked familiar. The Pleiades hung high overhead like dim lanterns on the mountain top. The post hack rocked along the rough road at a lively pace that devoured the miles. The Stranger gazed at the brilliant morning star and murmured, "O sweet star, pure on the virgin forehead of the dawn."

"What's that you said, sir?" asked the post boy.

"I didn't say. I was just thinking aloud what a friend of mine, a man named Tennyson, said when he saw the morning star, perhaps that very star you

are galloping after." The bright star paled. The rising sun struggled through the eastern mists. The post boy cracked his whip with vigor and cried, "It's the top of the mountain."

"And a new day trembles at the threshold of dawn," replied the Stranger. "That's my wish for Patrick."

Chapter XXI

WHITE TOP, THE SUMMIT OF VIRGINIA

I. THE ASCENT

"Thar it is, plain enough if ye have eyes to see, jest in front of you." The garrulous old man slipped an enormous quid of tobacco into his cavernous mouth, brushed his lips with a soiled coat-sleeve and pointed to a magnificent mountain which lifted its head like a proud and mighty monarch against the azure sky.

"How long does it take to climb to the top?" I inquired.

"To climb to the top? What fur do ye want to climb to the top?"

"Well,—" I did not know why I hesitated under his steady eye, "I came here to climb it—to get the view, you know—they say it is fine."

"You ain't tellin' me you come here just fur to climb White Top?"

I protested that I had no other purpose.

"You come clean acrost Virginny aridin' on cars and payin' hotel bills jest to break your neck a-climbin' that 'ar mountain?"

I felt condemned as I stood before this upland ancient, a heinous faddist, an extravagant spendthrift, an idler and a truant from important duties.

"No, indeed, I do not wish to break my neck," I answered pleasantly, "but White Top is the roof of Virginia. It is 5,520 feet high and the highest point in the state, except Mount Rogers, which is only 199 feet higher. They say that from the summit three great states are spread at your feet."

"Young man, I've been a-livin' here all my days, nigh on seventy year, and my pa he was born in this here valley and I ain't never heard tell of no 'Mount Rogers' as ye call it. There ain't no sech. If you air a-meanin' Balsam, thar it is, a leetle higher than White Top a-peepin' at ye over yon gap. Mount Rogers—." It would be impossible to express in black and white the contempt with which he uttered the last two words.

"Yes, it is called Balsam locally, but the state geologists and the government maps always note the peak as 'Mount Rogers.' You have been to the top of Balsam, no doubt?"

"No, I ain't never been thar and what's more I ain't goin'."

"They say the foliage is so thick on the summit that it is impossible to get any view, and besides, it is surrounded by other heights, while White Top stands out alone. The mountain was named for Professor Rogers."

"Whar did he teach school?"

"At the University of Virginia, and for a while at William and Mary. He established the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was a great geologist and I think the mountain a fine tribute to him, don't you?"

The rustic ancient evidently had notions only hazy about professors, geologists and memorials. He made no reply. Like a good general I determined to press my advantage.

"White Top and Rogers, or Balsam as I should have said, are the two highest peaks north of Carolina."

"They is higher mountains in York state."

"The Adirondacks are not so high. Mount Marcy, the highest peak in New York, is only 5,344 feet." I spoke with an air of authority, and great wisdom. Had I not refreshed my memory only the day before by a peep into the World Almanac?

"They is higher mountains in New England then," contended my friend doggedly. "I disremember the names."

"Mount Washington is higher than Mount Rogers, I mean Balsam, but that's the only one."

"Wall I don't cyer nothin' at all about it," he replied contentiously as he spat deftly at a cur ten feet away. "It ain't doin' nobody no good to climb it. That's what I say. But it ain't no business o' mine if you do break your fool neck." With that Parthian shot he retreated into his cabin and slammed the door behind him. I recalled Washington Irving's description of Mrs. Rip Van Winkle. "A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use."

I trudged up a steep, red road, which twisted like a corkscrew through a deep ravine, cool and damp, shaded by noble forest trees. A rivulet by the road-

side murmured a cheery welcome. It hastened down the ravine to meet me, gathering to its bosom many springs, some of which dripped unceasingly from huge, black boulders thrust out of the mountain's side for all the world like broken ribs. Other springs started from beds of rich, rank fern or bubbled up beside beds of soft gray-green moss.

The ascent, pleasant though steep, climbed for perhaps half a mile to a hamlet of unpainted cabins, built of slabs and odd ends of rough timber from a mill nearby, and wedged between the red road the the steep mountain slope. From each modest home a well-worn path led to a spring-house, within which, I knew, crocks of milk were set in bubbling water, fresh, sweet, cool and inviting. Each house was also provided with a pig-sty every whit as conspicuous as the spring-house, but far less pleasing to the eye, not to mention the nose. Each family had a dog or litter of dogs, duty bound to race and yelp at the heels of every passing man or brute. Howsoever hungry a mountaineer may be he will divide his starveling store with "mongrel puppy whelp and hound, and cur of low degree."

The children fled within their cabin refuge as the curs came bounding forth furiously barking. It would seem to be Nature's law—the smaller the home the larger the family; a generous compensation, no doubt.

My trail left the road at the top of the hamlet, and ascended through the private park of the highest slab-manor, deftly dodging spring-house, pig-sty, tilted backyard, sagging fence corners and a barn

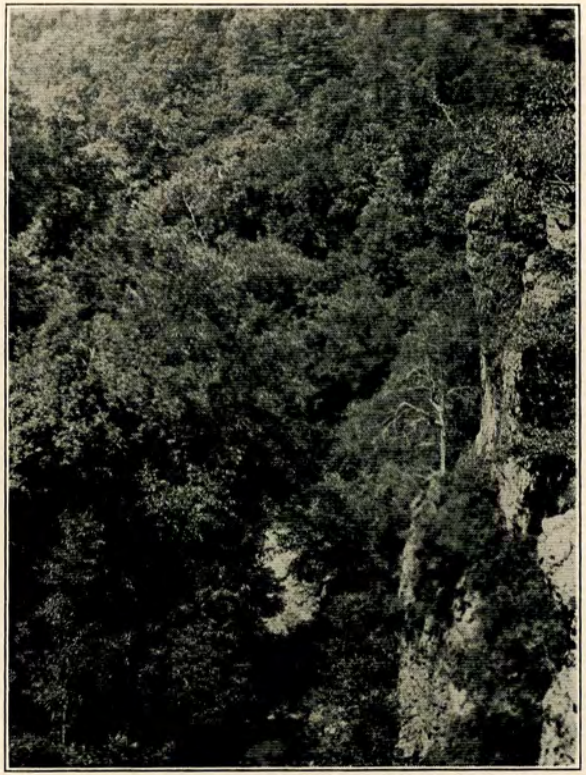


Photo by W. H. T. S.

"To my consternation I found all further progress blocked by a wall of rock—a huge boulder, black and slippery, rose directly in front and over me."—P. 271.

Photo by W. H. T. S.

"With sixty sturdy companions Boone set forth to locate a trace from Carolina to Kentucky." Patriotic societies have set marks along Boone's trail.—P. 279.

that clung tenaciously to the hillside. I marvelled at the miracle of the mountaineer's barn, for it attains a wider angle from the perpendicular than Pisa's famed tower; and that despite the wintry blasts that come hurtling down the mountain, or the fierce gales that come whistling up the valley.

"Yes, sir, ye go right up the pasture. It's two mile to the top. All the folks climb this way, though I ain't never been up meself." These were the reassuring words of the lady of the manor. I remarked encouragingly to myself that two miles was merely a pleasant half-hour's walk on a level. The house-wife's direction "right up the pasture" was no metaphor, for the pasture was vertical. I recalled Bill Nye's funeral oration over the farmer who had taken a fatal plunge to the bottom of his corn-field as he attempted to plow along the top. These grassy hillsides were steeper than any flight of stairs. From time to time, when my footing was secure, I mopped my brow and caught a deep breath of the air delightfully pure and fresh.

At the top of the pasture a chestnut reared its stately head. Its broad drooping leaves shone brightly in the sun and fluttered like banners in the gentle breeze. The prickly pods were filled with fruit and hung heavily awaiting Jack Frost who will come tripping down the mountain some September night and crack the burrs and set the nuts rolling like marbles down the pasture. What a good time the squirrels will have then, and the numerous boys and girls of the hamlet!

I rested long in the shade of the chestnut, and

watched the cattle browse on the hilltops far below. The women were gossiping over the rickety fences that bounded their meagre garden patches. I was egotistical enough to imagine that they spoke of the stranger who had climbed along the red road and into the green pastures; and humble enough to imagine that like the ancient mountaineer at Konnarock they thought it foolish for a man to ascend the trail with only a map, a kodak and a pad of paper! Just fancy!

A fine field of ripening corn stood well-tasselled and in martial ranks atop the chestnut's loftiest limbs. As I lifted my feet lazily from one furrow to the next they had grown incredibly heavy. It was row above row until with intense satisfaction and a sign of relief I reached the decaying fence that marked the uppermost boundary of the cornfield and the lowest boundary of the wildwood. Alas, for the inconsistency of mortal man! I was soon to wish for the corn, as in the corn I had regretted the vertical pasture, and as in the pasture I had fain climbed again through the drab hamlet of slab cabins and along the pleasant ravine. Each change was a change for the worse, as the old lady said with a sob when she had tucked three husbands snugly away and married a fourth!

Alexander Pope was a wise philosopher:

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never is but always to be blessed."

The wildwood had promised easy travel; vain and barren vaticination! Innumerable paths and trails

threaded the emerald lights of the forest. I chose the most likely, and at each of the many forks, like a good politician, I followed as the majority lead. But, unfortunately, the paths were poor guides. They invariably turned from the steep and narrow ascent into easy and seductive valleys below. Again like a good politician I found that nothing is less to be trusted than a majority. They lead you aright today, but they blast your cherished hopes to-morrow.

There was nothing for it but to set my face toward the bold ascent and trudge doggedly upward, with the sunbeams, when here and there they struggled through the leafy roof, falling aslant over my right shoulder, for my face was set south.

The way became increasingly difficult; each slope inviting steeper altitudes. The loam was perfumed with the pungent tang of the firs, and as soft underfoot as a Persian carpet. Here and there the soil gave place to rocks, sharp, loose and slippery. Every step was an agony lest some venomous serpent, a copperhead or rattlesnake, hidden in the decaying trees or disturbed by the upturned stones should arise to strike his fangs into me. The mountaineers had assured me that no "pisen snake" inhabited these lofty climes. They glide only below 3,500 feet. But I was not convinced and kept an eye ever alert, for I was sure that if one copperhead was out for business that afternoon it would be my luck to meet him. It has been an item in my homely philosophy that if there's one man among the thousands in the city whom you do not wish to meet he is certain

to turn up at the corner. For all my search that day I found only one snake, and, sure enough, he wriggled across my path after I had returned to the valley.

But even the deceptive paths, the exhausting climb and the perpetual fear of serpents could not blind me to the exquisite beauty of these sylvan aisles. Alternate lights and shadows fell from the wattled branches of the great trees as the breeze in passing caressed them. I have stood in awe before the wonderful east windows of the cathedrals of York and Milan, the richest glass, each claims, in the world. But never has art been able to produce such fair lights, such gentle shadows, such tints of green and blue and brown as nature has painted so prodigally here. If one raised his eyes the foliage of the forest was laid in delicate meshes against the sky line like an intricate pattern of lace wrought by the skillful hand of a woman. The coverts of the forest were broidered with ferns, of many varieties, some stiff and coarse, some delicate, rare and fragile. The shining leaves of the rhododendron festooned many a sylvan vista.

A woodsy incense delightfully fresh and pungent breathed from the trees, especially the conifers. Over all hung a silence almost absolute. There was not a bird to chirp a cheery note, for the birds like the snakes and the mountaineers content themselves with lower levels.

The trees of the wildwood were crooked, bent and gnarled, many were very old and hastening to the decay that sooner or later overtakes us all. The

log-men had cut out the dendroid giants years before. Otherwise the forest was as the earliest pioneers had found it, as the Cherokees had hunted through it, as the hand of God had left it.

As the altitude increased so did the thickets of laurel and spruce. To side-step one was only to fling oneself into another. At this painful game of dodging I was sure to lose. The tangled thickets conspired against me like rational beings. They reached out hands to hold me, they locked arms to hinder me and they twisted their coils and tendrons to ensnare, entrap and trip me. If I beat one down another laid me on the rocks. I was sorely buffeted, smitted on the hands and face. The laurel had an especial antipathy to eye-glasses. They would none of them! I was now at 4,000 feet, as I guessed, for the lashorns black, taut, absolutely uncompromising, began to spring from the rocky soil. I struggled slowly onward hoping that each vantage gained would open an avenue of escape. For two mortal hours I fought valiantly. I thought sarcastically of that woman who had said it was "only two mile to the top." Had I come twenty I could not have been more weary or dispirited.

To my consternation I found all further progress blocked by a wall of rock—a huge boulder, black and slippery, rose directly in front and over me. This was an obstacle which bid fair to end my adventure. I rested for a long time under its damp brow and scrutinized it with care, if perchance I might negotiate it.

"Often the greatest obstacles of life may be

turned to blessings if one has the wit to use them." I recalled such inspiring sentiments in eloquent sermons delivered in days gone by. Before me lay an opportunity to put my theory to a test. I set my feet upon the rock and little by little I rose above the thickets and the tallest trees. It lifted me like a ladder to the brilliant sunlight far over the wildwood and, lo, I had gained at last the margin of the pastures that adorn the noble mountain summit like the tonsure of some mediaeval monk.

The joy of the deliverance was only equalled by the glory of the matchless vista that spread below me. There lay green in the golden sunshine the glory of mountain and valley spread miles and miles before me, forests, and fields, and farms, a landscape wild and wide, ridge rolling over ridge, valley opening beyond valley, craggy summits standing at tip-toe to peep over the lofty crests of purple mountains. Far away on the rim of the world ghostly heights appeared, dim, wrapped in cloud, misty, vague, indistinct like ephemeral fragments of a world of dreams.

The sky was as blue as a sapphire, flecked here and there with long white wisps of cloud floating lazily. Like a thirsty soul, I drank in the details of the magnificent panorama. All the fatigue and exhaustion of the ascent were forgotten, as no doubt all the sorrows of this life will be lost with one glimpse of the glory of heaven.

The open pastures on the summit of White Top grow to incredible rankness and thickness. Here the snows fall first in autumn, while the harvests are

still ungarnered on the farms below. Here they linger longest in the lap of spring. Here the gloss of the sun on the lush turf gives a whitish tone to the green, so that the noble brow of the mountain, like that of an aged head, is always white. The Cherokees who came up from Georgia to hunt here called this mountain Konnarock, but the pioneers and their descendants have ever known it by the less euphoneous name of White Top.

2. THE DESCENT

I do not know how long I lay in the lush grass upon the mountain crest, beside a spring of water; cold, as if drawn from ice. The sun, neither high nor low, hung in a sky nearly cloudless. Yet there was a haze that defined and transformed every object. The lofty mountain was mine alone, and all the world beside. About me there was perfect solitude and almost complete silence. This was the time, the place, to catch fleeting visions of the heroes of the Days of Yester-Year. They floated into memory, as at times a long-forgotten melody sings itself to one unbidden. In the intangible fabric of my day-dream I saw them march again, these mountain men, along the green valleys of the frontier. I saw them push boldly into the trackless wilderness, working mightily while yet it was their day and passing silently to their long reward.

Before the veil of obscurity was lifted from these lands a restless pioneer, Stephen Holston, pushed into these valleys, and made his habitation for a few

months at the fountain-head of a tiny river, ever since known as the Holston.

He broke camp, took the trace again, followed the flow of the river he had named, and travelled as far as Natchez on the mighty Mississippi. But Stephen could never rest. He wandered back and died at last, in Culpeper, his native Virginia county. Humble, rambling, shiftless Stephen[1] has left his name securely upon the lips of uncounted millions. Did ever a man acquire so substantial a memorial from so trivial a circumstance?

Far to the west of the Holston country the misty ramparts of a mighty mountain rose on the horizon. In the brilliant sunlight it appeared hazy, immaterial, shrouded in cerements of trailing vapor. I had climbed to the summit of that range in days gone by, and I knew Clinch Mountain as the ridgepole of the Appalachians. Beyond it I had often explored other valleys, rich, populous and teeming with an ever-increasing population.

William Clinch was a long hunter, a contemporary of Stephen Holston. He ranged the highlands then unknown. To the authorities at Williamsburg and London the hunting grounds of Clinch were beyond the rim of the world. Clinch carried his furs to the James and the Chesapeake, where he sold them to the traders for a mere pittance.

William once had a mortal duel with an Indian on the banks of a mountain river. He crowded his red antagonist into the water and actually scalped

[1] "Holston, a branch of the Tennessee, named according to Haywood, for its discoverer."—HENRY GANNETT, *Origin of Place Names*, p. 159.

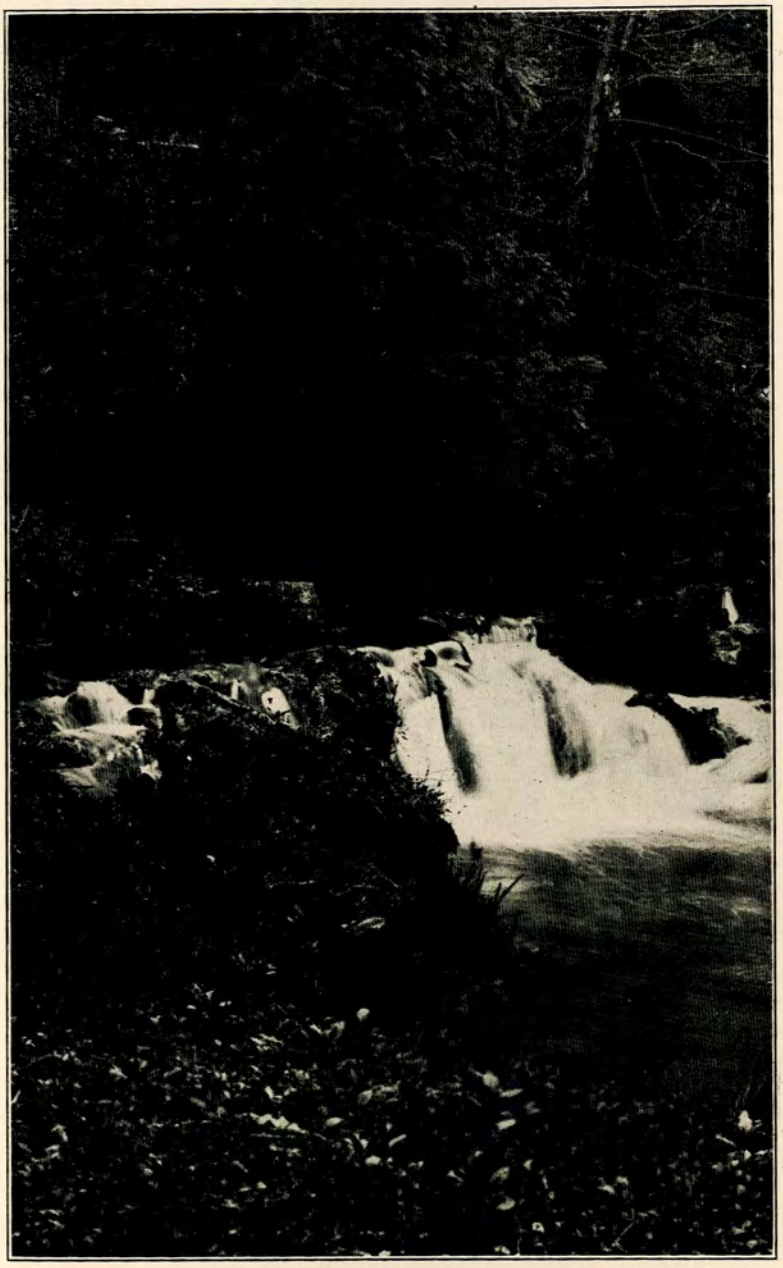


Photo by W. H. T. S.

"A pleasant, merry little brook, as clear as crystal, racing from one deep pool to another, in each of which it rested before taking another plunge."—P. 284.

him amid-stream. From that day to this it has been Clinch River.[2] The long valley and lofty mountain took the river's name. Like the Holston, the Clinch is a head-spring of the Tennessee.[3]

A forested range rose to nearer and clearer view than yonder distant heights of Clinch. Dr. Thomas Walker was a native of Gloucester County, Virginia, where for generations the family had been seated in Abingdon Parish by the salt tides of the Chesapeake. In later years Dr. Walker bestowed the name of his native parish upon a little frontier settlement, and Abingdon abides to this day, with its classic English and ancient Virginian name, an indirect memorial to one of its founders.

As a young man Dr. Walker practiced medicine at Fredericksburg, but the wild region beyond held a fascination for Tom Walker which he could not resist. He moved to Albemarle County and introduced the pippin to that community, the fame, the favor and flavor of which has since filled a hungry world.

When he was still a young man, thirty-three, he joined the first party of explorers who penetrated into Southwestern Virginia and Kentucky (1748), and wrote the journal for the expedition,[4] a classic now in the "Winning of the West." He tells how they

[2] "Clinch, a river in Va. and Tenn. named for Gen. Duncan L. Clinch"—HENRY GENNETT. This is certainly an error. The Clinch was named before Gen. Clinch was born.

[3] "We crossed Clinch and Powell's river and Cumberland Mountain and came by Col. Rockcastle's river."—FELIX WALKER in *DeBow's Review* (1854).

[4] A large part of *Walker's Journal* is quoted in *History of Tazewell Co.*, by W. C. PENDLETON, a scholarly and valuable local history.

Also in *Boone's Wilderness Road*, HULBERT.

pushed beyond the valleys of Holston and Clinch and discovered intricate hills and tedious fastnesses seamed with rich beds of coal. Dr. Walker named these distant mountains the Cumberlands for William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George II, uncle of George III, the victor of Culloden Moor. He might have honored a better man.

Unfortunately these rich borderlands were contested by four rivals. The French laid the oldest claim. The rivers which drained these valleys, sought out wild passes in the Cumberland range, and fell at last into the Ohio, "La Belle Riviere," as they delighted to call it—hence this was a part of New France.

The British insisted that these were the "back parts of Virginia," to use a homely phrase constantly found in colonial grants and old deeds.[5]

The mighty Iroquois, or Northern Indians claimed this land as a conquest from the Cherokees, while the latter as stoutly denied that this, their favorite hunting-ground, had been wrested from them by their inveterate foes.

The French claim was extinguished in the blood and agony of the French and Indian War. When peace was declared (1763) King George III forbade any settlement beyond New River—to the chagrin of the colonial Virginians and the wrath of the impatient Scotch-Irish pioneers. The King even commanded those who had previously settled beyond

[5] The phrase is used by DR. JOHN THOMSON in *Explication of the Shorter Catechism* (1749) referring to Amelia and neighboring counties in the very centre of Virginia.

New River to retire. But one may be sure they never obeyed that command. The King was a long, long way over land and sea. The Scotch-Irish were never famed for implicit obedience! The prize was worth a chance for these lands were fair and fertile.[6]

After five years of persistent effort Dr. Walker, representing this colony, secured from the Iroquois at Fort Stanwix,[7] New York, a treaty relinquishing their claim. But almost simultaneously a British officer signed a treaty with the Cherokees ceding all lands west of New River to them forever! The disappointment of Dr. Walker, the disgust of the Virginia authorities and the rage of the impatient Scotch-Irish, awaiting their chance to press eagerly forward into the new lands can be imagined.

Dr. Walker was promptly dispatched to South Carolina and he returned betimes with the long-desired concession.

King George lifted the ban and the pioneers came with a rush. In two years (1768-70) settlements were made in all the Holston valleys of Virginia and far southwestward into Tennessee.[8] Every month saw the frontier men push further along the swiftly flowing rivers. Uncounted thousands turned westward and followed the trace of Daniel Boone to Kentucky. For years after the Revolution the steady, silent, significant march of the mountain men continued, until at last they debouched upon the plains of Alabama and filled the cotton fields of

[6] *Middle New River Settlements*, DAVID E. JOHNSTON.

[7] Near Utica, N. Y.

[8] *Historic Sketches of the Holston Valleys*, THOS. W. PRESTON.

Mississippi, not to mention the great commonwealths beyond the mighty river. From the lovely land that lies west of the noble brow of White Top with memories of long-hunters, statesmen and compelling events, I turned to a wilder vista, lying immediately south. There were glimpses to be had here and there of little rivers, gathering their floods perpetually from those rock-ribbed hills and winding down the blue vales like silver serpents, visible here and there between the thick foliage of the wild wood.

At White Top the Great Smoky Mountains begin. On their majestic heads they carry the Tennessee-Carolina state line southward and westward. The boundary is festooned along the skyline as if it were attached to the lofty headlands and allowed to fall gracefully into the deep valleys intervening, and over the ramping rivers that drain between them. The state line reaches an unparallelled altitude at Clingman's Dome (alt. 6,644 ft.) far to the south near Georgia.[9] This ambitious height almost attains the altitude of Mt. Mitchell (6,711 feet).[10] It lacks a meagre sixty-seven feet of wresting the crown from that famed monarch of the East.[11]

To view these alpine heights is to recall the story of Daniel Boone.[12] Near White Top a splendid

[9] Named for Senator Thos. Lanier Clingman of N. Carolina, whose picturesque career in the House of Representatives, the Senate, the Confederate army and in private life finds in this lofty mountain a fitting memorial.

[10] Named for Dr. Elisha Mitchell (1793-1857), who was drowned upon the mountain, and who is buried on its summit.

[11] The figures are from the *World Almanac*, 1925, which were supplied by the U. S. Geological Survey.

[12] A brief but beautiful description of the "Wilderness Road" by CARTER GOODLOE, *Scribner's*, May, 1908.

forested peak is known by the commonplace name, "Snake Mountain." One grows impatient with the stupid nomenclature. No doubt a snake was once killed here! This should be Boone's Mountain for the intrepid Daniel used the noble peak silhouetted against the glowing western sky as his guide through the lofty hills. From the Yadkin he laid his trace to this peak.[13] He passed under its dark shadow and leaving the summit now behind him, a sentinel to the east, he toiled to the distant ramparts of the Clinch.

Daniel Boone was born near Philadelphia to parents of English and Welsh blood.[14] When he was a lad of thirteen, his father, Squire Boone, removed from Pennsylvania to the banks of the upper Yadkin. Daniel's education was of the scantiest, but he was deeply learned in the lore of field and forest. He understood both the wild animals, and wilder Indians that roved them. He loved the lofty solitudes, the sweep of the great rivers, the boundless plains and fertile valleys waiting since Creation's dawn for the hand of man.

At twenty the youth married Rebecca Bryan and built his own log cabin, but the call of the great wilds was upon him. With six, sturdy companions he set forth to locate a trace from Carolina to Kentucky (May 1, 1769). Patriotic societies of ladies have set markers along Boone's trace.[15]

[13] *Historic Sketches of the Holston Valleys*, PRESTON, p. 159.

[14] Sketch by DR. J. I. MOMBERT.

[15] We are about to lose two fine old words from the vocabulary of Virginia. The path through the wilderness was always known in the South and Southwest as a TRACE, not a TRAIL. We submit that trace is a better word, altho the lexicographers now mark it obsolete.

The other word is POCOSON which should, by no means, be allowed to die.

His path followed the Watauga for many miles. The musical name of that mountain stream suggests a story of Landon C. Haynes. General Nathan Bedford Forrest, the famous Confederate chieftain, once introduced Haynes as a man from the "land God forgot," referring to Eastern Tennessee. A brilliant burst of spontaneous eloquence was the orator's reply to the pleasant irony.

"I was born in East Tennessee on the banks of the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular means 'beautiful river;' and beautiful it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood and, looking into its glassy waters, beheld there mirrowed a heaven with moon and planets and trembling stars, and looking upward have beheld the heaven above, which the heaven below reflected. Away from its rocky borders stretches a vast line of cedars and hemlock, evergreens more beautiful than the groves of Switzerland. . . There stand the towering Roan, the Black and magnificent Smoky Mountains upon whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord even on the brightest day. . . O beautiful land of the mountains, with thy sun-painted cliffs, how can I ever forget thee!"

On the Watauga in plain view from the summit of White Top at a ford called Sycamore Shoals the heroes of Kings Mountain gathered.[16] These men where the same who had pushed over New River, cleared their farms in the wilderness and built their log cabins since 1770.

[16] A valuable contribution to the local history of the mountain land is *Historic Sullivan* by OLIVER TAYLOR.

Col. Patrick Ferguson had harassed the Carolinians into temporary submission. At least Colonel Pat supposed it was submission. If Colonel Pat had known the men of Tar Heel Land better he would have been very conservative in claiming any kind of submission from them! Colonel Pat heard of the restless Scotch-Irish over the mountains. He sent a bold message (for even Colonel Pat) to Col. Isaac Shelby living at King's Meadow (now the city of Bristol). If the over-mountain Whigs "did not desist from their opposition to British arms, he would hang their leaders and lay their country waste with fire and sword."

Colonel Shelby, tradition has it, called on Col. John Sevier, "Nolichucky Jack," and they sat on a log side by side, as he read that fiery and (for the author) fatal missive. They laid their plans then and there to raise the over-mountain men: a task not at all difficult. Whoever heard of mountain-men declining a fight? Especially if they be Scotch-Irish?

William Campbell[17] was constantly on the warpath against Tories and Indians. His brother-in-law, Arthur Campbell[18] of Royal Oak[19] was also ready. The day was set, September 25, 1780.

They came a thousand strong. "Their fringed and tasseled hunting shirts were girded in by bead-worked belts, and the trappings of their horses were stained red and yellow. On their heads they wore caps of coon skin or mink skin with the tails hanging

[17] *The Campbell Family*, MARGARET J. PILCHER.

[18] Sketch of the Campbells in *Appleton's Cyc. of Amer. Biography*.

[19] Now Marion, Va.

down, or else felt hats, in each of which was thrust a buck's tail or a sprig of evergreen. Every man carried a small bore rifle, a tomahawk and a scalping-knife. Very few of the officers had swords and there was not a bayonet in the army."

Samuel Doak preached a powerful sermon, which has never been forgotten in those parts. His subject was "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon."[20]

They marched eastward along Daniel Boone's trace and found their enemy where the two Carolinas join. It took the mountain men just one hour to answer Colonel Pat's message to Col. Isaac Shelby. Never was battle shorter, sharper or more decisive. When it was done Colonel Ferguson lay dead, and his entire army was with him dead, wounded or prisoners.[21] The mountain-men had lost only twenty-eight of their number. Parson Doak[22] was right. It was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

August days are usually misty in this land of brooks and rivers. The mountain heights stand forth most conspicuously in the dead of winter when the land is locked in killing frosts; but few there be who have the courage to climb these inhospitable summits in winter.

The lofty head of Mt. Rogers, black with the foliage of the lashorns was already veiled in mist. Clouds trailed gracefully down its steep sides, like draperies, and disappeared in the gray-green valleys

[20] His text was Judges 7:20.

[21] *The War of Independence*, Chap. 7, JOHN FISKE. *King's Mt. and Its Heroes*, DRAPER. *South Car. in the Revolution*, MC CRADY.

[22] He was so called in his life time and is still referred to in these parts affectionately as "Parson Doak."

Photo by H. C. Mann

SUNSET ON HAMPTON ROADS

"The lights of day grow dim, for it is sunset time. The task is done."—P. 286.

below. Between the clinging cerements one glimpsed thick forests with here and there a humble clearing. Thin wisps of smoke rose from remote cabins and thickened the mists above. Along the eastern horizon there was already a suggestion of approaching night. I knew full well that the purple shadows along the eastern slopes would lengthen and deepen until they enfolded the whole glorious landscape. I would fain have spent the night on this lofty pinnacle under the friendly stars. But there is not the slightest shelter. Man is chained to his necessities. He cannot stretch his tether five hours beyond a kitchen, nor sixteen beyond a mattress. How are we bound by the trivial and inconsequential!

There could be no doubt that the sun had a mind to set, and that on schedule time. His decided inclination to the lovely valleys of Tennessee, and the face of my watch brought me to my feet. Memories of Thomas Walker, Pat Ferguson and Daniel Boone vanished before the more practical necessities of the hour. A night under the stars might be delightful, but the idea of night in the wildwood, groping among thickets and fallen trees filled me with apprehension.

Reluctantly—how reluctantly let those judge who love the silence and the solitude of great heights, and who yet must needs dwell in thickly populated cities—I turned my back upon the bewitching beauty of these mountain scenes and entered the forest, prepared to challenge the rhododendron thickets once again.

The descent was easier. I leaped downward from terrace to terrace, and from log to log, dodging each

abatis the logman had left. The sun had ceased to shine upon me for I had entered a deep scar upon the shoulder of the mountain. The twilight of green shadows was pleasantly perfumed by the firs, the laurel, the thick moss and the leafy mould.

The profound silence was broken, as I thought at first, by the echo of a distant whistle, but it was too prolonged. It must be the soughing of the breeze far overhead as it swayed the gothic arches of oak and elm. Again a poor guess! It was water, there could be no doubt about it. And I found it in the bottom of the gorge, a pleasant, merry, little brook, as clear as crystal, cutting its way through moss and ferns, racing from one deep pool to another, in each of which it rested before taking another plunge. It made the tiniest cascades, and tunnelled great rocks which planted themselves awkwardly in the way as if they would hold it forever in this mountain glen. If from the purling stream a nymph had risen, or if a fawn had come stepping down the woodland paths I should not have been startled. This, indeed, was the place of all places to find them!

The Scots call a stream like this a burn; to the English it is a brook, but prosaic Americans call it a branch and let it go at that. I knew this runnel was bound for Laurel Branch of South Fork of Holston. As I drank of it and cooled my forehead I wondered when these waters would be wandering past Knoxville and Chattanooga; nay when they would slip under the bridge at Memphis and lap the busy ferries at New Orleans or lose themselves in the briny waves of the Gulf.

Sidney Lanier sang a sweet lullaby at the cradle of the Chattahoochee. It must leave the cool shades of its forested home, bid farewell to fern and laurel for stern duty beckoned it to the parched and thirsty fields below. The poet listened to the murmur of the infant river as it sang:

"I am fain for to water the plain
Downward the voices of duty call—
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall."

The insistent rhythm of the lines sang themselves through my mind as I followed the lead of the brook to the haunts and habitations of civilized man. And its lesson, too, may well be pondered. Real happiness is found, after all has been said, not in the pleasant solitude and quiet coverts of retreat, but in struggle and service for the multitudes, in the dust and heat and strife of the plains below.

L'ENVOI

We have wandered together, Gentle Reader, from the wave washed shores of Cape Henry, where the foundations of the Republic were laid, to the highlands of the West, where lofty mountain peaks rear their majestic summits against the blazing glory of sunset skies.

The realms of fact are stranger far than the dreams of fiction, as you have noticed if you followed with this Pilgrim to the page which is his last. Our tales are told. The persons of our drama have left their stage. The lights of day grow dim, for it is sunset time. The task is done. If in the future Memory recalls these scenes of glory, if for you our heroes live again, if your life is enriched, if your patriotism glows brighter, if your love for the land of your fathers is burnished—then not in vain have we walked these paths of the

DAYS OF YESTER-YEAR

In no part of the modern world, certainly in no part of the New World have scenes of such entrancing interest been enacted as in the Virgin Land. Her shining waters; her dismals and pocosons, well besoaked; her spreading plains etched in dull tones of green and red; her rolling uplands; the emerald coverts of her forests, her homesteads, often ancient

and decaying; her fair valleys lying in the giant embrace of mighty mountains; her rivulets, clear as crystal, racing to join her majestic rivers—one and all are pages open to the eye that knows to read them. Would that this pen had been worthier the theme! Would that full justice had been done the deeds and

DAYS OF YESTER-YEAR

Virginia, as colony and as state, was originally, legally, formally, specifically, officially and repeatedly dedicated to the Lord Jesus Christ. That Dedication is emphatically set forth and repeated in her royal Charters, it was proclaimed from the pulpit of St. Paul's by the Bishop of London before Newport sailed, it was solemnly rehearsed at Cape Henry and the Dedication was again repeated at the falls of the James. It was reiterated by Lord Delaware and has been by every governor and assembly since his day. That Dedication has never been revoked nor amended. The Commonwealth through all the trials, revolutions and counter-revolutions of three centuries has never abrogated the Crown-Rights of the

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